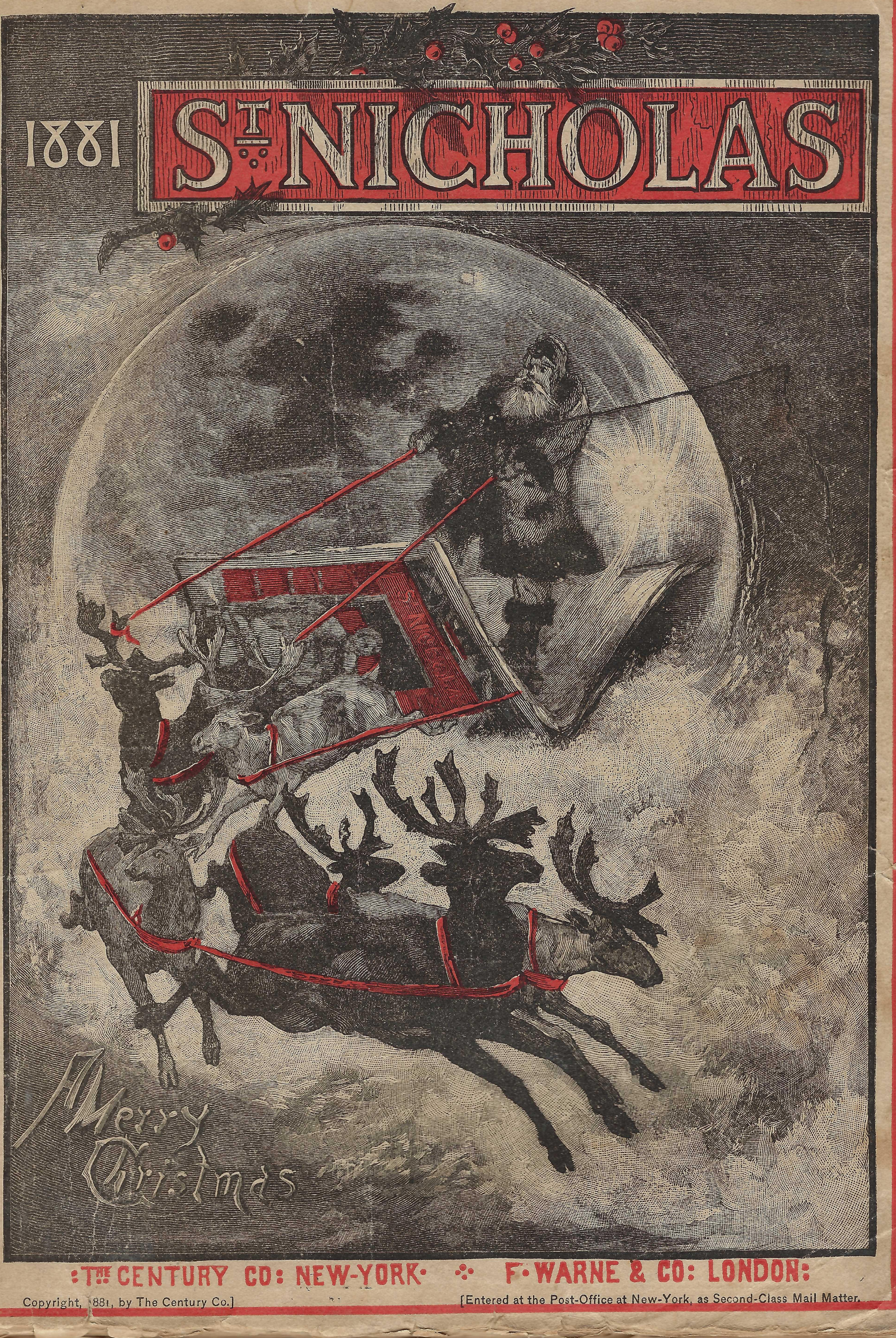
Dec.

1881

ST NICHOLAS


A Merry Christmas

:THE CENTURY CO: NEW-YORK· ✣ F·WARNE & CO: LONDON:

Copyright, 1881, by The Century Co.

[Entered at the Post-Office at New-York, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

KNABE PIANOS FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC, upon their excellence alone have attained an UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE, which establishes them as UNEQUALLED in TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP, AND DURABILITY.
Warerooms: 112 Fifth Avenue, New-York; 204 & 206 Baltimore St. Baltimore.

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital paid in in Cash $1,000,000.00
Reserve for all Liabilities, including Re-insurance... 569,455.69
Net Surplus.......... 830,626.59
Total Assets, Jan. 1st, 1881.......... $2,400,082.28

THE CENTURY CO.

ROSWELL SMITH, PRESIDENT. **FRANK H. SCOTT,** TREASURER. **WM. W. ELLSWORTH,** SECRETARY.

Contents of St. Nicholas for December, 1881.

Page
Frontispiece. "The King's Favorite" .... [facing 89
Engraved by T. Cole after the painting by Zamacois.
Cap and Bells .... H. Winthrop Peirce 89
Illustrated by the Author.
A Misunderstanding. Jingle. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott) ...... Margaret Johnson 92
The Little Beggar's Button-hole Bouquet. Poem. (Illustrated) .... H. H. 93
Hermann the Brave .... H. Maria George 93
Illustration, by F. H. Lungren: "Hermann offers battle to the wolf." Tail-piece.
Donald and Dorothy. Chapters I., II., III., & IV .... Mary Mapes Dodge 96
Illustrations: Initial; "The sparkling lake beyond."—"You 've her shining dark hair, Master Donald," said Liddy; and "The End of the Drive;" by Frank T. Merrill.
The Ballad of Babette. Poem .... Thomas Dunn English 104
Illustration, by F. H. Lungren: "The hares ran 'round her."
To College—and back. Jingle. (Illustrated by R. B. Birch) .... William Wye Smith 106
An Angel in an Ulster .... Washington Gladden 106
Four illustrations, by Frank T. Merrill.
"The Worthy School-master." Jingle .... Joel Stacy 114
Illustrations, by H. McVickar.
Stories of Art and Artists. Sixth Paper—Raphael .... Clara Erskine Clement 115
Illustrations: "Raphael's portrait of himself;" "La Madonna della Sedia;" "The Sistine Madonna."
What Makes the Grasses Grow? Poem .... W. W. Fink 121
Five Little Mice. Jingle. (Illustrated by Robert Blum) .... M. E. H. 122
The Poor Count's Christmas. Part I .... Frank R. Stockton 122
Illustrations, by E. B. Bensell: "The young Giant was talking to a little Fairy perched on his forefinger;" "Feldar interviews the sick Giant;" "The young Giant's way of getting the key;" "Part of the Fairy's plan."
Little Polly's Voyage. Poem .... Eva L. Ogden 128
Engrossed and illustrated by Alfred Brennan.
The Seasons. Pictures, drawn by .... J. Dabour 136
Recollections of a Drummer-boy. Chapters IV., V., & VI .... Harry M. Kieffer 138
Illustrations, by W. S. Conger: "Waiting to be reviewed by the President;" "In a dangerous part of his beat;" "The General dismounts and sights the gun."
The Hoosier School-boy. Chapters I., II., III., & IV .... Edward Eggleston 145
Illustration, by George D. Brush: "Not there, not there, my child!"
"Scene I.—Scene II." Picture, drawn by .... J. G. Francis 151
Fun at Grandmamma's .... Bobby Stacy 152
Illustration, by Jessie McDermott: "The Solemn Seven."
A Hundred Years Ago .... W. H. Venable 152
Eight illustrations, by Alfred Brennan and Robert Blum.
The Poet Who Could n't Write Poetry. Verses .... Joel Stacy 158
Illustration, by L. Hopkins.
Stories from the Northern Myths .... James Baldwin 159
Illustration, by Robert Blum: "Siegfried tempering the sword Balmung."
The Nervous Little Man. Verses. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins) .... Malcolm Douglas 165
A Remarkable Fight 166
Illustration: "The final encounter."
The Runaway Princess. Poem .... Emily Huntington Miller 167
Six illustrations, by F. H. Lungren.
The Magic Pen. Operetta. Concluded .... E. S. Brooks 170
For Very Little Folk 176
Which lives in your house? Two pages of silhouettes
Jack-in-the-Pulpit 178
The Wonder-day—The Birds—What about This?—A Vesper-bell of Nature—A Music-loving Squirrel—Snow Embroidery—Quite a different Reason—Eighteen Hundred Carriages!—Stand by the Deacon—A Christmas Serenade for Me (illustrated).
Deacon Green's Offer—One Hundred New One-Dollar Bills 180
The Letter-box 180
The Riddle-box 182

The January ST. NICHOLAS, like the present number, will be a holiday issue, and will contain unusual attractions, besides very long installments of the two serials and "Recollections of a Drummer-boy."

Subscription Price, $3 a Year. Single Number, 25 Cents.

BOUND VOLUMES, BINDING, ETC.—Bound Vols., previous to Vol. VII., in red and gold, $4 each; in full gilt, $5. Vol. VII. or Vol. VIII., each in two Parts, price $5; in full gilt, $6. Our beautiful red-and-gold covers for binding both Parts, sent, postage paid, for $1.50. We will bind the numbers of Vol. VII., or of Vol. VIII., for $2.00 (54 cents extra should be sent if the two Parts are to be returned by mail). We can not supply covers for binding Vol. VII., or Vol. VIII., in one volume, nor can we bind it excepting in two Parts. Covers, for binding volumes previous to Vol. VII., sent for 75 cents each; and numbers bound for $1.00 a volume, including cost of cover (postage 32 cents in addition). Mark with sender's name all numbers sent for binding.

ST. NICHOLAS is sold and Subscriptions are received by all Booksellers and Postmasters.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO.
LONDON.

THE CENTURY CO.
Incorporated 1870.
Union Square (North), New-York.

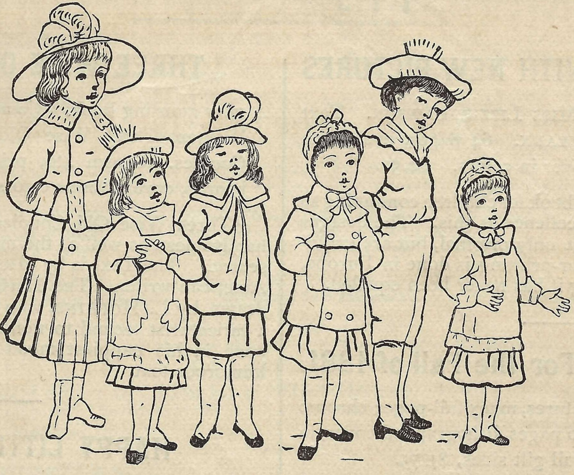
☞ Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the *old* and the *new* address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

THE GLAD YEAR ROUND.

"The gem of the children's books, thus far received this year."—*Providence Press.*

"A singing school, a group of darkies waiting for the circus, a puzzled class grouped about their teacher, a flock of children pestering 'unfortunate Miss Sally,' who once told them a good fairy tale, are among the large pictures that have genuine merit; but the prettiest thing in the book is 'poor little Polly' listening to the shell, to find out when her mother's ship will come in and bring her a dolly."—*Boston Budget.*

"Sure to carry gladness wherever it goes."—*N. Y. Graphic.*



"Worthy to compete with the work of such English designers as Walter Crane and Kate Greenaway."—*N. Y. World.*

"A lovely book, illustrated in something the general style of 'Under the Window,' but fresh in its designs and in its feeling."—*Boston Courier.*

"The verses are fresh and lively, and the illustrations full of life and grace. If all children were as dainty and winning as the delightful little creatures who beam upon us from these pretty pages, what a world it would be."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

For Boys and Girls. By Miss A. G. PLYMPTON. Square 8vo. With illuminated covers. Price, $2.50.

A series of new poems, admirably adapted to please both young and old, quaint, original, and amusing. Every page is adorned with fresh and spirited illustrations by a new artist, and these dainty pictures are richly and appropriately colored. The antique costumes and conventional landscapes shown in these designs are full of refreshing interest; and the sprays of flowers,—daisies, clover-tops, marigolds, pussy-willows,—all in their natural colors, thrown carelessly across the pages here and there, aptly illuminate the droll rhymes. The pages are large, and convenient to hold open.

CHOICE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

THE PETERKIN PAPERS.

By LUCRETIA P. HALE. With eight full-page illustrations. $1.00.

"Full of exuberant spirit."—*New-York Evening Post.*

"Amazing and amusing adventures."—*Zion's Herald.*

"Anything more absurdly funny cannot be imagined."—*Boston Transcript.*

STORIES OF THE SAINTS.

By Mrs. C. VAN D. CHENOWETH. Beautifully illustrated with Heliotypes. 12mo. $2.00.

"Far, sweet echoes of a noble past."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Simply and sweetly told."—*New-York Evening Post.*

"The book is a valuable one."—*The Churchman.*

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER DAY.

By MARY HOWITT. With 12 Silhouette Illustrations by HELEN M. HINDS. Oblong quarto, $1.50.

"A rich mine of enjoyment."—*Chicago Journal.*

"A lovely and dainty gallery of pictures."—*Andrews' American Queen.*

"Charming every way."—*Springfield Republican.*

DIMPLE DOPP.

By Mrs. LAURA S. H. COOKE. A beautiful illustrated juvenile. Small quarto, elegantly bound, $1.25.

"A perfect treasure-house for young readers."—*Boston Courier.*

"We find that the children literally cry for more of it."—*Cottage Hearth.*

"Delicate and subtle."—*Christian Union.*

LUCILE.

Illustrated. By OWEN MEREDITH.

A sumptuous fine-art edition, from new plates, and printed and bound with the utmost care and skill. It is illustrated with 160 wood-cuts, engraved by Anthony, Linton, and other engravers, from drawings by fourteen famous American artists.

The paper is cream-tinted and super-calendered. The book forms an elegant octavo, in a box. Price, $6.00; in full morocco or tree-calf, $10.00.

"Simply exquisite."—*Andrews' American Queen.*

"Decidedly one of the most charming gift-books—a poem without peer."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"The poem of 'Lucile' is one of the most exquisite things in the language."—*Boston Traveller.*

A NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONE SUMMER."

AUNT SERENA.

By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD. 1 vol. 16mo. $1.25.

"A much stronger novel than 'One Summer.' The canvas is broader, there are more characters, the theme is more complex and there is the same breezy, healthy tone and quiet humor which marked Miss Howard's earlier work."—*Boston Traveller.*

HELIOTYPE ENGRAVINGS.

These beautifully executed reproductions of costly engravings, printed on beveled plate-paper (19x24 inches each), are now very generally in use for the adornment of library and parlor walls. There are now upward of 350 subjects, including the masterpieces of ancient and modern art. The price of the engravings is 50 cents each. Descriptive catalogues sent free to applicants.

⁂ For Sale by Book-sellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Publishers.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO. Boston.

Children are Happy who Have Our Books.

OLD PROVERBS WITH NEW PICTURES

Designs in colors. By MISS LIZZIE LAWSON. Text by MISS CLARA MATTEAUX. 64 pages, every one colored; crown 4to, cover in colors. $2.50.

We have never offered a book for children combining so many strong points of excellence as this. The designs by MISS LAWSON are not only original, but are exquisitely beautiful. The color-printing is done in Europe, and we feel safe in saying it has never been equaled.

LITTLE FOLKS. For the Fall of 1881.

Containing nearly 260 Pictures, many full-page; chromo frontispiece; about 400 pages, lithographed cover, in boards, $1.25; cloth, full gilt sides, $1.75.

"Little Folks" surpasses all competitors for thorough-going fun and real interest.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the Sword and Trowel.*

If any reader wishes to make his children happy, let him procure "Little Folks."—*The Bookseller.*

Replete with pictures and reading matter well calculated to instruct and delight the children.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

BESSIE BRADFORD'S SECRET.

By JOANNA H. MATHEWS, author of the "Bessie Books." Fcap. 4to, 256 pages, fully illustrated, lithographed cover, back and front, $1.25; cloth, full gilt side, $1.75.

The author of the "Bessie Books" is so well known that any book from her pen will have a hearty welcome, and this is one of her best efforts.

HAZEL-NUT AND HER BROTHER.

By ELLEN HAILE, author of the "Two Gray Girls," "Three Brown Boys," etc. Fcap. 4to, 256 pages, fully illustrated, lithographed cover, $1.25; cloth, full gilt, $1.75.

In this book the story of the "Three Brown Boys" is taken up, and the charming story will find a host of appreciative readers. The volume is very handsomely gotten up, the paper and typography both being of the best.

THREE WISE OLD COUPLES.

A very amusing book. Comprising: Three Wise Old Women, Three Wise Old Men, Three Wise Old Couples. Crown 4to, printed in colors, bound in boards, cover in nine colors. $1.50.

"Three Wise Old Couples" is certainly one of the handsomest, as well as the most humorous book of the season. The Text is by MRS. CORBETT, a well-known American writer. The Illustrations are from designs drawn by L. HOPKINS, who has gained a reputation as a caricaturist second to none. And he seems to have been in his happiest mood when he illustrated this humorous text.

HAPPY LITTLE PEOPLE.

A beautiful little book for Little Ones. By OLIVE PATCH. With Illustrations on every page. Extra crown 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, $2.00.

This is a book for little children, with illustrations on every page, and with simple little stories, just suited to their wants.

WILD ADVENTURES IN WILD PLACES.

By GORDON STABLES, M. D., R. N., author "Jungle, Peak, and Plain." Full of Illustrations. Extra crown 8vo, cloth extra, $2.00.

Just the kind of a book the boys like, and one that will do them no harm, but give a clear idea of life in the wild places of the world.

THE LITTLE FOLKS' ALBUM OF MUSIC.

A collection of Songs and Rhymes, with Music by J. W. ELLIOTT, J. M. BENTLEY, MRS. D., and other composers. Extra crown 8vo, with Illustrations. Cloth, extra, $1.25.

An endless source of amusement and pleasure to the children who love to gather around the piano and join in song and praise.

WE PUBLISH OVER SEVENTY NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOK-SELLERS.

Send 3-cent stamp for our list of Juveniles, fully illustrated, and bound in lithographic cover in 8 colors.

CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.
London, Paris, and 739 & 741 Broadway, New-York.

⋘ THE FAMOUS ALGER BOOKS. ⋙

The popularity of these books is remarkable. From the Atlantic to the Pacific they are known and read.

RAGGED DICK SERIES. Illustrated, 16mo, cloth extra. Per volume............................$1.25
Ragged Dick. Fame and Fortune. Mark, the Match Boy.
Rough and Ready. Ben, the Luggage Boy. Rufus and Rose.

TATTERED TOM SERIES. Illustrated, 16mo, cloth extra. Per volume..........................$1.25
First series: **Tattered Tom. Paul, the Peddler. Phil, the Fiddler. Slow and Sure.**
Second series: **Julius. The Young Outlaw. Sam's Chance. The Telegraph Boy.**

CAMPAIGN SERIES. Illustrated, 16mo, cloth extra. Per volume..................................$1.25
Frank's Campaign. Paul Prescott's Charge. Charlie Codman's Cruise.

LUCK AND PLUCK SERIES. Illustrated, 16mo, cloth extra. Per volume..........................$1.50
First series: **Luck and Pluck. Sink or Swim. Strong and Steady. Strive and Succeed.**
Second series: **Try and Trust. Bound to Rise. Risen from the Ranks. Herbert Carter's Legacy.**

BRAVE AND BOLD SERIES. Illustrated, 16mo, cloth extra. Per volume..........................$1.50
Brave and Bold. Jack's Ward. Shifting for Himself. Wait and Hope.

PACIFIC SERIES. Illustrated, 16mo, cloth extra. Per volume....................................$1.25
The Young Adventurer. The Young Miner. The Young Explorers.

A NEW CASTLEMON BOOK.

GEORGE AT THE WHEEL; or, Life in a Pilot-House. Illust., 16mo, cloth extra..........$1.25
By Harry Castlemon, author of "The Gunboat Series," "Rocky Mountain Series," "Sportsman's Club Series," "Frank Nelson Series," "Boy-Trapper Series," etc. Boys are always glad to hear of a new book by Harry Castlemon.

A NEW BOOK FOR GIRLS.

DR. GILBERT'S DAUGHTERS. By Margaret H. Mathews. Illust., 12mo, cloth extra, brown and gold, $1.50
Thoroughly bright, healthy, and enjoyable.

A STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

UNDER THE DOG STAR. Quarto, cloth back, illuminated side, with picture in bright colors.......$1.50
" full cloth, black and gold, picture on side, gilt edges............. 2.00
By Margaret Vandegrift, author of "Clover Beach." Beautifully illustrated.

DELIGHTFUL BOOKS FOR BOYS.

CAMPING-OUT SERIES. By C. A. Stephens. Six volumes. Illustrated. Per volume..........$1.25
JACK HAZARD SERIES. By J. T. Trowbridge. Six volumes. Illustrated. Per volume........ 1.25

For sale by all book-sellers, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

PORTER & COATES, Publishers, Philadelphia.

Illustrated Juveniles,

which are sure to please the little ones.

RIP VAN WINKLE'S TRAVELS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

With nearly one hundred and fifty illustrations. Quarto. Illuminated covers, $1.75; fancy cloth covers, $2.25.

Attractive, reliable, entertaining, and full of instruction for young people. By an experienced traveler. A valuable book for the family library.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

Quarto. Illuminated cover, illustrated, $1.50.

Full of bright, charming stories and pictures, in an elegant cover of unique design, and will be a favorite book for holiday gifts.

SPARKLES FOR BRIGHT EYES.

Quarto. Illuminated cover, illustrated, $1.25.

The title of this book is suggestive of its contents, which will cause the *bright eyes* to *sparkle* on receiving it as a Christmas gift,

AUNT ETHEL'S PICTURE GALLERY.

Quarto. Cloth backs, illuminated covers, $1.25.

One of the most attractive juveniles ever issued, and full of illustrations and of stories which never grow old, and of which the little ones never tire.

SPARKLE LIBRARY. 6 vols. $3.25.

Six beautiful illustrated books made from "Sparkles for Bright Eyes" and "Aunt Ethel's Picture Gallery."

All the above are *healthful* in their tendency, *bright and attractive* in their quality, *finely illustrated, printed on fine calendered paper*, and bound in *beautiful chromo-lithograph covers.*

For sale by all book-sellers, or sent, post-paid, per mail, on receipt of price.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO.
13 Astor Place, New-York.

"The most beautiful juvenile gift-book of the season."

TUTTI FRUTTI,

A Book of Child Songs.

By
Laura Ledyard
and
W. T. Peters.

Designed and Illustrated by
Alfred Brennan
and
D. Clinton Peters.

This charming book for the little people attracts at once by the beauty of its illustrations. Each page is entirely made up of attractive pictures, with the text of poems skillfully wrought in in an ever-varying type not unlike the missals of mediæval times. Printed on a tint like artist-proof pictures, the effect produced is at once unique, artistic, and pleasing. Price, $1.50.

Either of these books can be ordered through your book-seller, or will be mailed to any address, carefully boxed, on receipt of the price.

GEORGE W. HARLAN, Publisher,
19 Park Place, New-York.

For Bright Boys and Bright Girls.

Every bright boy and girl who wishes to grow up well informed concerning the current history of the world, MUST have a good Newspaper, and OUGHT to have, also, a good Encyclopedia. We want to call the attention of all such readers to

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

THE TRIBUNE fully appreciates the importance of its work in the great field of journalism, and strives to do it faithfully. Its columns are kept pure; every paragraph is carefully edited, and nothing is admitted which can vitiate the taste or instill a hurtful lesson into any mind. It gathers all the news worth telling from every part of the world, and puts it in the most readable and intelligible form, while its departments of Young Folks, Home Interests, Agriculture, etc., are full of instruction and amusement.

BOYS AND GIRLS: If you want a complete Library, now is your chance to get it. Any active boy or girl can easily make up a club for THE TRIBUNE, and secure one or more of the following valuable Premiums:

The Library of Universal Knowledge,

embracing Chambers' Encyclopædia complete, omitting only some of the cuts, with extensive additions by an able corps of American editors, treating about **15,000** additional topics, thoroughly Americanizing the entire work, adding to it over **25 per cent.** of the latest, freshest, and most valuable matter, the whole making **15 Handsome Octavo Volumes** of **6** by **9½** inches in size, averaging nearly **900 pages** to the volume, printed in large type on good strong calendered paper, and neatly and substantially bound in cloth.

Charles Dickens's Complete Works.

An entirely new edition of the complete works of Charles Dickens, printed from new electrotype plates, large clear type, on fine calendered paper, **in 15 volumes, 5½ by 7½ inches in size,** containing over 800 pages each, beautifully bound in cloth, gilt. This is one of the handsomest editions of Dickens's works ever issued. The price of the set of **15** volumes is **$22.50.** We can send either Dickens's works or the Library of Universal Knowledge, as above described, on the following terms:

For $15.	THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE, or DICKENS'S COMPLETE WORKS, as above described, and THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE 5 years to one subscriber.
For $20.	THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE, or DICKENS'S COMPLETE WORKS, as above described, and THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE 5 years to one subscriber.
For $19.	THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE, or DICKENS'S COMPLETE WORKS, as above described, and ten copies of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE one year.
For $28.	THE LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE, or DICKENS'S COMPLETE WORKS, as above described, and twenty copies of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE one year.

The postage on the Library of Universal Knowledge, if sent by mail, will be 21 cents per volume; on Dickens's Works 15 cents per volume, which the subscriber will remit if wishing them thus sent. In packages, by express, they can be had much cheaper.

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT.

There ought to be in every home and every office in the land good portraits of James A. Garfield and his heroic wife. To enable every one to possess them, every subscriber to THE TRIBUNE who, with his subscription, will send **10** cents additional to pay for packing and postage, will receive as a present from THE TRIBUNE an elegant life-like portrait of the late President Garfield or his wife, whichever may be preferred, or for **20** cents additional we will send them both. These portraits THE TRIBUNE has had engraved in the best style, and they are perfect fac-similes of the best crayon likenesses ever taken of the martyr President and his noble wife. They are beautifully printed on fine plate paper, **22** by **28** inches in size, and will be ornaments to any parlor, library, or office.

The Great Bible Concordance.

ANALYTICAL CONCORDANCE TO THE BIBLE, *on an entirely new plan,* containing every word in alphabetical order, arranged under its Hebrew or Greek original, with the literal meaning of each and its pronunciation; exhibiting 311,000 references, 118,000 beyond Cruden; marking 30,000 various readings in the New Testament; with the latest information on Biblical Geography and Antiquities, etc., etc. By Robert Young, LL.D., author of a new Literal Translation of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; Concise Critical Comments on the same; a Grammatical Analysis of the Minor Prophets in Hebrew; Biblical Notes and Queries; Hebrew Grammar, etc.

This great work is comprised in one handsome quarto volume, containing 1100 three-column pages, neatly and substantially bound in cloth.

It is at once a Concordance, a Greek, Hebrew, and English Lexicon of Bible words, and a Scriptural Gazetteer, and will be as valuable to students of the Holy Word as an Unabridged Dictionary is to the general reader. In fact, every home that has a Bible in it ought also to have this great help to Bible reading and study. It is as well adapted to the use of the common reader as to that of the scholarly clergyman.

We offer it, in connection with THE TRIBUNE, at the following remarkably low rates:

For $6 the Concordance and one copy of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE five years, or five copies one year, to different addresses.

For $11 the Concordance and one copy of THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE five years, or five copies one year, or ten copies of the WEEKLY TRIBUNE one year, to different addresses.

For $20 the Concordance and twenty copies of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE one year, to different addresses.

The postage on the Concordance is **40** cents, which the subscriber will remit if wishing it sent by mail. Except for short distances the mail will be cheaper than the express.

TERMS OF THE TRIBUNE.

(Without Premiums.)

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Single Copy, one year,	**$2.00**
Five Copies, one year,	**1.50 each.**
Ten Copies, one year,	**1.00 each.**

And one extra copy with every ten names; or any person making up a club may retain ten per cent. cash, commission.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Single Copy, one year,	**$3.00**
Five Copies, one year,	**2.50 each.**
Ten Copies, one year,	**2.00 each.**

And one free copy with every ten names; or, the person making up a club may retain ten per cent. cash, commission.

The price of THE DAILY TRIBUNE, including the Sunday Edition, is $12 per year, $3 for three months, $1.20 for one month. Without the Sunday Edition, $10 per year, $2.50 for three months, $1 for one month. The Sunday Edition alone is $2 per year. We cannot afford club rates or commissions on DAILY subscriptions.

UNABRIDGED DICTIONARIES.—We can furnish the new revised and enlarged edition of either Webster's or Worcester's Quarto Unabridged Dictionary and THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE five years for **$12**, or THE SEMI-WEEKLY for $17. Remember that these are the *new* and *enlarged* editions of these great works.

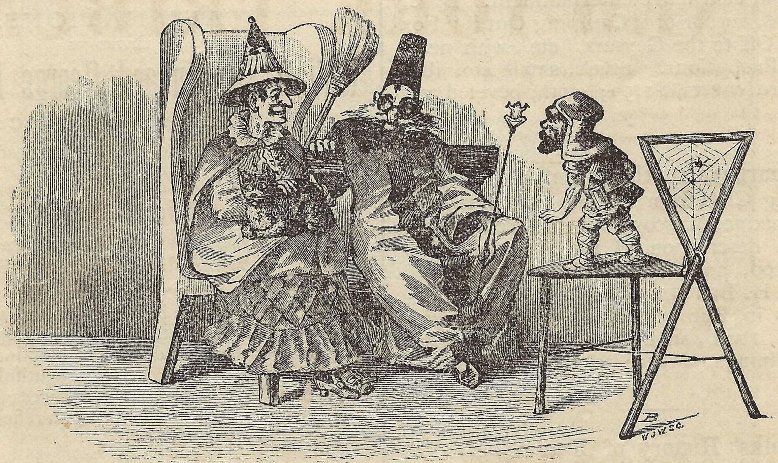
SPECIMEN COPIES of either edition of THE TRIBUNE sent free and postage paid to any address. We want an agent at every Post-office in the United States where we have not one now. Remittances should be made by registered letter, Post-office order, or draft on New-York. Address

THE TRIBUNE, New-York.

Charles Scribner's Sons' New Holiday Books.

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S New Book,

THE FLOATING PRINCE, AND OTHER FAIRY TALES.



"Oh, tell it to me," exclaimed the Gnome.

1 vol., quarto. Beautifully illustrated. $2.50.

SIDNEY LANIER'S NEW BOOK.

The Boy's Mabinogion. 1 vol. 8vo. With 12 full-page illustrations, by ALFRED FREDERICKS. $3.00.

Uniform with the *Boy's Froissart* and the *Boy's King Arthur.*

ROSSITER JOHNSON'S NEW BOOK.

Phaeton Rogers. 1 vol. 12mo. Illustrated. $1.50.

JULES VERNE'S NEW BOOK.

Eight Hundred Leagues on the Amazon; being Part First of *The Giant Raft.* 1 vol. 12mo. With 50 full-page illustrations. $1.50.

WM. O. STODDARD'S NEW BOOK.

The Quartet; a Sequel to *Dab Kinzer.* 1 vol. 12mo. $1.00.

"A brilliant example of what the best American talent attains."—*Literary World.*

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

By W. M. THACKERAY. With Illustrations.

DRAWN BY

HOWARD PYLE,
FREDERICKS,
FROST,
SHARE,
LUNGREN,
WOODWARD,
TAYLOR,
DAVIS,
and others.

The story of Drummer Pierre, with its ringing verse and its series of vigorous and dramatic pictures of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, is well known to the lovers of Thackeray as the chief of his ballad-writings; and with the superb spirit and force of the drawings which the artists have contributed to a poem which thus gives them more than ordinary suggestion, the book will be the finest art-work of the year.

One volume quarto, illuminated cloth, full gilt. Price, $5.00.

ENGRAVED BY

FRENCH,
CLOSSON,
J. P. DAVIS,
HELLAWELL.
HEINEMANN,
ANDREW,
CLEMENT,
KARST,
and others.

Send for Illustrated Holiday Catalogue.

⁂ *These books are for sale by all Book-sellers, or will be sent, prepaid, upon receipt of price, by*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Nos. 743 and 745 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

ESTES & LAURIAT,

301–305 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

NOW HAVE READY:

The Knockabout Club in the Woods.—A boy's book of anecdote and adventure in the wilds of Maine and Canada. An account of a vacation spent in healthy amusement, fascinating adventure, and instructive entertainment. By C. A. STEPHENS, author of "Camping Out," "Fox Hunting," "Off to the Geysers," etc., with nearly 200 fine illustrations. 1 vol., small 4to, illuminated board covers, $1.50; cloth, beveled and gilt, $2.00.

Zigzag Journeys in the Orient.—A journey of the Zigzag Club from Vienna to the Golden Horn, the Euxine, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, containing a description of the Great Fair at Nijni-Novgorod, and many oriental tales and wonders. By H. BUTTERWORTH, author of "Zigzag Journeys in Europe," etc. With nearly 200 illustrations. 1 vol., small 4to, illuminated board covers and linings, $1.75; cloth, beveled and gilt, $2.25.

Young Folks' History of Russia.—By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, editor and translator of "Rambaud's Popular History of Russia." 100 illustrations. 1 vol., 16mo, cloth, $1.50.

The Boys of '61; or, Four Years of Fighting. A record of personal observation with the Army and Navy, from the battle of Bull Run to the fall of Richmond. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, author of "The Boys of '76," "Our New Way 'Round the World," "The Story of Liberty," etc. With numerous illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo, cloth, gilt, $2.50.

Chatterbox for 1881.—The authorized reprint from duplicates of the original English plates, containing a large amount of copyright American matter, which cannot be reprinted by any other firm. Illuminated board covers, $1.25; cloth, extra, $1.75.

Sketches and Scraps by Papa and Mamma.—An entirely original juvenile, printed in colors in the highest style of lithographic art. Text by LAURA E. RICHARDS. Illustrated by Henry Richards. 8vo, illuminated covers, $2.00.

Baby Ways.—By LAURA E. RICHARDS. An elegant juvenile for the younger children, with nearly 200 fine illustrations, and large type; text printed on extra-calendered paper. Royal 8vo, chromo-lithograph board covers, and colored design for lining, uniform with "Babyhood." $1.50.

For sale by your book-seller, or will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

A Delightful Holiday Book for Boys and Girls.

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF TALES.

Readings in the Legendary Lore of ALL NATIONS.

EDITED BY

William Swinton and George R. Cathcart.

Cloth. Elaborate Gilt Cover.

Numerous Illustrations of the highest artistic order.

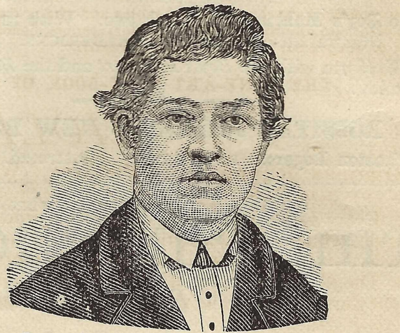
340 pages.

Price, $2.50.

Can be ordered through book-sellers, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

This is one of the handsomest books of the season, and one of the most attractive for young people. In its preparation, the wide domain of folk-lore of all nations has been explored, and those beautiful creations that have delighted and instructed successive generations have been selected and edited with refined literary taste and the greatest care.

IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.
Publishers,
753 and 755 BROADWAY, New-York.



James A. Garfield, at the Age of 16.

"The best example for boys and the highest standard of a man the world has yet produced."

NEW BOOK FOR BOYS.

From Canal-Boy to President,

OR

THE BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD OF

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Ragged Dick," "Fame and Fortune," etc., etc.

16mo, cloth, 334 pages. Illustrated. Price, $1.25.

JOHN R. ANDERSON & CO. Publishers, New-York.

N.B.—I will send, on application, a list of School Books (new or worn), which I will take in payment for this book.

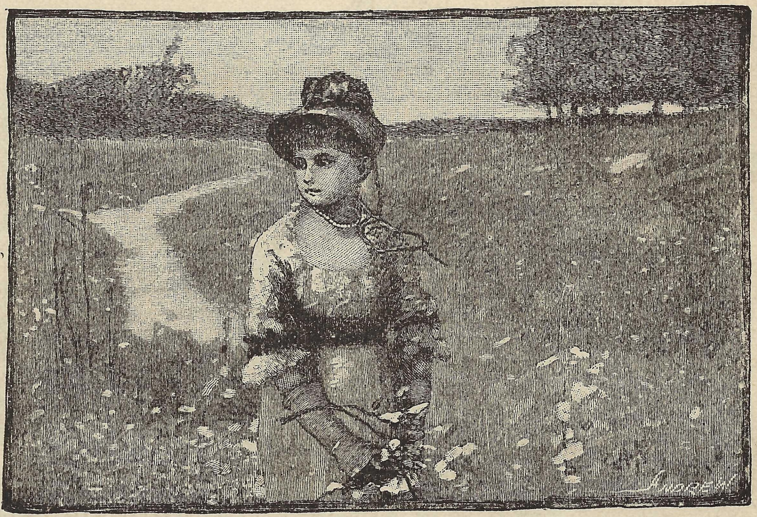
C. A. HINDS, P. O., New-York.

"Likely to be one of the favorite gift-books of the season."—N. Y. Tribune.

GRANDMA'S ATTIC TREASURES.

A Story of Old-time Memories. By MARY D. BRINE. Octavo, many illustrations. Cloth, full gilt, $4.00. Tree calf or morocco, $8.00.

"A profusion of wood-cuts, all worthy of the book, and several distinguished for grace, feeling, and character."—*N. Y. Tribune.*



"At fifteen she was a beauty,
At sixteen the village belle;
And—my! the half of her lovers
I'm sure I never can tell."

"Mrs. Mary D. Brine has made a touching poem of the story told by an old grandmother of how the dealers in 'antique furniture' came to her quiet farm and persuaded her to sell the 'old trash' that was stored in her attic. She did not know how dear the old rejected things were to her until she had promised to sell them, and she tells in her homely way the story of her life and her sweet and faithful love, as the spinning-wheel and the old tables and chairs recalled it. The artists who have illustrated the verses have made the most of the abundant opportunities offered for quaint interiors, domestic scenes, old furniture, and peaceful country landscapes. The pretty volume is sure to win popular favor."—*Boston Advertiser.*

THE FINE-ART GIFT-BOOK OF THE SEASON, FOR YOUNG PEOPLE OF ALL AGES.

HOLLY BERRIES.

Christmas Rhymes and Pictures. With original colored illustrations by IDA WAUGH. Quarto, with covers in colors, $2.00.

Every page is printed in colors from wood-blocks, and the book is one of the handsomest and cheapest in the market, while it is as artistic in character as anything that has yet appeared. It portrays child life in all its phases; its pleasures and its trials, its humor and its absurdities.

The illustrations, by Miss Ida Waugh, are full of life and spirit, and as studies of child life are as true to life as they are pretty. The rhymes, by Miss Amy E. Blanchard, are quite as taking as the pictures.

The Story of Prince Hildebrand and the Princess Ida.

Related in Rhyme. By Major T. S. SECCOMBE. With 110 illustrations by the Author. Large quarto, cloth, gilt, $2.00.

"In these days it is quite refreshing to come across a new fairy tale reviving the spirit of the old favorites of the nursery. The story is told in spirited and successful verse, and is illustrated by over a hundred most amusing drawings by the author."

SUNDAY *for* 1881.

Pictures and Pages for Young and Old. Quarto, 412 pages, and upward of 200 original illustrations by Popular Artists. Frontispiece and cover, very beautiful, in colors, $1.25.

"We are disposed to give a front place to such a child's book as SUNDAY. Some people are particular what their children read on Sunday, and those who are, cannot lay their hands upon anything more suitable for that day than this pretty and interesting collection of short stories, sketches, simple poems, abundant pictures, bits of useful information, and now and then a page of music. The covers, and a frontispiece, both in colors, are in the best Kate Greenaway style."—*The Literary World.*

NEW MODERN TOY BOOKS.

Being entire novelties, printed in the highest style of the art of color-printing, they are worthy the attention of all purchasers of books for children. Our line includes books at 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 40, and 75 cents.

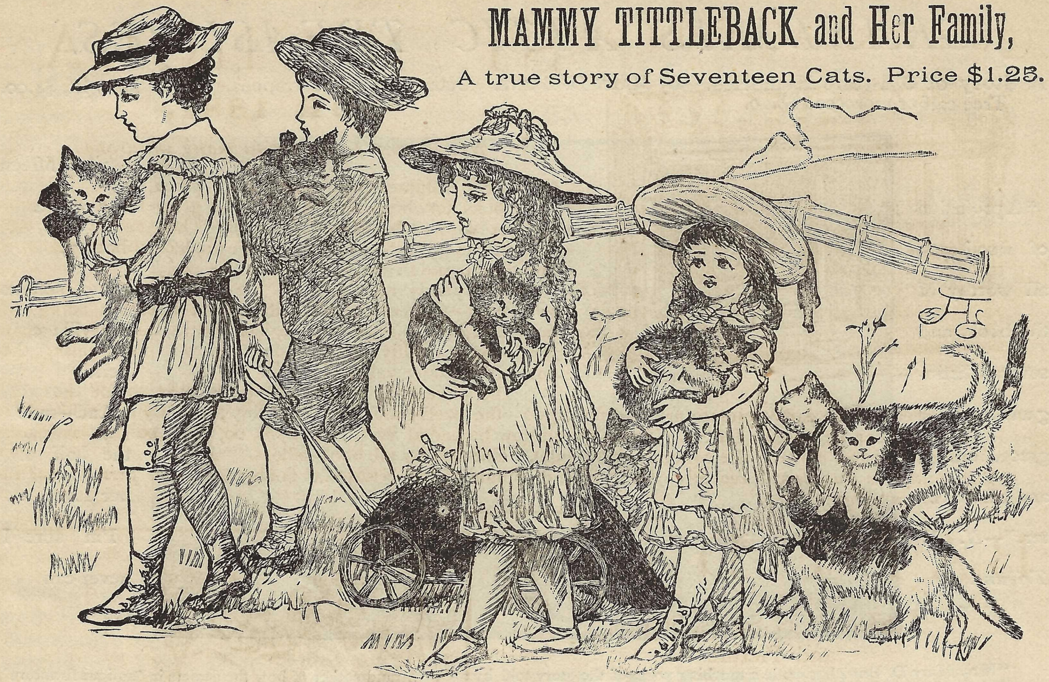
Our Books are for sale at all Book-stores, or will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

E. P. DUTTON & CO. Publishers, 713 Broadway, New-York.

This is a Specimen Illustration from "H. H.'s" delightful Story,

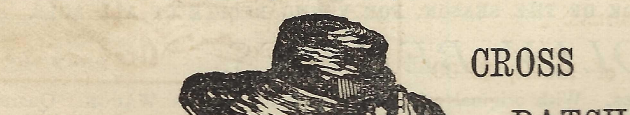
MAMMY TITTLEBACK and Her Family,

A true story of Seventeen Cats. Price $1.25.



"The children gave him a grand funeral. Each carried a cat," etc.

This is Simple Simon, who went a-fishing for to catch a whale. Susan Coolidge tells about him in her new book of stories, adapted from the myths of Mother Goose.



CROSS PATCH,

And Other Stories.

40 Pictures.

Price, $1.50.

New Books for Girls and Boys

Hector. By the author of "Castle Blair." $1.00.

Around the Hub: A Boy's Book about Boston. By DRAKE. $2.00.

Stories of Adventure. By HALE. $1.00.

The Two Cabin Boys. By ROUSSELET. $1.50.

A Guernsey Lily. By SUSAN COOLIDGE. $2.00.

Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances. By the author of "Jan of the Windmill." $1.25.

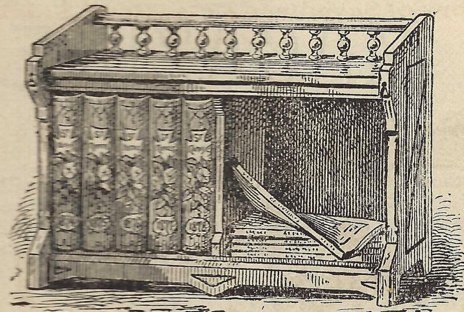
Miss Alcott's Little Women Series: LITTLE WOMEN, LITTLE MEN, EIGHT COUSINS, UNDER THE LILACS, AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL, HOSPITAL SKETCHES, ROSE IN BLOOM, JACK AND JILL. 8 volumes, in a handsome box. Price, $12.00.

All book-sellers have our books for sale. Send us the price, and we will mail, post-paid.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS.

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR 1881.



Nearly 1000 pages and as many illustrations.

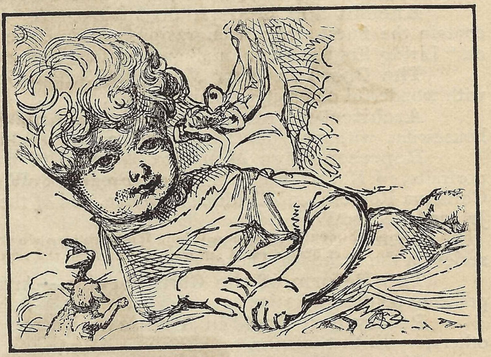
THESE volumes have taken their place as standard gift-books for boys and girls; they grow better and more popular with each succeeding year. The new volume, now ready, is an advance upon any of its predecessors in beauty of illustration and in special features.

The yearly numbers of the volumes are bound in two parts—each complete in itself as a book, but being only *half a volume.* They can be handled in this divided shape much more readily, and with less injury to the binding, than could the bulkier volumes.

The price is $2.50 for each part, or $5.00 for the twelve months complete. The early volumes are sold for $4.00—the twelve months bound together. By this schedule of prices all buyers can be suited; for ST. NICHOLAS can now be had at $2.50, $4.00, $5.00, or $6.00 (the last-named price is that of the two parts of the volumes in full gilt). For sale by all book-sellers.

The *Baltimore Gazette* said recently: "The bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS is about *the best present that can be made to an intelligent child.*"

BABY DAYS.



A selection of Songs, Stories,
and Pictures

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

With an Introduction by the
Editor of ST. NICHOLAS.

300 Illustrations, with pages of Music, $2.00.

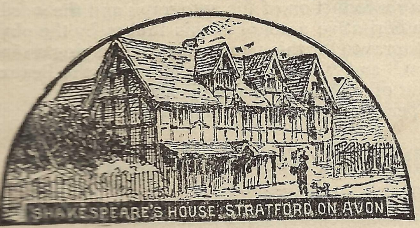
POPULAR GAMES, BY THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

THE PROTEAN CARDS, OR THE BOX OF FIFTY GAMES.

"* * * The cards are *not* regular playing-cards, such as are used in Whist, Euchre, Old Sledge, Vingt'un, and Poker; but they are moral cards—harmless cards—cards that may be played with propriety by church-members; cards that you can play with a party of ladies; cards that your children can take a hand at; and, withal, *just as interesting* to play with as the simonpure, and more suitable for a large party of ladies and gentlemen."—*Charleston Daily News.*

"One of the most ingenious games yet published."—*Hartford Courant.*

Price, in pasteboard boxes, $1.00; in ebonized-wood boxes, $1.50.

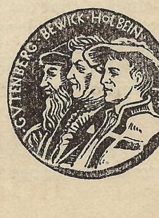


SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE: STRATFORD ON AVON

THE STRATFORD GAME

OF CHARACTERS AND QUOTATIONS, AND THE STRATFORD SOLITAIRE.

RENDERING the players familiar with the names of the principal characters and many of the finest passages in Shakespeare's plays. THE STRATFORD SOLITAIRE has no superior as a single-handed diversion. Price, 75 cents.



The Revised Portfolio of Proof Impressions of the Choicest Pictures from SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and ST. NICHOLAS. Selected from the two Portfolios already issued.

An elegantly bound volume, containing 57 of the choicest pictures that have appeared in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY (now THE CENTURY MAGAZINE) and ST. NICHOLAS, designed as a Holiday book for all lovers of the beautiful. Price, in half-morocco binding, gilt top, and leaves trimmed by hand, $6.00. A full set of the proofs, unbound, and put up in a box, $5.00.

THE CENTURY CO. Union Square, New-York.

A GREAT MAGAZINE PROGRAMME.

THE COMING YEAR OF

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

(SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.)

With the November number began the new series under the title of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, which will be, in fact, *a new, enlarged, and improved* "SCRIBNER," in whose conduct the managers of that magazine will be able to profit by the experience of the last eleven years. In appearance it remains much the same; *the page is, however, somewhat longer and wider, admitting pictures of a larger size, and* INCREASING THE READING MATTER TO THE EXTENT OF ABOUT

FOURTEEN ADDITIONAL PAGES.

The following is a summary of the leading features of the new series for the year:

A New Novel by Mrs. Burnett (author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," etc.), entitled "Through One Administration," a story of Washington life, which began in November.

Studies of the Louisiana Creoles.—By GEO. W. CABLE, author of "The Grandissimes," etc. A series of illustrated papers, on the traditions and romance of Creole life in Louisiana.

A Novel by W. D. Howells (author of "A Chance Acquaintance," etc.), dealing with characteristic features of American life, and beginning in the December issue.

Ancient and Modern Sculpture.—A "History of Ancient Sculpture," by Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell, to contain the finest series of engravings yet published of the masterpieces of sculpture. There will also be papers on "Living English Sculptors," and on the "Younger Sculptors of America," fully illustrated.

The Opera in New York, by Richard Grant White. A popular and valuable series, to be illustrated with wonderful completeness and beauty.

Architecture and Decoration in America will be treated in a way to interest both householder and housewife; with many practical as well a beautiful illustrations from recent designs.

Representative Men and Women of the 19th Century.—Biographical sketches, accompanied by portraits, of Robert Browning, Rev. Frederick W. Robertson (by the late Dean Stanley), Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Cardinal Newman, and of the younger American authors, Wm. D. Howells, Henry James, Jr., and George W. Cable.

Scenes of Thackeray's, Hawthorne's, and George Eliot's Novels.—Succeeding the illustrated series on the scenes of Dickens's novels.

The Reform of the Civil Service.—Arrangements have been made for a series of able papers on this pressing political question.

Poetry and Poets in America.—There will be studies of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and others, by E. C. Stedman.

Stories, Sketches, and Essays may be expected from Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, "Mark Twain," Edward Eggleston, Henry James, Jr., John Muir, Miss Gordon Cumming, "H. H.," Geo. W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, A. C. Redwood, F. D. Millet, Noah Brooks, Frank R. Stockton, Constance F. Woolson, H. H. Boyesen, Albert Stickney, Washington Gladden, John Burroughs, Parke Godwin, Henry King, Ernest Ingersoll, E. L. Godkin, E. B. Washburne, and many others.

One or two papers on "The Adventures of the Tile Club," and an original Life of Bewick, the engraver, by Austin Dobson, are among other features to be later announced.

The Editorial Departments throughout will be unusually complete, and "The World's Work" will be considerably enlarged.

THE DECEMBER NUMBER

contains the first chapters of Mr. Howells's new novel, a frontispiece portrait of Dr. J. G. Holland, with a tribute to his life and works from the pen of Dr. Edward Eggleston; two fine portraits of President Garfield—one as a boy of seventeen,—with a paper on some of his characteristics, and a reproduction of his autograph and the words written in his sickness, "Strangulatus pro Republicâ." Also, an authoritative account of his illness by the physician in charge. An hitherto unpublished life-mask of Lincoln is engraved for this number, accompanying an interesting article telling how it was made. "A Cruise in a Pilot-Boat" and "An American Student at the Beaux-Arts" are among other illustrated contents. A fine full page portrait of Robert Browning is also given.

The price of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will remain at $4.00 per year (35 cents a number).

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DR. J. G. HOLLAND,

WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The publishers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, believing that an authentic and life-like portrait of the Editor-in-chief of that magazine would be welcomed by thousands of readers, had issued, just before his sudden and unexpected death, a large photograph (size, mounted, 21 x 27) of Dr. Holland, from a crayon portrait by Wyatt Eaton. That sad event will lend an additional value and interest to this picture.

We will send THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY) FOR ONE YEAR to any address, with the portrait of Dr. Holland, mounted, for **$6.50.**

The Magazine for one year, with the portrait *framed* in dark cherry, with broad gold mat, **$11.50.**

Retail price of the mounted portrait, $5.00; framed, $10.00.

☞ Book-sellers and news-dealers throughout the country will supply the portraits and receive subscriptions on the above terms.

THE CENTURY CO. Union Square, New-York.

A Child's Library in One Book.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK.

Edited by Horace E. Scudder, author of the "Bodley Books." A handsome quarto volume, containing 450 double-column pages. Profusely and beautifully illustrated, and very attractively bound. $3.50.

The frontispiece is a charming colored picture designed by Rosina Emmet.

The Children's Book is in itself a whole library. It contains generous selections from the best standard books ever written for children, under the following divisions:

The Book of Fables,
The Book of Wonders,
A Few Songs,
The Book of Popular Tales,
The Book of Stories in Verse,
Stories from Hans Christian Andersen,
Tales from the Arabian Nights,
The Book of Ballads,
The Book of Familiar Stories,
A Voyage to Lilliput,
Adventures of Baron Munchausen,
The Book of Poetry,
The Book of Ancient Stories.

These have been chosen with great care, and, with the numerous pictures and the attractive printing and binding, make a book of extraordinary value and interest, exceedingly popular as a gift-book, and a delight in every household.

Boston Town. By Horace E. Scudder. 12mo, fully illustrated. $1.50.

In this book Mr. Scudder, with the skill and entertaining style which have made the Bodley Books so widely popular, tells the story of Boston from its settlement. The book is intended for young people, but will be found hardly less interesting to their elders.

Play Days. Stories for Children. By Sarah Orne Jewett, author of "Deephaven," "Old Friends and New." $1.50.

If Santa Claus neglects to leave a copy of "Play Days" in any household where there is a little girl, he is n't the kind of Santa Claus we take him for.—*Boston Transcript.*

⁂ *For sale by all book-sellers. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the publishers,*

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

11 East 17th Street, New-York (between Broadway and Fifth Avenue).

"The Children's Magazine of America."

ST. NICHOLAS.

"The best of its kind."—*The Churchman.*

St. Nicholas, the illustrated magazine for young folks, which has now attained a circulation larger, probably, than that of any other monthly magazine of its class, was started in 1873 and early united with itself the leading children's magazines of that day,—"Our Young Folks," "The Little Corporal," "The School-Day Visitor," T. S. Arthur's "Children's Hour," etc. It was the first to give to boys and girls the very best and most artistic illustrations that could be had, soon earning the name of

"The Children's Art Magazine."

The greatest living writers of Europe and America are among its contributors:

Charles Dudley Warner,
Edward Eggleston,
Saxe Holm,
Gail Hamilton,
Louisa M. Alcott,
Harriet Prescott Spofford,
George MacDonald,
John G. Whittier,
John Hay,
Rossiter Johnson,
The Goodale Sisters,
Christina G. Rossetti,
Frances Hodgson Burnett,
Marion Harland,
Lucy Larcom,
Author of "Alice in Wonderland,"
Mrs. Oliphant,
Henry W. Longfellow,
Alfred Tennyson,
Bret Harte,
Thomas Hughes,
Donald G. Mitchell,
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,
Washington Gladden,
H. H. Boyesen,
Clarence Cook,
Susan Coolidge,
Prof. R. A. Proctor,
Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney,
Celia Thaxter,
T. W. Higginson,
Noah Brooks,
T. B. Aldrich,
Horace E. Scudder,
Rebecca Harding Davis.

WHAT ENGLAND SAYS OF IT.

The recognition of the great excellence of this superb periodical has been nowhere more hearty and unanimous than from the press of England. The following are some of the English notices:

London Daily News: "We wish we could point out its equal in our own periodical literature."
The Spectator: "It is the best of all children's magazines."
John Bull: "It is not too much to say that it is the best magazine of its kind with which we are acquainted."
Court Circular: "There is a perpetual fund of humor in St. Nicholas."
European Mail: "We can recommend it for honesty of purpose and sound moral teaching."
Literary World: "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal it."
Derby Mercury: "It is unequaled in every department."
Southampton Observer: "It is *the King of all publications for the young* on either side of the Atlantic," etc., etc., etc.

Brilliant Features of the Coming Year.

The ninth volume, which began with the November, 1881, number, will be remarkably rich in stories and illustrations. Each number will contain 80 or more pages, with an average of 50 illustrations. There will be a new

Serial Story, by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge,

editor of St. Nicholas, author of "Hans Brinker," etc., etc. A second serial story full of lively incident,

"The Hoosier School-Boy," by Edward Eggleston,

author of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," etc. A single article of universal interest,

"How Children Should Approach the Study of Music," by Richard Wagner,

the eminent composer. A capital serial for boys,

"Recollections of a Drummer-Boy,"

by a Pennsylvania volunteer, who went through all the important campaigns of the Army of the Potomac. The story contains nothing to foster a sectional spirit. A series of illustrated papers, entitled

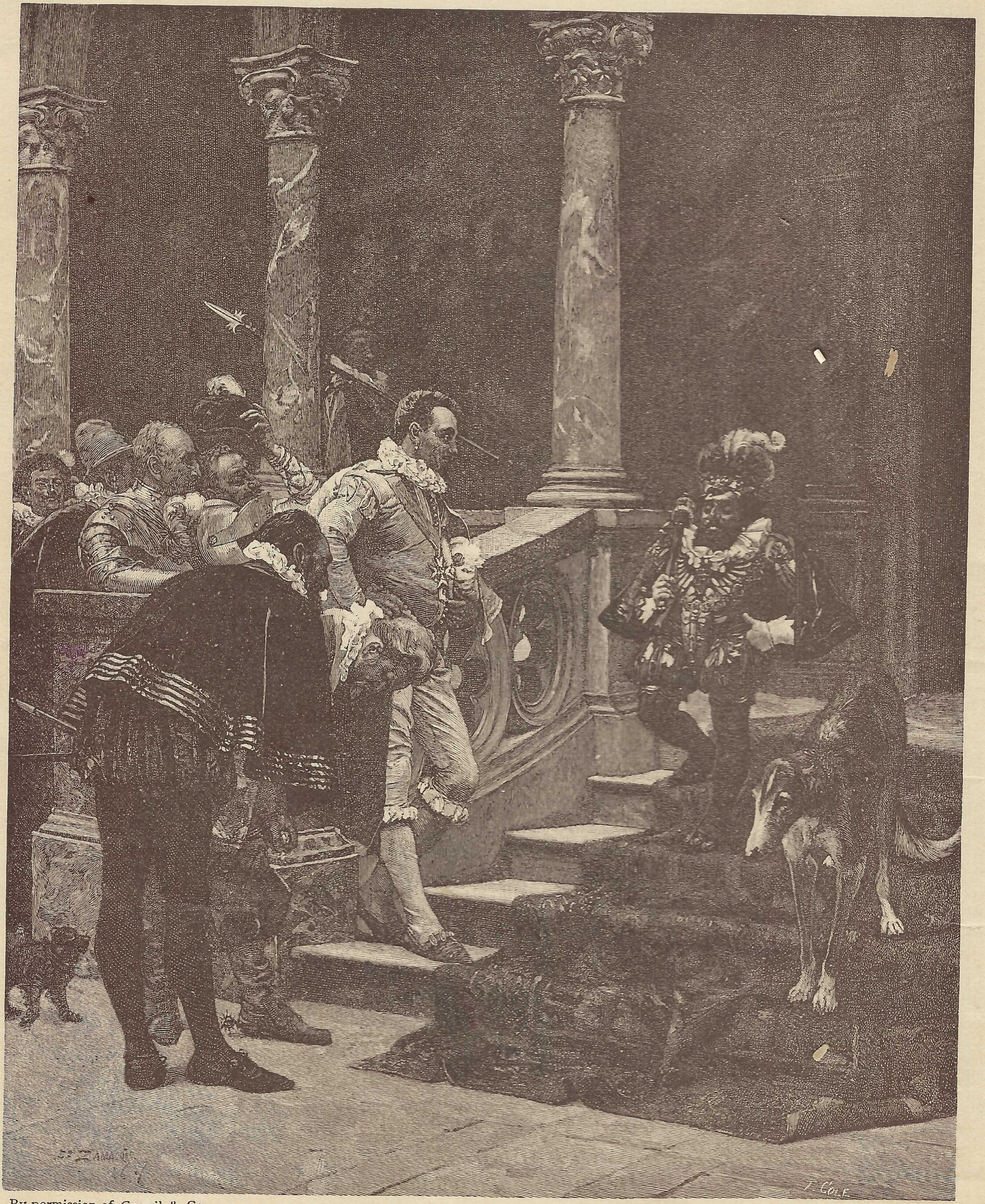
"Stories from the Northern Myths,"

will be found as full of fascination for girls and boys as are the tales of giants and the achievements of Homer's heroes.

Another serial story will give a vivid and historically correct picture of Girl and Boy life in the 13th Century. Plays for Home and School Embroidery for Girls, Amateur Newspapers, Illustrated Practical and Descriptive Papers, Articles on Sports, The Treasure-box of Literature, etc., etc., will be among the interesting features of this great volume.

Price, $3.00 a year; 25 cents a number. Subscriptions taken and magazines sold by book-sellers and news-dealers everywhere, or the publishers,

THE CENTURY CO. Union Square, New-York.



By permission of Goupil & Co. [See page 92.]

THE KING'S FAVORITE.

ENGRAVED BY COLE, AFTER THE PAINTING BY ZAMACOIS.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. IX. DECEMBER, 1881. NO. 2.

[Copyright, 1881, by THE CENTURY CO.]

CAP AND BELLS.

BY H. WINTHROP PEIRCE.

IN the Middle Ages, when kings and great lords had almost no occupation beside fighting and hunting, they lived apart in large, gloomy castles, built for strength and defense, with little thought of cheerfulness. During the season of the year when they could not ride with hawks and hounds to hunt the wild animals which then abounded in all parts of Europe, nor enjoy themselves in their own pleasure-grounds, time must have hung heavily upon their hands. Books were few, and learning was thought fit only for "women and clearks."

Therefore, to beguile their time, almost every man of means kept a professional "fool" or "jester." And the jester often was a dwarf, more or less deformed, whose misfortune was considered a fit subject for mirth in those rough days.

The fool's dress was usually of rich materials, made in the most fantastic style, and of various hues, but yellow was the distinctive color for ornament and fringes. Cocks' feathers and foxes' tails were worn, while a number of little bells, attached to the clothes, tinkled gayly with every motion. Jesters always wore a wallet, and they carried a stick, on the end of which was either a funny head carved in wood, or else a bladder with a few rattling peas inside. The favored fool had access to his master, even if it should be a king, at any hour of the day or night. And, naturally, through this intimacy and the fact that his business was to amuse, he frequently obtained great influence over his master, who, with the entire household, would become much attached to him.

Shakespeare represents domestic fools as often bitter and sarcastic, but faithful and attached, ready to go into poverty and exile rather than leave their friends when overtaken by adversity. King Lear, when driven out into the storm by his daughters, is followed by his fool. And when Rosalind is banished from her uncle's court, Touchstone leaves his comfortable home, and goes with her and her faithful cousin into the wild forest. Hamlet remembers, when he sees the skull of his father's jester Yorick, how "he had borne me on his back a thousand times," and that he, when a light-hearted, happy little prince, "had pressed his lips he knew not how oft." And speaking of Shakespeare, all who have read the great master's plays must have noticed how often he puts wonderful bits of wisdom into the lively, mocking raillery of the beloved fool.

An Italian jester named Gonello, born in Florence about 1400, A. D., entered the service of the Marquis of Ferrara, by whom his judgment was so highly prized that he was consulted on the most important state affairs. In course of time, the Marquis lost his health, and the doctors declared that nothing would restore it save the shock of an unexpected cold bath. But no one dared to give the Marquis a ducking.

At last, Gonello resolved, as his patron grew worse and worse, that he would try what no other friend or servant of the Marquis would venture to do. One day, walking beside the river with his lord, Gonello, without a word, pushed him in, waited just long enough to see that the Marquis was pulled out alive, and then fled to Padua.

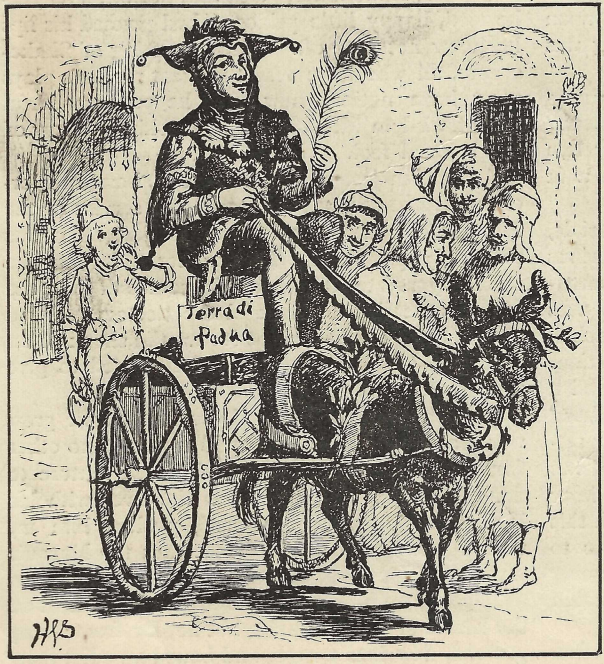
The sudden plunge had the wished-for effect on the health of the Marquis; but he, far from being grateful, flew into a rage, and issued an edict that, if Gonello should ever set foot again on the soil of Ferrara, his life should be forfeited.

Poor Gonello was homesick enough in Padua.

He read the edict through and through, until he saw that he was prohibited only from setting foot on the *soil* of Ferrara. Then he quickly got a donkey-cart, filled it with earth, and labeled it "Paduan ground." Perched on this, he passed in state into the streets of Ferrara. But he was soon seized, thrown into prison, tried, and convicted of having laid violent hands on the Marquis, and of having disobeyed his edict, for which offenses he must die.

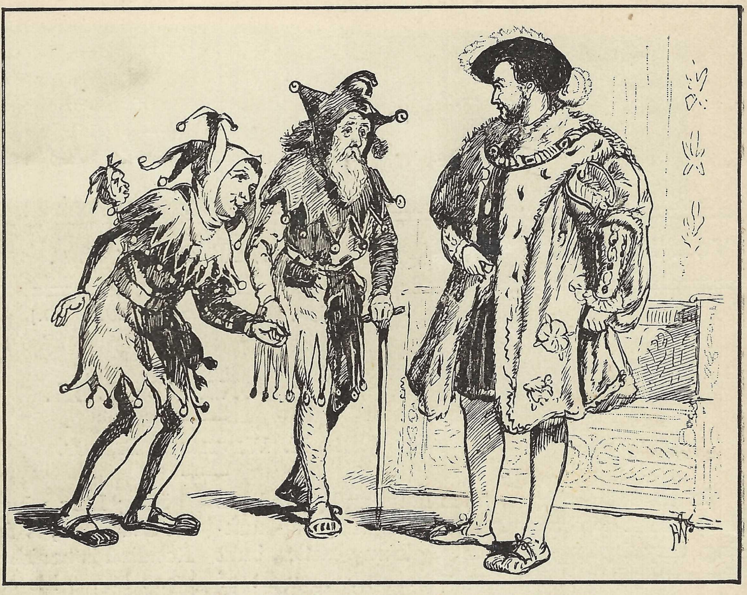
On the day appointed for his execution, the whole city turned out to see him. The poor fellow was blindfolded; his head was placed on the block. But the executioner, instead of lifting the ax, dashed a pailful of water on Gonello's neck.

Then the people knew that all the dreadful preparations had been made in jest. How they waved their caps, and cheered, and shouted: "Long live the Marquis!" "Long live Gonello!"



GONELLO'S TRICK.

But Gonello did not rise, and when his friends, with laughter and congratulations, lifted him, they found that the poor fellow could joke with them no more. He had been frightened to death. The Marquis, full of remorse at having, by his cruel joke, destroyed his faithful friend, gave him a grand funeral, and did everything in his power to honor his memory.



WILL SOMERS PRESENTS HIS UNCLE TO KING HENRY VIII.

Francis I., of France, had a jester of great beauty and refinement, who wrote verses which the King was glad to pass off as his own. This person was selected, when a boy of thirteen, on account of his remarkable brightness and beauty, to be the King's jester, notwithstanding the entreaties of his parents, who were of noble birth, and in spite of the tears and prayers of the boy himself, who had hoped to be a soldier and a great man. It is sad to think of the noble-hearted lad, secretly pining in the splendor of the court, yet bravely doing his best to enliven the dull hours, and perhaps trying his powers at a war of wits when he would have preferred to do battle in earnest.

But I can not give you his history here. You may be sure, however, that he was not so happy as Will Somers, of England. This famous wit, who was jester to Henry VIII., asked among many jokes, "What is it, that the less there is of it the more it is feared?" and then enjoyed the surprise of the court on his telling the answer—"A little bridge over a deep river." His reputation spread to his old home in Shropshire, and his aged uncle trudged up to Greenwich to visit him at the court. The countryman's old-fashioned dress and simple manner, as he passed through the streets asking the way to the King's palace, attracted attention. When he found the building, he asked the jeering pages at the gate, "If there was not a 'gentleman' at court named William Somers?" The pages laughed in disdain, and led the old man to a place where Will was sleeping in the park, with his head resting on a cushion that a poor woman had given him because he had interceded to save the life of her son, who had been condemned to be hanged as a pirate.

Will greeted his uncle with affection, and as he led him through the presence chamber, where crowds of richly dressed courtiers were assembled, he called aloud: "Room, knaves! Room for me and my uncle!"

Then, seeing that his relative's dress was not a fitting one in which to appear before the King, Will took him to his own room and dressed him in one of his queer motley suits. This done, Will brought his uncle in before "Bluff King Hal," who was much amused at the contrast between the venerable figure and its droll costume. Treating the uncle with respect due his years, the King encouraged him to talk.

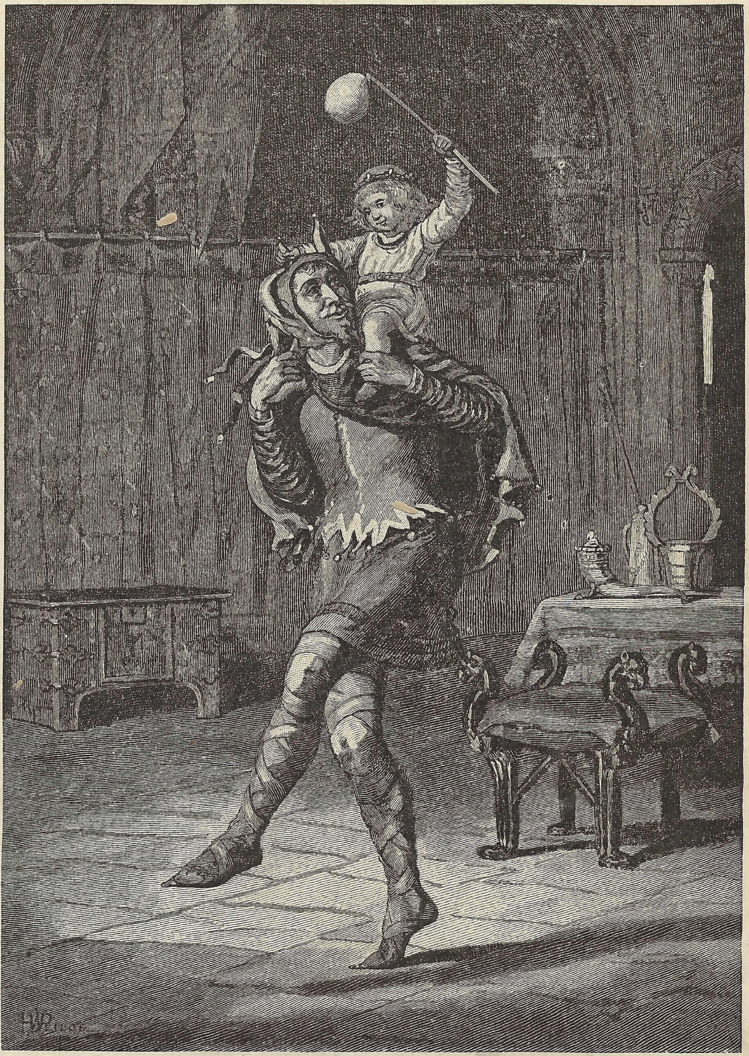
The old man then told His Majesty about a common near his home, which had been unjustly shut up from the poorer people. And the King was so much interested in his account of the affair, that he ordered the ground to be thrown open to the public at once, and created the old uncle bailiff of the common, with a salary of twenty pounds a year, which in money of to-day would be a very comfortable income.

In those early times, jesters appeared on all occasions. They bustled about at the tournaments, and were busy with sharp remarks on the proceedings—now full of pity, now exulting, ready to help the favorite knight to victory or to lead from the field his fallen foe.

A jester once complained to his king that an offended noble had threatened to kill him.

"If he does," said His Majesty, "I shall have him hanged a quarter of an hour afterward."

"Ah, but that would not save my life," said the Fool. "Could n't you have him hanged a quarter of an hour before?"

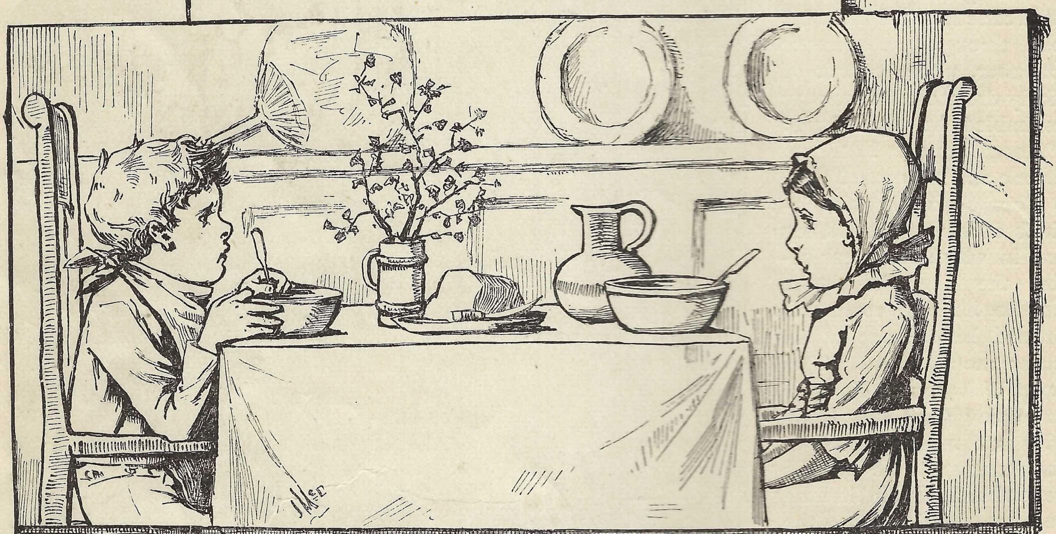


YORICK AND YOUNG HAMLET.

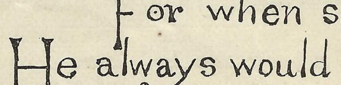
Jesters filled, in their time, a humble but important place, telling the truth to those who would not have heard it from any one else. And they sometimes acquired such great influence that many persons found it safest to treat them with consideration, or learned to their sorrow that to offend the king's favorite was to place an obstacle in their own road to advancement.

But as intelligence became more general and reading more common, household jesters were no longer needed, and the theater and the production of books and ballads gave a new field for the talents of those who in ruder times would have worn the cap and bells.

A MISUNDERSTANDING



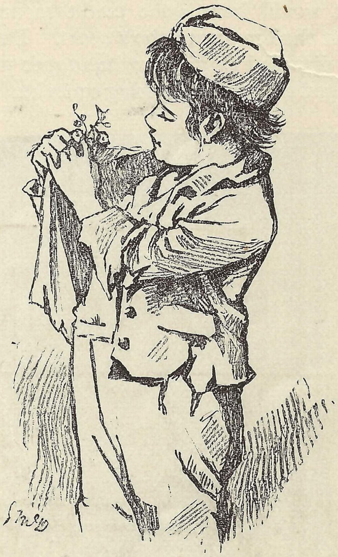
Little Dutch Karl
and little French Jeanne
They went out together
○○○○○○ to dine.
But they couldn't agree
For when she said "Oui"
He always would answer her



"Nein"

THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S BUTTON-HOLE BOUQUET.

By H. H.



'T was on a bitter winter's day,
I saw a strange, pathetic sight;
The streets were gloomy, cold, and gray,
The air with falling snow was white.

A little ragged beggar child
Went running through the cold and storm;
He looked as if he never smiled,
As if he never had been warm.

Sudden, he spied beneath his feet
A faded button-hole bouquet:
Trampled and wet with rain and sleet,
Withered and worthless, there it lay.

He bounded, seized it with delight,
Stood still and shook it free from snow;
Into his coat he pinned it tight,—
His eyes lit up with sudden glow.

He sauntered on, all pleased and proud,
His face transformed in every line;
And lingered that the hurrying crowd
Might chance to see that he was fine.

The man who threw the flowers away
Never one half such pleasure had;
The flowers' best work was done that day
In cheering up that beggar lad.

Ah me, too often we forget,
Happy in these good homes of ours,
How many in this world are yet
Glad even of the withered flowers!

HERMANN THE BRAVE.

By H. Maria George.

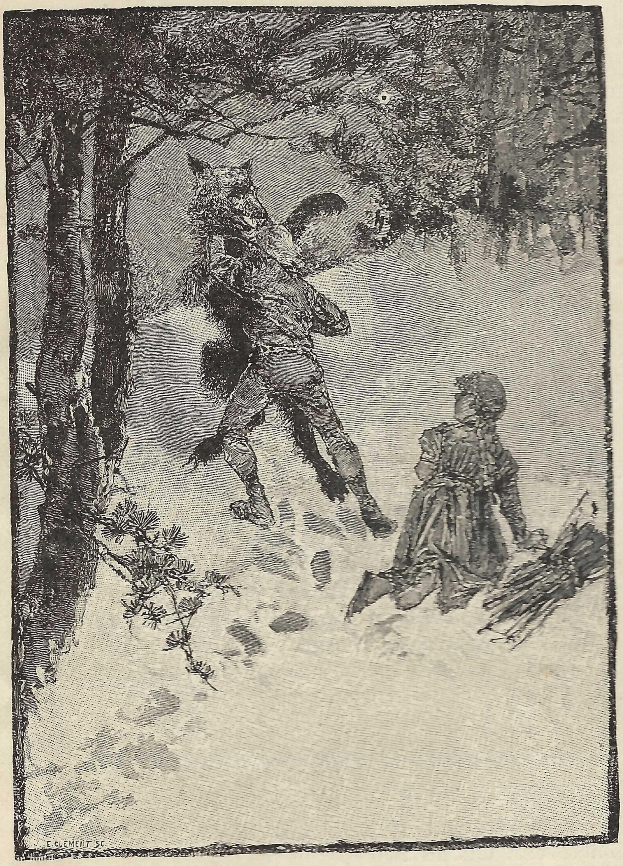
He lived a great many years ago, in a country across the sea, near the Black Forest. His father was a small Saxon land-holder by the name of Billung, who owned a few acres of feeding-ground, some more of forest, and a poor hut of wood, with a thatched roof, wherein he lived with his wife and two children,—Hermann and a girl.

Hermann was two years older than his sister Gertrude, who was seven. He was a manly little fellow, very brave and very strong for his age. Often the children were sent to the forest to cut wood for fuel, for the father had to work in the field all day and the mother had to spin. The boy carried a big, heavy knife, curved almost like a sickle. This he used instead of an ax. Hermann cut the wood, and his little sister tied it in small bundles and carried these to the hut.

At this day, wolves are seldom found in the Black Forest; but in Hermann's time, almost a thousand years ago, they were very numerous there. Great, fierce, shaggy monsters they were, who, when urged on by hunger, would not hesitate alone to attack men.

Hermann and his sister had been told not to linger in the forest after sundown. But one day the boy espied an eagle's nest, and he was so long in reaching it that twilight had ended before they started home. Just in the edge of the forest they were met by a fierce growl, and Hermann had barely time to clutch his knife, which was slung at his back, when a wolf rushed upon his sister.

The beast was one of the largest and fiercest of its kind, and Gertrude must certainly have fallen a victim to its savage attack, had not her brother placed himself in front, cutting and slashing in a way that would have done credit to any of the knights at the Emperor Otho's court. But the wolf was not disposed to give up its supper even then, and plunged at Hermann, rising on its hind legs, and snarling and gnashing its sharp teeth in a fearful manner.


E. CLEMENT SC.

HERMANN OFFERS BATTLE TO THE WOLF.

The boy stood his ground manfully, and made vigorous defense with his stout knife, while little Gertrude clung to his frock, crying. Finally, he gave the beast a blow that disabled it. Then he struck another that quite killed it.

Hermann cut off the great hairy ears of the monster and thrust them under his girdle, and then the two children shouldered their wood and marched toward home, as if nothing had happened. Outside the forest they met their father, who, alarmed by their long absence, was coming in search of them. He bore a flaming torch in his hand, and by its light he saw that the boy's clothing was streaked with great red stains.

"What have you been doing?" asked he.

"I have been killing a wolf," was the reply of the nine-year-old hero.

"Killing a wolf!" exclaimed the father, still alarmed, and uncertain whether to believe him. "Not so fast, my boy. Where is the wolf?"

"Back in the forest, dead; but here are his ears. The beast attacked Gertie, and I killed him with my knife. This is all wolf-blood on my breast and arms."

Billung clasped his children to his breast, murmuring a thankful prayer. The peril they had escaped was great, and the boy's heroism was the talk of the neighborhood for years. Nor did his courage, as he grew older, become less.

Some four years after this, when Hermann was about thirteen, as he was tending his father's cattle in the open field one day, he saw a gay cavalcade of horsemen turn aside from the road and enter the field. The boy sprang to place himself in their way, and cried out in a bold voice:

"Go back! Only the road is yours: this field belongs to me."

Their leader, a tall man with an imposing mien, reined his horse and inquired, "And who may you be, my lad?"

"My name is Hermann Billung. Yonder is my father's homestead. This is our field, and you have no right here."

"I have the right to go where I will," said the knight, shaking his lance threateningly. "Get out of the way, or you will be ridden over."

But the boy stood his ground, and with flashing eyes turned on the cavalier,—

"Right is right," he cried, "and you can not ride through this field without first riding over me."

"What do you know about right, younker?"

"I know that this is our field, and no Billung ever gives up his right."

"But do you think it right to refuse to obey your emperor? I am Otho," and the horseman drew himself up with a kingly air.

"You King Otho, the pride of Saxony?" cried Hermann, in astonishment. "But it can not be! Otho guards our rights—you would break them. That is not like the emperor. Father has often told me so."

"I should like to see the father of so brave a boy; lead me to him," said the emperor, kindly interest depicted in his earnest face.

"The smoke that you may see above those bushes rises from our home. You will find my father there, but I can not leave these cows which he bade me tend. But if you are in truth the emperor, you will keep to the road, for Otho protects our rights."

So the courtly train turned from the field, leaving the brave boy unmolested to care for his cattle. Otho rode direct to the peasant's cottage, and when he had found the father, he said to him:

"Your name is Billung, and mine is Otho. I want to take your son to court with me, to educate him so that he may become my esquire. He will make a true man, and I have need of such."

Billung joyfully granted Otho's request. Hermann was called in, and told of his good fortune. He put on his best clothes and rode away on a war-horse by the side of Otho, as proud as any boy could be. But this was not the last of Hermann.

He grew to be a brave knight—the bravest, in fact, at the emperor's court. He had a horse of his own now, and he wore cloth of gold and silver, with a long plume in his velvet cap, and a golden spur on his heel. When he went to war he dressed up in dark steel armor, and looked as grim and formidable as any of the old knights, though he was only twenty years old.

One day, Otho sent his young favorite across the country to visit a great castle where a duke lived. It was miles away, and a dreary road, but Hermann, accompanied by only a single esquire, set off with a light heart, singing a merry song.

For two or three days all went well. The birds sang in the woods, his horse cantered briskly, and Hermann's heart was joyful. In the afternoon of the third day, the woods grew thicker and the road wilder, and just where it was the darkest and wildest, he was startled by loud screams, and then he heard rough, fierce oaths, and the rush of many feet, and the clank of armor.

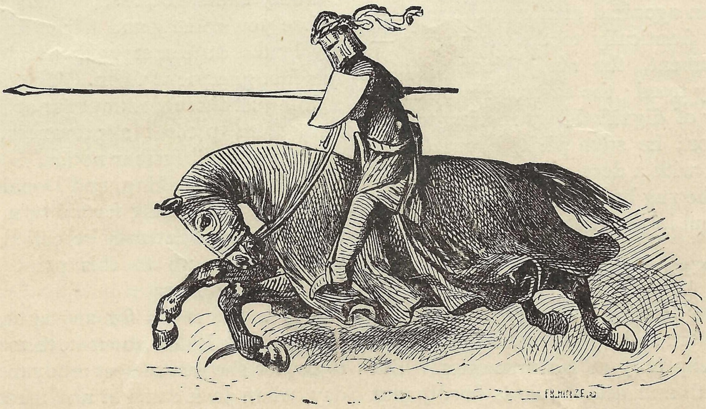
He did not stop to count his enemies, but drawing his sword, spurred his horse forward right upon the scene. And such a scene it was! A graceful and richly dressed lady, whose jewels seemed worth a monarch's ransom, was in the grasp of a savage-looking man, whose followers had already beaten her three attendants to the earth. There were nearly a score of them, rough, desperate-looking fellows, but Hermann did not hesitate.

He was in their midst almost before they knew it, cutting and slashing away in terrible earnest. With his first blow he struck down the ruffian whose arms were around the lady. Then he turned upon the others. At first they were greatly scared, but when they saw there were only two to fight, they crowded around with a great clatter, and soon Hermann had his hands full.

But he was very brave and very strong, though he was so young. He had unhorsed all the famous knights at Otho's court, and here were no knights, but robbers. He knew he should conquer, and conquer he did, though he got a wound that laid him by for more than a fortnight, but he himself slew eleven of the robbers outright.

The lady took him to her father's castle, which was not distant, and there she tended him until he was able to mount his war-horse again. During his confinement he discovered that the castle was the very one he had been journeying to, and that the lady was Duke Henry's daughter. On the last day of his stay he did the emperor's errand, and he also did another for himself, for when he rode away it was as the accepted suitor of beautiful Lady Adelaide.

At their marriage, which occurred not long afterward, Otho himself was present, with many of his princes, and the ceremony was a very grand one. At its conclusion the emperor bestowed upon his young friend a great dukedom. For thirty years he reigned as duke of Saxony, and then he died, but not until he performed many other gallant deeds, which we have no room to relate. You will find his name in all the old German histories, for Hermann the Brave was one of the noblest and most celebrated men of his time.

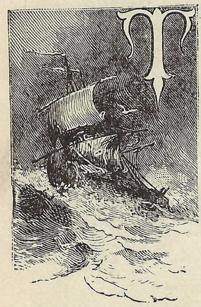


DONALD AND DOROTHY.

By Mary Mapes Dodge.

Chapter I.

IN WHICH NONE OF THE CHARACTERS APPEAR.



THE door of the study was closed, and only Nero was to be seen. He, poor dog, stood in the wide hall gazing wistfully at the knob, and pricking up his ears whenever sounds of movement in the room aroused his hope of being admitted. Suddenly he gave a yelp of delight. Somebody surely was approaching the door. The steps — they were a man's — halted. There was a soft, rolling sound, as if the master's chair had been drawn to the table; next a rustling of paper; a deep-voiced moan; the rapid scratching of a quill pen; then silence — silence — and poor Nero again stood at half-mast.

Any ordinary dog would have barked or pawed impatiently at the door. But Nero was not an ordinary dog. He knew that something unusual was going on — something that even he, the protector and pet of the household, the frisky Master of Ceremonies, must not interfere with. But when the bell-pull within the room clicked sharply, and a faint tinkle came up from below, he flew eagerly to the head of the basement stair, and wagged his bushy tail with a steady, vigorous stroke, as though it were the crank of some unseen machine which slowly and surely would draw Liddy, the housemaid, up the stair-way.

The bell rang again. The machine put on more steam. Still no Liddy. Could she be out? Nero ran back to take an agonized glance at the motionless knob, leaped frantically to the stair again — and, at that moment, the study door opened. There was a heavy tread; the ecstatic Nero rushed in between a pair of dignified legs moving toward the great hall-door; he spun wildly about for an instant, and then, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, settled down on the rug before the study fire. For there was not a soul in the room.

Chapter II.

FOURTEEN YEARS AFTERWARD.

THE house is there still, so is Nero, now an honored old dog, frisky only in his memories. But old as he is in teeth and muscle, he is hardly past middle-age in the wag of his still bushy tail, and is as young as ever in happy devotion to his master. Liddy, too, is down-stairs, promoted, but busy as in the days gone by; and the voice of that very bell tinkled but an hour ago.

Here is the same study; some one within, and the door closed. Opposite, on the other side of the wide hall, is the parlor, its windows looking across piazza, sloping lawn, road-way, and field, straight out to the sparkling lake beyond. Back of the parlor is a sunny sitting-room, its bay-window framing a pleasant view of flower-garden, apple-orchard, and grape-arbor — a few straggling bunches clinging to the almost leafless November vines. And within, throughout the house indeed, floats a sunny-shady combination of out-door air, with a faint, delightful odor of open wood-fires. What a quiet, home-like, beautiful place it is!

Let us look into the sitting-room.

A boy, with his back toward the door, sitting, feet and all, upon the end of a big sofa, his bended knee tightly held between his arms, his head thrust forward earnestly — altogether, from the rear view, looking like a remarkable torso with a modern jacket on — that 's Donald. On the other end of the sofa, a glowing face with bright brown hair waving back from it, the chin held in two brownish little hands, and beneath that a mass of dark red merino, revealing in a meandering, drapery way that its wearer is half-kneeling, half-sitting — that 's Dorothy.

I am obliged to confess it, these two inelegant objects on a very elegant piece of furniture are the hero and heroine of my story.

Do not imagine, however, that Donald and Dorothy could not, if they chose to do so, stand before you comely and fair as any girl and boy in the land. It is merely by accident that we catch this first glimpse of them. They have been on that sofa in just those positions for at least five minutes, and, from present appearances, they intend to remain so until further notice.

Dorothy is speaking, and Donald is — not exactly listening, but waiting for his turn to put in a word, thus forming what may be called a lull in the conversation, for up to this point both have been speaking together.

"It 's too much for anything, so it is! I 'm going to ask Liddy about it, that 's what I 'm going to do, for she was almost ready to tell me the other day, when Jack came in and made her mad."

"Don't you do it!" Donald's tone is severe, but still affectionate and confidential. "Don't you do it. It 's the wrong way, I tell you. What did she get mad at?"

"Oh, nothing. Jack called her 'mess-mate' or something, and she flared up. But, I tell you, I 'm just going to ask her right out what makes him act so."

"Nonsense," said Donald. "It 's only his sailor-ways, and besides——"

"No, no. I don't mean Jack. I mean Uncle. I do believe he hates me!"

"Oh, Dorry! Dorry!"

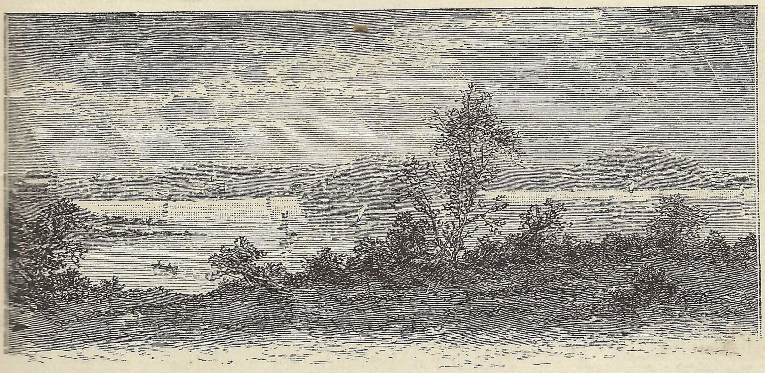
"Well, he does n't love me any more, anyway! I know he 's good and all that, and I love him just as much as you do, Don, every bit, so you need n't be so dreadful astonished all in a minute." (Dorry was apt to be ungrammatical when excited.) "I love Uncle George as much as anybody in the world does, but that 's no reason why, whenever Aunt Kate is mentioned, he ——"

"Yes, it is, Dot. You ought to wait."

"I *have* waited—why, Don" (and her manner grows tearful and tragic), "I 've waited nearly thirteen years!"

Here Don gives a quick, suddenly suppressed laugh, and asks her, "why she did n't say fourteen," and Dorothy tells him sharply that "he need n't talk—they 're pretty even on that score" (which is true enough), and that she really has been "longing and dying to know ever since she was a little, little bit of a girl, and who would n't?"

Poor Dorothy! She will "long to know" for many a day yet. And so will the good gentleman who now sits gazing at the fire in the study across the wide hall, his feet on the very rug upon which Nero settled himself on that eventful November day, exactly fourteen years ago.



"THE SPARKLING LAKE BEYOND."

And so will good, kind Lydia, the housekeeper, and so will Jack, the sailor-coachman, at whom she is always "flaring up," as Dorothy says.

CHAPTER III.

WHICH PARTLY EXPLAINS ITSELF.

DOROTHY REED was of a somewhat livelier temperament than Donald, and that, as she often could not but feel, gave her an advantage. Also, she was ahead of him in history, botany, and grammar. But Donald, though full of boyish spirit, was steadier, more self-possessed than Dorothy, and in algebra and physical geography he "left her nowhere," as the young lady herself would tersely confess when in a very good humor. But never were brother and sister better friends. "She 's first-rate," Don would say, confidentially, to some boon companion, "not a bit like a girl, you know—more like—well, no, there 's nothing tomboyish about her, but she 's spirited and never gets tired or sickish like other girls." And many a time Dorothy had declared to some choice confidential friend of the twining-arms sort, that Donald was "perfectly splendid! nicer than all the boys she had ever seen, put together."

On one point they were fully united, and that was in their love for Uncle George, though of late their uncle had seemed always to be unconsciously making rough weather between them.

This expression, "rough weather," is not original, but is borrowed from Jack, whom you soon shall know nearly as well as the two D's did.

And "the two D's" is not original, either. That 's Liddy's. She called Donald and Dorothy "the two D's" for short, when they were not present, just as she invariably spoke of the master of the house, in his absence, as "Mr. G." There was not the slightest disrespect in this. It was a way that had come upon her after she had learned her alphabet in middle life, and had stopped just at the point of knowing or guessing the first letter of a word or a name. Farther than that into the paths of learning, Liddy's patience had failed to carry her. But the use of initials she felt was one of the short cuts that education afforded. Besides, the good soul knew secrets which, without her master's permission, nothing would tempt her to reveal. So, to speak of "Mr. G." or "the D's," had a confidential air of mystery about it that in some way was a great relief to her.

Mr. George was known by his lady friends as "a confirmed bachelor, but a most excellent man," the "but" implying that every well-to-do gentleman ought to marry, and the "excellent man" referring to the fact that ever since the children had been brought to him, fourteen years ago, two helpless little babies, he had given them more than a father's care. He was nearly fifty years of age, a tall, "iron-gray" gentleman, with the courtliest of manners and the warmest of hearts; yet he was, as Liddy described him to her cousins, the Crumps, "an unexpected kind o' person, Mr. G. was. Just when you made up your mind he was very stiff and dignified, his face would light up into such a beautiful glow! And then, when you thought how nice, and hearty, and sociable he was, he would look so grave out of his eyes, and get so straight in the back that he seemed like a king in an ermine robe."

When Liddy had compared a man to "a king in an ermine robe," she had expressed her utmost pitch of admiration. She had heard this expression long ago in a camp-meeting discourse, and it seemed to her almost too grand a phrase for human use, unless one were speaking of Mr. George.

And a king Mr. George was, in some ways—a king who ruled himself, and whose subjects—Mr. George's traits of character—were loyal to their sovereign. Yet on one point he did deserve to be otherwise compared. All difficulties that were under his power to control, he would bravely meet, but when anything troubled him which he could not remedy,—in fact, on occasions when he was perplexed, worried, or unable to decide promptly upon a course of action,—he often was a changed being. Quick as a flash the beautiful, genial glow would vanish, the kingly ermine would drop off, and he could be likened only to one of the little silver owls that we see upon dinner-tables, quite grand and proper in bearing, but very peppery within, and liable to scatter the pepper freely when suddenly upset.

Poor Dorry! It had been her sad experience to call forth this catastrophe very often of late, and in the most unexpected ways. Sometimes a mere gesture, even the tone of her voice, seemed to annoy her uncle. On one occasion, while he was pleasantly explaining some public matter to Donald and herself, she laid her hand gently upon the back of his, by way of expressing her interest in the conversation, and his excited "Why did you do that?" made the poor girl jump from him in terror.

Lydia, who was softly brightening the fire at that moment, saw it all, and saw, too, how quickly he recovered himself and spoke kindly to the child. But she muttered under her breath, as she went slowly down to the basement:

"Poor Mr. G. 's gettin' worse of late, he is. I don't see as he ever will feel settled now. It 's amazin' puzzlin', it is."

Yes, it was puzzling. And nobody better understood and pitied the kingly soul's perplexity than the good woman. Even Jack, the coachman, though he knew a good deal, had but a faint idea of what the poor gentleman suffered.

On the day when we saw Donald and Dorothy perched on the sofa, Mr. Reed had been remarkably changeful, and they had been puzzled and grieved by his manner toward Dorothy. He had been kind and irritable by turns, and finally, for some unaccountable reason, had sharply requested her to leave him, to "go away for mercy's sake," and then she had been recalled on some slight pretext, and treated with extra kindness, only to be wounded the next moment by a look from her uncle that, as she afterward declared, "made her feel as if she had struck him."

Donald, full of sympathy for Dorry, yet refusing to blame Uncle George without a fuller understanding, had followed his sister into the parlor, and there they had tried in vain to solve the mystery—for a mystery there evidently was. Dot was sure of it; and Donald, failing to get this "foolish notion," as he called it, from Dot's mind, had ended by secretly sharing it and reluctantly admitting to himself that Uncle George—kind, good Uncle George—really had not, of late, been very kind and good to Dorry.

"He has n't been *ugly*," thought Donald to himself, while Dorothy sat there, eagerly watching her brother's countenance,—"Uncle could n't be that. But he seems to love her one minute, and be half afraid of her the next—no, not exactly afraid of her, but afraid of his own thoughts. Something troubles him. I wonder what the blazes it is! May be——"

"Well?" exclaimed Dorry, impatiently, at last.

"Well," repeated Don, in a different tone,—"the fact is, it *is* trying for you, Dorry, and I can't make it out."

Meanwhile Lydia, down-stairs, was working herself into what she called "a state" on this very matter. "It is n't Christian," she thought to herself, "though if ever a man was a true, good Christian, Mr. G. is—but he 's amazin' odd. The fact is, he does n't know his own mind in this business from one day to t' other, and he thinks me and Jack sees nothin'—Mercy! If here don't come them precious children!"

Surely enough, the precious children were on their way down the kitchen stairs. They did not go into that cheerful, well-scrubbed apartment, however, but trudged directly into the adjoining room, in which Liddy, guarded by the faithful old dog, Nero, was now seated, peeling apples. It had been fitted up for Liddy years ago when, from a simple housemaid, she was "promoted," as she said, "to have eyes to things and watch over the D's."

"You may think it strange," she had said, grandly, that very morning, to Jack, looking around at the well-polished, old-fashioned furniture, and the still bright three-ply carpet, "that I should have my setting-room down here, and my sleeping apartment upstairs, but so it is. The servants need watching more than the children, as you know, Mr. Jack, and I 've had to have eyes to things ever since the D's first come. Master Donald says I ought to call it 'having an eye,' but sakes! what would one eye be in a house like this? No, it's eyes I want, both eyes, and more too, with the precious D's wild as young hawks, and Mr. G. as he is of late, and the way things are."

Liddy looked up when Donald and Dorothy entered, with a "Sakes! You 've not been fretting again, Miss Dorry?"

"No — not exactly fretting, Liddy; that is, not very much. We just came down to — to — Give me 'n apple?"

"Steady! St-e-a-dy!" cried Liddy, as after her hearty "help yourselves," the brother and sister made a simultaneous dash at the pan on her ample lap, playfully contesting for the largest. "One would think you were starving!"

"So we are, Liddy," said Dorothy, biting her apple as she spoke; "we are starving for a story."

"Yes!" echoed Donald, "a story. We 're bound to have it!"

"Hum!" muttered Liddy, much flattered. "Do you know your lessons?"

"Per-fectly!" answered the D's, in one breath. "We studied them right after Dr. Lane left."

"Well," began Liddy, casting a furtive look at the red wooden clock on the mantel; "which story do you want? You 've heard 'em all a score of times."

"Oh, not that kind," said Dorothy, playfully motioning to her brother, for you see by this time she was quite cheerful again. "We want a certain par-tic-ular story, don't we, Don?"

Instead of replying, Don took Dorry's outstretched hand with nonsensical grace, and so dancing to the fire-place together in a sort of burlesque minuet, they brought back with them two little mahogany-and-hair-cloth foot-benches, placing them at Lydia's feet.

Ignoring the fact that these seats were absurdly low and small, the D's settled themselves upon them as comfortably as in the days gone by, when the benches had been of exactly the right size for them; and at the risk of upsetting the apples, pan and all, they leaned toward Liddy with an expressive "Now!"

All this had been accomplished so quickly that Liddy would have been quite taken by surprise had she not been used to their ways.

"Bless your bright eyes!" she laughed, uneasily looking from one beaming face to the other, "you take one's breath away with your quick motions. And now what certain, special, wonderful kind of a story do you want?"

"Why, *you* know. Tell us all about it, Lydia," spoke Dorothy, sober in an instant.

"Sakes! Not again? Well, where shall I begin?"

"Oh, at the very beginning," answered Donald; and Dorothy's eager, expressive nod said the same thing.

"Well," began Liddy, "about fourteen years ago ——"

"No, no, not there, please, but 'way, 'way back as far as you can remember; farther back than you ever told us before."

"Well," and Lydia proceeded to select a fresh apple and peel it slowly and deliberately, "well, I was once a young chit of a girl, and I came to this house to live with your aunt Kate. She was n't any aunt then, not a bit of it, but a sweet, pretty, perky, lady-girl as ever was; and she had" (here Lyddy looked sad, and uttered a low "Dear, dear! how strange it seems!")—"she had two splendid brothers, Mr. George Reed and Mr. Wolcott Reed (your papa, you know). Oh, she was the sweetest young lady you ever set eyes on. Well, they all lived here in this very house,— your grandpa and grandma had gone to the better world a few years before,— and Master G. was sort of head of the family, you see, as the oldest son ought to be."

Donald unconsciously sat more erect on his bench, and thrust his feet farther forward on the carpet.

"Yes, Master G. was the head," Liddy went on, "but you would n't have known it, they were all so united and loving, like. Miss Kate, though kind of quick, was just too sweet and good for anything — 'the light of the house,' as the young master called her, and ——"

"Oh, I do love so much to hear about Aunt Kate!" exclaimed Dorothy, her color brightening as she drew her bench up still closer to Liddy. Both of the apples were eaten by this time, and the D's had forgotten to ask for more. "*Do we look like her?*"

Here Donald and Dorothy turned and looked full in Lydia's face, waiting for the answer.

"Well, yes — and no, too. You 've her shining dark hair, Master Donald, and her way of steppin' firm, but there is n't a single feature like her. And it 's so with you, Miss Dorry, not a feature just right for the likeness; still you 've a something, somehow — somewhere — and yet I can't place it; it 's what I call a vanishin' likeness."

At this the two D's lost their eager look and burst into a hearty laugh.

"Hello, old Vanisher!" said Donald, making a sudden dive at Dorothy.

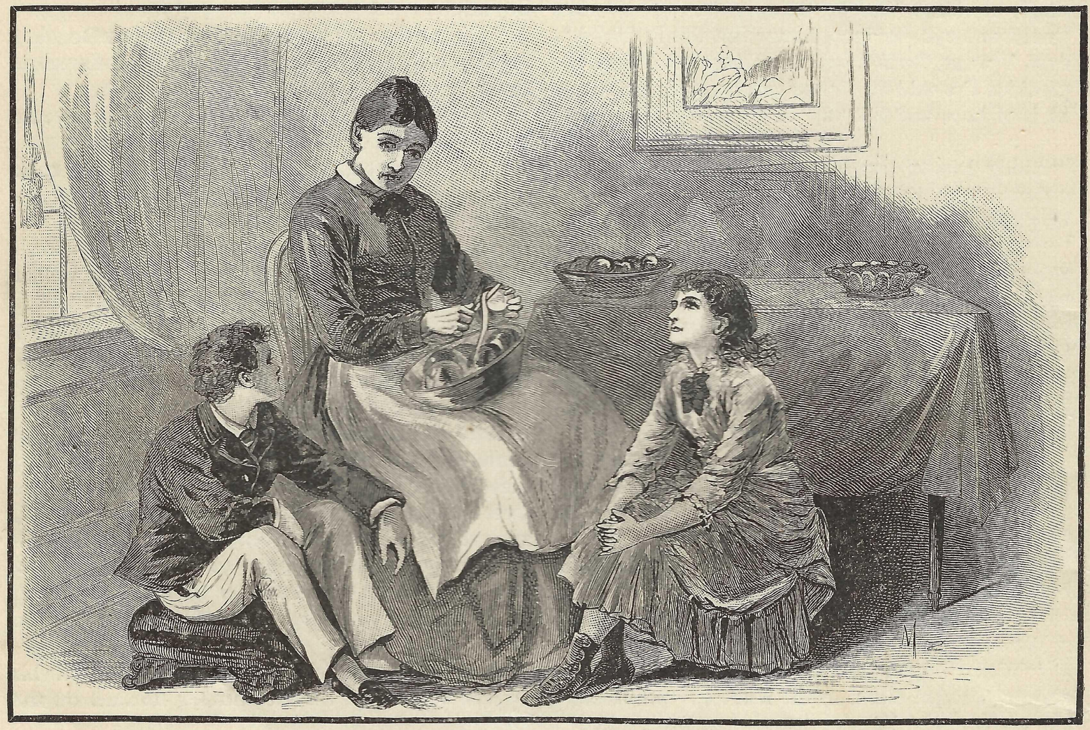
"Hello, old Stiff-legs!" retorted Dorothy, laughing and pushing him away.

Here old Nero roused himself, and growled a low, rumbling, distant growl, as if protesting against some unwelcome intruder.

"There, children, that 's sufficient!" said Liddy, with dignity. "Don't get tussling. It is n't gentleman-and-lady-like. Now see how you 've tumbled your sister's hair, Master Donald, and Mr. G. 's so particular. Hear Nero, too! Sakes! it seems sometimes like a voice from the dead to hear him go that way when we 're talking of old times."

"Keep still, old fellow!" cried Donald, playfully. "Don't you see Liddy 's talking to us? Well, we look like our mamma, anyway — don't we, Liddy?"

"That picture of your ma in your room, Master Donald," replied Lydia, "has certainly a good deal of your look, but I can't say from my own knowledge that it ever was a good likeness. It was sent over afterward, you know, and your ma never was here except once, when I was off to camp-meeting with Cousin Crump. Your pa used to go to see the young lady down at her home in New York, and after the wedding they went to Niagara water-falls, and after that to Europe. Seems to me this going out of your own country 's bad business for young couples who ought to settle down and begin life." (Here Nero stood up, and his growl grew more decided.) "Well, as I was saying —— Mercy on us! If there is n't that man again!"



"YOU'VE HER SHINING DARK HAIR, MASTER DONALD," SAID LIDDY.

The last part of Lydia's sentence, almost drowned by Nero's barking, was addressed to the empty window; at least it seemed empty to the D's when they turned toward it.

"Who? Where?" shouted Dorothy. But Donald sprang up from the bench, and, followed by the noisy old Nero, ran out of the room, across the basement hall, and through the back-door, before Liddy had time to reply.

"Who was it, Liddy?" asked Dorry, still looking toward the empty window, while Nero came sauntering back as though the matter that had lured him forth had not been worth the trouble of following up.

"Oh, no one, dearie," said Lydia, carelessly; "that is, no one in particular. It 's just a man. Well, as I was going to say, your aunt Kate was n't only the light of the house, she was the heart of the house, too, the very heart. It was dreary enough after she went off to England, poor darling."

"Yes, yes," urged Dorry, earnestly, at the same time wondering at her brother's hasty departure. "Go on, Liddy, that 's a dear. I can tell it all to Donald, you know."

"There is n't any more, Miss Dorry. That 's the end of the first part of the story. You know the second well enough, poor child, and sad enough it is."

"Yes," said Dorry, in a low tone, "but tell me the rest of the beginning."

"Why, what *do* you mean, Miss Dorry? There 's nothing else to tell,—that is, nothing that I got ear of. I suppose there were letters and so on; in fact, I *know* there were, for many a time I brought Mr. George's mail in to him. *That* day, I took the letters and papers to Mr. G. in the library,—poor, lonely gentleman he looked!—and then I went down to my kitchen fire (I was in the housework then), and some minits after, when I 'd been putting on coal and poking it up bright, it kind o' struck me that master's bell had been ringing. Up I scampered, but when I reached the library, he was gone out and no one was there but Nero (yes, *you*, old doggie!), lying before the fire, as if he owned the house. And that 's the end of the first part, so far as I know."

"Yes," insisted Dorothy; "but I want to hear more about what happened before that. I know about our poor papa dying abroad, and about the wreck, and how our mamma and ——"

She could not go on. Often she could speak of all this without crying; but the poor girl had been strained and excited all the afternoon, and now, added to the sorrow that surged through her heart at the sudden thought of the parents whom she could not even remember, came the certainty that again she was to be disappointed. It was evident, from Lydia's resolute, though kindly face, that she did not mean to tell any more of the first half.

The good woman smoothed Dorothy's soft hair gently, and spoke soothingly to her, begging her to be a good girl and not cry, and to remember what a bright, happy little miss she was, and what a beautiful home she had, and how young folk ought always to be laughing and skipping about, and——

"Liddy!" said Donald, suddenly appearing at the door. "Uncle wants you."

Lydia, flushing, set down the pan, and hurriedly smoothing her apron, walked briskly out of the room.

"He called me from the window—that 's why I staid," explained Donald, "and he told me to order John to hitch the horses to the big carriage. We 're to get ready for a drive. And then he asked me where you were, and when I told him, he said: 'Send Lydia here, at once.'"

"Was Uncle very angry, Donald?" asked Dorry, wiping her eyes.

"Oh, no. At first he seemed sorry, and I think he got up the drive just to give you pleasure, Dorry. He wanted to see me about something, and then he asked more about our visit to Liddy's room, and I told him she was only telling us a true story about him and papa, and—and that 's when he sent me for Liddy, before I could get out another word. Don't cry any more, Dot,—please don't. Go put on your things, and we 'll have a gay old drive with Uncle. I wont take the pony this time."

"Oh, do!" coaxed Dorry, faintly, for in her heart she meant, "Oh, don't!" It was good in Donald, she knew, to be willing to give up his pony-ride, and take a seat in the stately carriage instead of cantering alongside, and she disliked to rob him of the pleasure. But to-day her heart was lonely; Uncle had been "queer," and life looked so dark to her in consequence, that to have Donald on the same seat with her would be a great comfort.

"No," said Don. "Some day, soon, you and I 'll take our ponies, and go off together for a good run; but, to-day, I 'd rather go with you in the carriage, Dot,"—and that settled it.

She ran to put on her hat and bright warm woolen wrap, for it was early November, and beginning to be chilly. The carriage rolled to the door; Uncle George, grave but kind, met her, handed her in as though she were a little duchess, and then said:

"Now, Dorothy, who shall go with us, to-day? Cora Danby or Josie? You may call for any one you choose."

"Oh, may I, Uncle? Thank you! Then we 'll go for Josie, please."

Her troubles were forgotten; Uncle smiled; Donald beside her, and Josephine Manning going with them; the afternoon bright and glowing. Things were not so bad, after all.

"Drive to Mr. Manning's, John," said Mr. Reed, as Jack, closing the carriage-door, climbed up to the box in a way that reminded one of a sailor starting to mount into a ship's rigging.

"Aye, aye, Cap'n," said Jack, and they were off.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DRIVE.

JOSIE MANNING was not at home, and so the party decided to drive on without company.

It was a beautiful autumnal day, and the modest little lake-side village, which, in deference to its shy ways, we shall call Nestletown, did its best to show its appreciation of the weather. Its windows lighted up brilliantly in the slanting sunlight, and its two spires, Baptist and Methodist, reaching up through the yellow foliage, piously rivaled each other in raising their shining points to the sky. The roads were remarkably fine at that time; yet it seemed that almost the only persons who, on this special afternoon, cared to drive out and enjoy them were our friends in the open carriage.

The fine old equipage rolled along at first without a sound beyond the whir of its wheels and the regular quadruple beat of the horses' hoofs; and everything appeared to be very placid and quiet. But how many interests were represented, and how different they were!

First, the horses: While vaguely wishing Jack would loosen his hold, and that the hard iron something in their mouths would snap in two and relieve them, they were enjoying their own speed, taking in great draughts of fine air, keeping their eyes open and their ears ready for any startling thing that might leap from the rustling bushes along the drive, or from the shadows of the roadside trees, and longing in an elegant, well-fed way for the plentiful supper that awaited them at home. Next was the group of little belated insects that, tempted by the glittering sunlight, happened to go along, alighting now on the carriage, now on Jack, and now on the horses. Not being horse-flies, they were not even noticed by the span,—yet they had business of their own, whatever it could have been so late in the season, and were briskly attending to it. Next, there was Jack,—poor sailor Jack,—sitting upright, soberly dressed in snug-fitting clothes, and a high black stove-pipe hat, when at heart he longed to have on his tarpaulin and swagger about on his sea-legs again. His only consolation was to feel the carriage roll and pitch over the few uneven places along the road, to pull at his "tiller-ropes," as he called the reins, and "guide the craft as trim" as he could. For Jack, though honest coachman now (for reasons which you shall know before long) was a sailor at heart, and clung to his old ways as far as his present situation would allow. At this very moment he was wondering at his own weakness "in turning himself into a miserable land-lubber, all for love of the cap'n and the two little middies." Meantime, Donald was divided between a score of boy-thoughts on one side, and his real manly interest in Dorothy, whose lot seemed to him decidedly less pleasant than his own. Dorry was quietly enjoying the change from keen grief to its absence, and a sense of security in being so near Uncle and Donald. And the uncle—what shall I say of him? Shall I describe only the stately form being borne with them through the yellow afternoon light, the iron-gray hair, the kindly face?—or shall I tell you of the lately happy, but now anxious, troubled man, who within a few days had been made to feel it possible that the dearest thing he had on earth might soon be his no longer.

"Oh, Uncle," said Dorry, suddenly, "I forgot to tell you something."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. George, in playful astonishment, a quick smile rising to his lips, and his eyes full of pleasant inquiry. "What did my little maid forget to tell me?"

"Why, about the man on the croquet-ground. I was practicing a roquet-shot, and before I knew it, he was close by me, a great tall, lanky man, calling me 'Sis' and ——"

"The rascal!" exclaimed Uncle George, growing red and angry in a moment. "What business had you to ——"

"I did n't, Uncle, I did n't. I 'm too old to be called 'Sis,' and he acted just as if I ought to know him and be real pleasant. I would n't have a word to say to him, but just turned around and ran to look for Donald. Did n't I, Don?"

"Yes," said Donald, but before he said it he had scowled, and nodded to his uncle, slyly, as he thought, but his sister's eyes were keen.

"I declare it 's too bad!" broke forth Dorry, impetuously. "Everybody gets mad at me for nothing, and makes signs and everything!" and with this incoherent speech Dorry began to pout—yes, actually to pout, the brave, good Dorry, who usually was sunny and glad, "the light of the house," as her aunt Kate had been before her! Donald stared at her in astonishment.

At this moment, one of the horses received a cut which he certainly did not deserve, but otherwise all was quiet on the coachman's box. No one looking up at that placid, well-dressed back would have dreamed of the South-Sea tempest raging under the well-padded and doubly buttoned coat.

"Dorothy," said her uncle, with a strange trembling in his voice, "try to control yourself. I do not blame you, my child. John, you may drive toward home."

Poor Dorry stifled her rising sobs as well as she could, and, sitting upright, drew as far from her uncle as the width of the seat would allow. But after a while, sending a sidelong glance in his direction, she edged slowly back again, and timidly leaned her head upon his shoulder. In a moment his arm was about her, and she looked up saucily, with eyes sparkling through her tears.

"April weather to-day, is n't it, Don?" said Uncle. Don laughed. The uncle laughed, though not so cheerily as Don, and even Jack chuckled softly to himself to think that "all was well again abaft."

"Spoiled child!" said Uncle George, patting her gently. But his heart was full of a wild terror, and he reproached himself for many things, chief among which was that he had made it possible for the idolized little girl beside him to know a moment's sorrow.

"I must be more watchful after this," he said to himself, "and more even. I have acted like a brute to-day; what wonder the little maid is upset. But that rascal! I shall have to warn the children, though it 's an ugly business. Donald," said he aloud, and with great dignity, "come into the library after supper, both of you."

"Yes, sir," said Donald, respectfully.

And as the dear home-road came in sight, the horses quickened their already brisk pace, the party leaned back luxuriously and gave themselves up to enjoyment of the clear air, the changing roadside, and the glories of the western sky, now ablaze with the setting sun.

No one excepting Jack saw a tall, lank figure disappearing among the shrubbery as the carriage rumbled down the avenue that led to the house.

"Look to windward, Cap'n!" whispered Jack, mysteriously, to Mr. George, while Donald was gallantly assisting Dorothy from the carriage; "there 's mischief in the air."

"What now, John?" asked Mr. George, rather patronizingly.

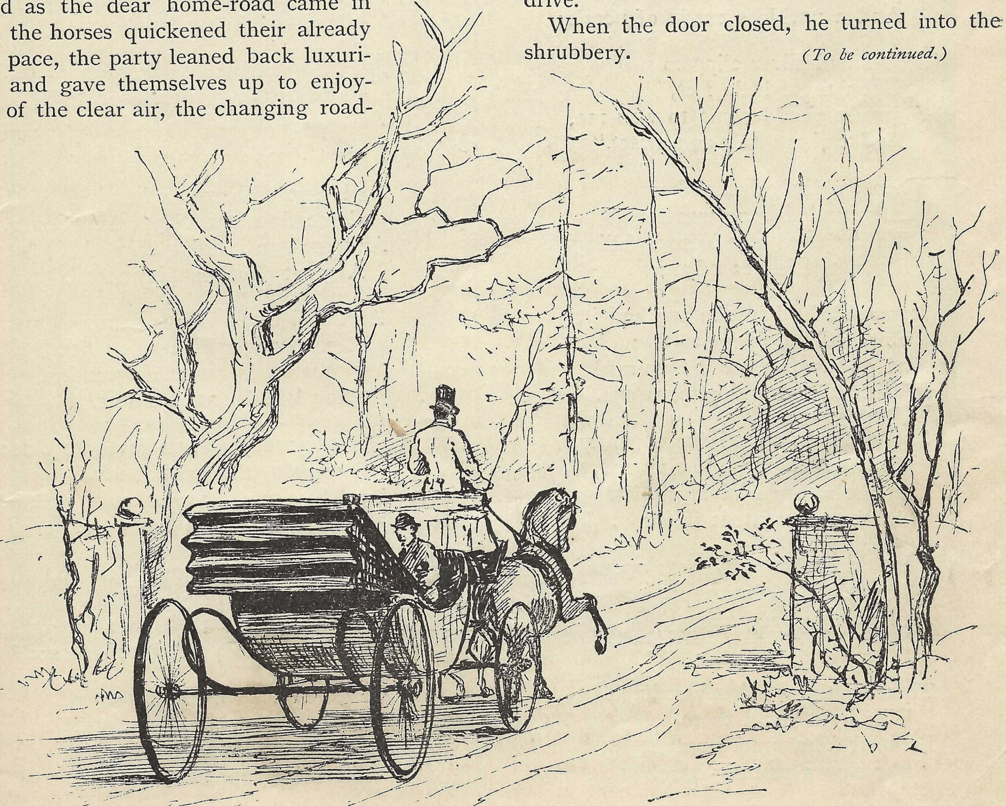
"A queer craft 's just hove to, sir, in the evergreen bushes as we came in," mumbled Jack, almost under his breath, while pretending to screw the handle of his whip.

Mr. George scowled. "Is he there now?"

"Can't say, sir."

"Very well; probably it is some one waiting to see me." And Mr. George, with a pleasant but decisive, "run in, youngsters," as Liddy opened the wide hall-door, walked briskly down the carriage-drive.

When the door closed, he turned into the shrubbery. *(To be continued.)*



THE END OF THE DRIVE.

THE BALLAD OF BABETTE.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

BABETTE, the peasant maiden,
The guileless, graceful child,
To gather nuts and berries,
Went to the copsewood wild.

And glancing in the fountain,
Beneath the shadows brown,
She saw her comely features
And russet-linsey gown.

"Fine birds come from fine feathers,"
The little maiden said—
"Had I a crown of rubies
To wear upon my head;

"If this poor gown were silken,
And I among the girls
Had maidens four to serve me,
And a necklace made of pearls;

"And I had silver slippers
Upon these little feet,
A prince would come to woo me,
And call me fair and sweet."

Then suddenly before her
A wounded dove was seen,
With drops of blood down falling
Upon the leaves of green.

It trembled when she touched it,
But had no power to fly;
And in her face looked upward
With scared and piteous eye.

She washed the red drops gently,
That started from the wound,
And the weary bird lay quiet,
As though content it found.

Then when her hand was opened,
It made a plaintive coo,
And rising slowly upward,
Far in the distance flew.

Then on the maiden wandered
Till, by a hazel there,
Escaped from cruel hunters,
She saw a panting hare.

Her words of loving kindness
It did not seem to hear,
Till from her quivering eyelids
Dropped on it many a tear.

When lo! it rose and trembled,
Its eyes grew full of light,
And through the briers and hazels
It bounded out of sight.

And throbbed the maiden's bosom
With pleasing, painful start,
And happy thrills of gladness
Made music in her heart.

When lo! on purple pinions,
A flock of doves there came;
The first one bore a ruby,
And each one had the same.

And still came flying, flying,
The doves on pinions fleet;
And rubies there on rubies
They laid before her feet.

And they made her a crown of rubies,
Of rubies bright and red,
And they made her a crown of rubies,
And placed it on her head.

And next of hares, a hundred
Came from the North and South,
And each in coming carried
A great pearl in his mouth.

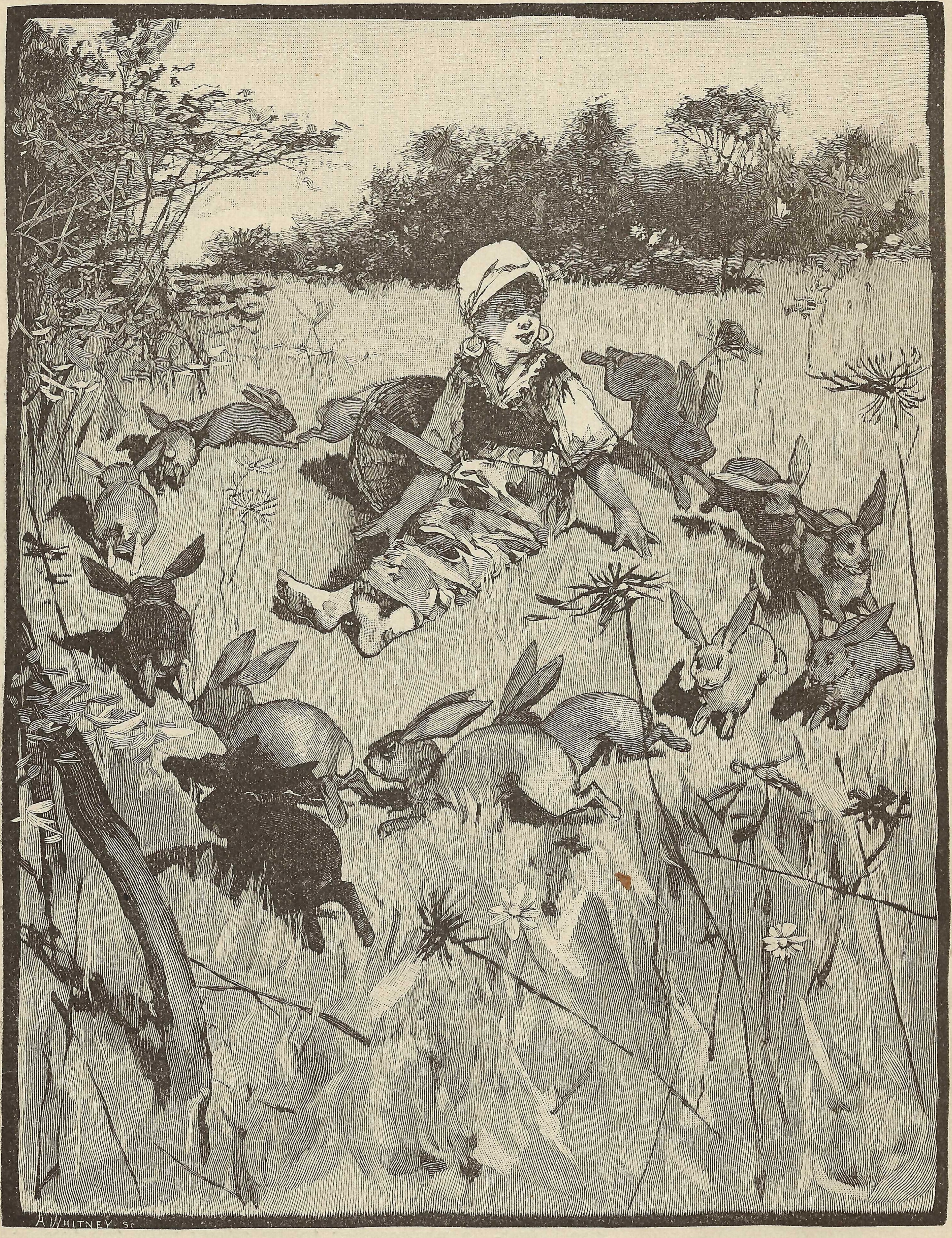
And still came running, running,
More hares, with motion fleet,
And pearls, in countless number,
They laid before her feet.

And they made her a lovely necklace
Of pearls without a speck,
And they made her a lovely necklace
And placed it on her neck.

Was it the poor dove's life-blood
That now in rubies burned?
And from Babette's kind weeping
Had tears to pearls been turned?

And then the doves flew over,
And cooed with voices sweet,
And a pair of silvern slippers
She found upon her feet.

And then the hares ran round her,
And her skin grew white as milk,
And her gown of russet-linsey
Was changed to one of silk.

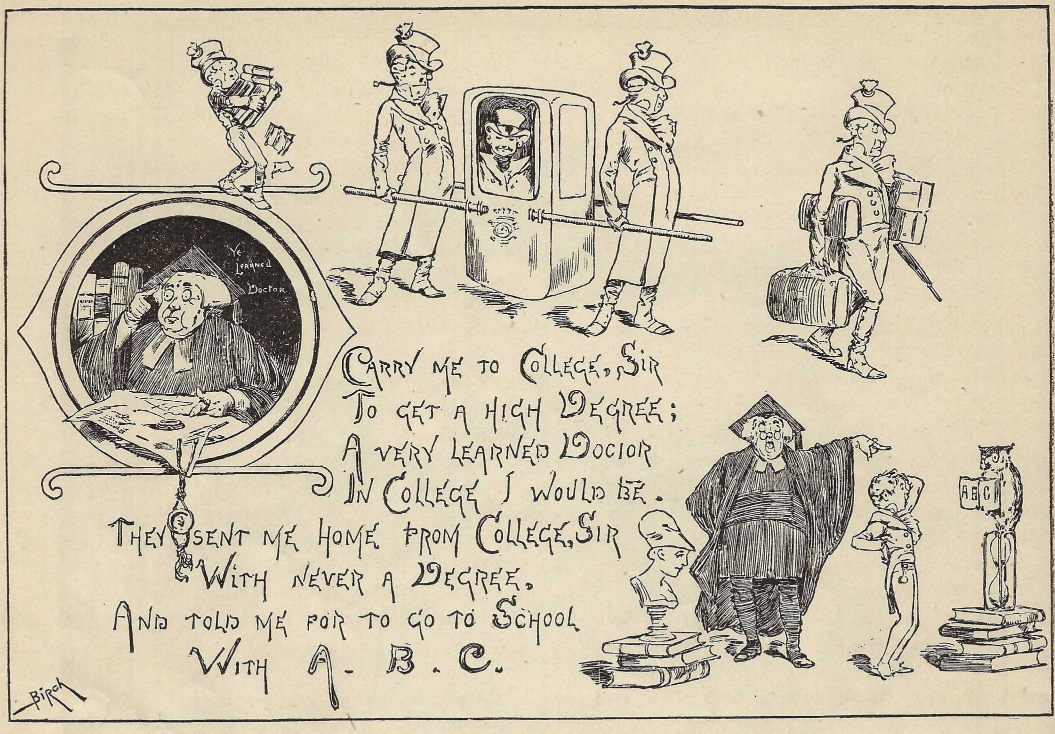

A. WHITNEY. SC.

And lo! there came four maidens,
  To wait on her, forsooth!
Simplicity, and Pity,
  And Innocence, and Truth.

And the dove became a fairy,
  And touched her with her wand;
And the hare became Prince Charming,
  And he was young and fond.

And a train of lords and ladies,
  The little maiden met;
And the Prince, he walked beside her,
  The downcast-eyed Babette.

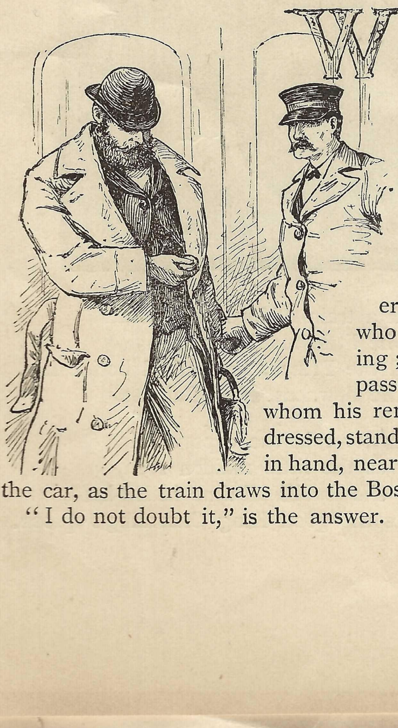
And never in the copsewood
  Was the little maiden seen,
For she dwells all time in Elf-land,
  As the good King Charming's queen.



Carry me to College, Sir
To get a high Degree;
A very learned Doctor
In College I would be.
They sent me home from College, Sir
With never a Degree.
And told me for to go to School
With A - B - C.

AN ANGEL IN AN ULSTER.

By Washington Gladden.



"Well, sir, I am sorry; but I 've done the best I could for you."

It is the conductor of the night express on the Eastern Railroad who is speaking; and the passenger, to whom his remark is addressed, stands with watch in hand, near the door of the car, as the train draws into the Boston station.

"I do not doubt it," is the answer. "You cannot be blamed for the delay. The other train must have left the Western station already."

"Undoubtedly; the time is past, and they always start on time."

"And there is no train that connects through to Cincinnati before to-morrow morning?"

"No!" "Well, that settles it. Thank you."

Mr. Haliburton Todd steps down from the platform of the car, and walks slowly past the row of beckoning and shouting hackmen. He is too good a philosopher to be angry with the freshet that delayed the train, but there is a shade of disappointment on his face, and a trace of moisture in his eye. He is a wholesome-looking man of forty-five, with grayish hair and beard, blue eyes, and a ruddy countenance. Probably he is never much given to grinning, but just now his face is unusually grave; nevertheless, it is a kind face; under its sober mask there is a world of good nature. In short, he is just the sort of man that a shrewd girl of twelve would pick out for an uncle. If any one thinks that is not high praise, I should like to have him try his hand at commendation.

There are, indeed, quite a number of boys and girls to whom Uncle Hal is both a saint and a hero. At that Christmas party, in the home of his sister in the Western city to which he has been hurrying, these boys and girls are to be assembled. All the married brothers and sisters, with their families, will be there. But it is of no use now for him to try to join them. The feast will be ended, and the circle will be broken, before he can reach Cincinnati. So he strolls out of the station and up the street. No, he will not take a hack nor a horse-car; happy people may consent to be carried; those whose minds are troubled would better go afoot. He will walk off his disappointment.

He trudges along the narrow streets; the drays and the express wagons, laden with all sorts of boxes and parcels, are clattering to and fro; porters, large and small, are running with bundles, big and little; the shops are crowded with eager customers. Mr. Haliburton Todd is too good a man to be dismal long in the midst of a scene like this. "What hosts of people," he says to himself, "are thinking and working with all their might to-day to make other people happy to-morrow! And how happy they all are themselves, to-day! We always say that Christmas is the happiest day in the year; but is it? Is n't it the day before Christmas?"

So thinking, he pauses at the window of a small print-shop, when his attention is caught by the voices of two children, standing in the hall at the foot of the stairs leading to the stories above. On the sign beside the door-way he reads, "Jackman & Company, Manufacturers of Ladies' Underwear."

The children are a girl of twelve and a boy of ten, neatly but plainly dressed; a troubled look is on their bright faces.

"How much, Ruby?" asks the boy.

"Only seven dollars," answers the girl, choking back a sob. "There were four dozen of the night-dresses, you know, and the price was two dollars a dozen; but the man said that some of them were not well made, so he kept back a dollar."

"The man lied," says Ben, "and I 'll go up and tell him so."

"Oh, no," answers Ruby; "that would n't do any good. He would n't mind you, and he might not give us any more work. But the work *was* well done, if we *did* help; for you run the machine beautifully, and Mamma says that my button-holes are every bit as good as hers. Just think of it! Only seven dollars for two weeks' hard work of all three of us!"

"We can't have the turkey," says Ben, sadly.

"Oh, no. I found a nice young one down at the corner store that we could get for a dollar and a half, but we must lay by two dollars for the rent, you know; and there 'll be coal to buy next week. I 'm sure Mamma will think we can't afford it."

"Come on, then," says Ben, bestowing a farewell kick upon the iron sign of Jackman & Company.

Mr. Haliburton Todd has forgotten all about his own disappointment in listening to the more serious trouble of these two children. As they walk up the street, he follows them closely, trying to imagine the story of their lives. They stop now and then for a moment to look into the windows of the toy-stores, and to admire the sweet wonders of the confectioners, but they do not tarry long. Presently, the eyes of Mr. Todd are caught by a large theater-bill, announcing the Oratorio of the Messiah, at Music Hall, Tuesday evening, December 24, by the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Lang is to play the great organ. Theodore Thomas's orchestra is to assist, and the soloists are Miss Thursby and Miss Cary, and Mr. Whitney and Mr. Sims Reeves.

"Correct!" says Mr. Haliburton Todd, aloud. He knows now what he will do with the coming evening. It is long since his passion for music has been promised such a gratification.

While he pauses, he notes that Ruby and Ben are scanning with eager eyes the same bill-board. "Rather remarkable children," he says to himself, "to care for oratorio. If it were a minstrel show, I should n't wonder."

"Would n't I like to go?" says Ruby.

"Would n't I?" echoes Ben, with a low whistle.

"Don't you remember," says the girl, "the night Papa and Mamma took us to hear Nilsson? Miss Cary was there, you know, and she sang this:

"'Birds of the night that softly call,
Winds in the night that strangely sigh.'"

It is a sweet and sympathetic voice that croons the first strain of Sullivan's lullaby.

"I remember it," says Ben. "Mamma used to sing it afterward, pretty near as well as she did. And don't you remember that French chap that played the violin? Blue Tom, they called him, or some such name."

"*Vieuxtemps*," laughs Ruby, who knows a little French.

"Yes, that 's it. But could n't he make the old fiddle dance, though!" And the boy tilts his basket against his shoulder, and executes upon it an imaginary roulade with an imaginary bow. "We used to have good times at home, did n't we—when Papa played the violin and Mamma the piano?" Ben goes on.

"Don't!" pleads Ruby, turning, with a great sob, from the bright promise of the bill-board.

The two children walk on in silence for a few moments,—Mr. Haliburton Todd still close behind them. Ruby has resolutely dried her tears, but her thoughts are still with the great singers, and the voice of the wonderful Swede is ringing through her memory, for presently Mr. Todd hears her singing low:

"Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take me to your care!"

"Well, my child," he says, in a low tone, "I don't think that angels are apt to have gray hairs in their whiskers, nor to wear ulsters; but there 's an old fellow about my size who would like to be an angel just now for your sake."

While he is talking thus to himself, the children turn into the hall of a tenement house. Mr. Haliburton Todd glances after them, and sees them enter a room on the first landing. He walks on a few steps slowly, hesitates, then quickly turns back. In a moment he is knocking at the door which had been opened for the children. The knock is answered by the boy.

"I beg your pardon, my little man," says Mr. Todd. "I am a stranger to you; but I should like to see your mother if she is not engaged."

"Come in, sir," says a voice within. It is the voice of a lady. Her face is pale and anxious, but her manner is quiet and self-possessed.

"It is a curious errand that brings me, madam," says Mr. Haliburton Todd; "but I trust you will pardon my boldness and grant my request. These children of yours chanced to be standing with me in front of the same placard, announcing the oratorio to-night; and I heard enough of what they said to know that they have a rare appreciation of good music. I have come in to see if you will let me take them to the Music Hall, this evening."

"Oh, Mamma!" cries Ben.

Ruby's eyes plead, but the mother's face is grave. "Your offer is extremely kind, sir," she says at length, slowly; "and the thing you propose would give my children great pleasure; but——"

"You do not know me," Mr. Todd supplies. "That is true; and of course a wise mother would not commit her children to the care of an entire stranger. Here 's my card,—'Todd & Templeton, Mattawamkeag, Maine,'—but that proves nothing. However, I 'm not going to give it up so. Let me see; I wonder if I know anybody that you know in this big city. Who is your minister?"

"We attend, at present, St. Matthew's Church, of which Mr. Brown is rector."

"What is his first name?" "John, I think."

"John Robinson Brown?"

"Yes; that is the name."

"Cor-rect!" ejaculates Mr. Todd, triumphantly, with a distinct hyphen between the two syllables of his favorite interjection; "that fixes it. What luck this is! I know your minister perfectly. He has been up in our woods fishing every summer for five years, and we are the best of friends. Can you tell me his residence?"

"I know," cries Ben. "He lives next door to the church, on Chaucer street."

"All right. Let the boy run up to his house after dinner, and see whether Mr. Brown indorses me. I 'll drop in on him this morning. If he says so, you 'll let the children go with me to-night?"

"I know no reason," answers the mother, "why they may not go. You are very kind."

"Kind to myself, that 's all. But I shall be obliged to ask your name, madam."

"Johnson."

"Thank you, Mrs. Johnson. I will call for the children at half-past seven. Good-morning!"

Mr. Haliburton Todd bows himself out with a beaming face, and leaves sunshine behind him. He pauses a moment on the landing. The door of the room adjoining the Johnsons' stands open, and he observes that the room is vacant. He steps in and finds a glazier setting a pane of glass. It is a pleasant room, with an open fire-place; the rear parlor-chamber of an old-fashioned house, and it has been newly papered and painted. It communicates with the sitting-room where the children and their mother live.

"Is this room rented?" he asks the glazier.

"Guess not."

"Where is the agent?"

"Number seven, Court street."

"Thank you!" Mr. Haliburton Todd glances around the room again, nods decisively, and hurries down the stairs.

What becomes of him for the next hour we will not inquire. A man is entitled to have a little time to himself, and it is not polite, even in stories, to be prying into all the doings of our neighbors.

The next glimpse we get of him, he is sitting in the study of the rector of St. Matthew's, explaining to that gentleman what he wishes to do for these two little parishioners of his.

"Just like you," cries the minister. "But who are the children?"

"Their name is Johnson, and they live in a tenement house on Denison street, number forty-five."

"Ah, yes. Their father was the master of a bark in the African trade, and he was lost on the west coast a year and a half ago. Nothing was ever known of his fate, excepting that a portion of the vessel bearing its name, 'Ruby,' was washed ashore, somewhere in Angola, I think. They had a home of their own, bought in flush times, and mortgaged for half its value, but in the shrinkage everything was swept away. They have lived in this tenement now for nearly a year, supporting themselves by sewing. I suspect they are poor enough, but they are thoroughly independent; it is hard to get a chance to do anything for them. You seem to have outflanked them."

"Oh, no; I 'm not much of a strategist; I moved on their works, and captured them. It 's my selfishness; I want to hear Thursby and Cary with those children's ears to-night, that 's all. And if you will kindly write a little note, assuring the mother that I will not eat her children, the boy will call for it. And now, good-morning. I shall see you next summer in the woods."

The rector presses his friend to tarry, but he pleads business, and hurries away.

Now he mysteriously disappears again. After a few hours we find him seated before the grate, in his cozy room at the Parker House; the telegram has gone to Cincinnati with the bad news that he is not coming; the oratorio tickets have been purchased; dinner has been eaten; there is time for rest, and he is writing a few letters to those nephews and nieces who know, by this time, to their great grief, that they will not see Uncle Hal to-morrow.

Meantime, the hours have passed cheerily at the little room of the Johnsons, on Denison street; for, though the kindness of their unknown friend could not heal the hurt caused by the hardness of their greedy employer, it has helped them to bear it. Ben has brought from the rector an enthusiastic note about Mr. Todd, and the children have waited in delighted anticipation of the evening. Promptly, at half-past seven, the step of their friend is on the stair, and his knock at the door.

"Come in, sir!" says Ben. It is a very different voice from that of the boy who was talking at Jackman & Company's entrance a few hours ago.

"This has been a day of great expectations here," says Ben's mother. "I do not know what could have been promised the children that would have pleased them more. Of music they have had a passionate love from infancy, and they have n't heard much lately."

"Well, they shall have to-night the best that Boston affords," says Mr. Todd. "Now, you must tell me your name, my boy. We want a good understanding before we start."

"Ben, sir, is what my mother calls me."

"Ben Johnson, eh? A first-class name, and a famous one. Correct!" laughs Mr. Todd. "And now, will the little lady tell me her name?"

"Ruby, sir, is all there is of it," answers the maiden.

"Well, Ruby," says Mr. Todd, "your name is like the boarder's coffee: it is good enough what there is of it, and there 's enough of it, such as it is. Now, you want to know what to call me. My name 's Uncle Hal. That 's what a lot of boys and girls out West would have been calling me to-morrow if I had n't missed the train; and if you 'll just let me play, to-night, that I 'm your uncle, I shall have a great deal better time."

So they go off merrily.

Music Hall is packed from floor to topmost gallery. On either side of the great organ rise the ranks of the chorus, eight hundred singers; the orchestra is massed in front; the soloists are just entering, to take their places at the left of the conductor.

"There 's Miss Cary!" cries Ruby, eagerly.

Mr. Todd points out to the children the other singers whom they do not know, and, while he is speaking, the click of Mr. Zerrahn's baton is heard, the musicians of the orchestra lift their instruments, and the glorious strains of the overture burst upon the ears of the wondering children.

But no wise historian will try to tell about this evening's music, nor how Ruby and Ben enjoy it. More than once, in the rush of the great choruses, Ben finds himself catching his breath, and there is a rosy spot all the while on Ruby's cheek and a dazzling brightness in her eye. Mr. Todd watches them, momently; he listens, as he said, with their ears as well as his own, and finds his own pleasure trebled by their keen enjoyment.

"Oh, Mamma," says Ben, as she tucks him into bed, "it seemed, some of the time, as if I was so full that I could n't hold another bit. When Miss Thursby sang that song — you remember, Ruby. What was it?"

"'I know that my Redeemer liveth,'" answers Ruby.

"Yes; that 's the one; — when she sang that, I thought my heart would stop beating."

"But what I liked best," says Ruby, true to her old love, "was one Miss Cary sang about the Saviour, 'He was despised.'"

"It was all very beautiful, I know, my darlings," answers the mother; "but you must forget it now, as soon as you can, for it is late."

The next morning, Ruby is wakened by the stirring of her mother. "Oh, Mamma," she says, softly, putting her arms about her mother's neck, "I had a beautiful dream last night, and I must tell it to you before you get up. I dreamed that Miss Thursby was standing on a high rock on the seashore, singing that song, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'; and when she came to that part, 'In the latter day he shall stand upon the earth,' I thought that dear Papa rose right up out of the sea, and walked on the water to the shore; and that Mr. Todd took him by the hand and led him up to us; and just as he flew toward us, and caught you in his arms, I woke up."

The desolate mother kisses the daughter with tears, but can not answer. Beside that dream the dark and stern reality is hard to look upon. Yet, somehow, the child's heart clings to the comfort of the dream.

Presently her eyes are caught by an unwonted display of colors on a chair beside the bed. "Oh, what are these?" she cries, leaping to her feet.

"They are yours, my daughter."

"Look here, Ben! Where did they come from, Mamma? M-m-y! Oh, look! look! And here are yours, Ben!"

By this time the drowsy boy is wide awake, and he pounces with a shout upon the treasures heaped on his own chair, and gathers them into his bed. A book and a nice silk handkerchief for each of the children; an elegant morocco work-box stocked with all sorts of useful things for Ruby, and a complete little tool-chest for Ben; the Christmas ST. NICHOLAS for both, with a receipt for a year's subscription, and a nice box of sweetmeats to divide between them,—these are the beautiful and mysterious gifts.

"Who brought them, Mamma?" they cry, with one voice.

"Your friend, Mr. Todd. He had two packages concealed under his coat, when he came for you last night; and when he rose to go I found them on the floor beside his chair, one marked, 'For the Girl,' and the other, 'For the Boy!'"

"What makes him do such things?" asks Ben, solemnly.

"'Good-will,' I think," answers his mother. "He seems to be one of those men of good-will of whom the angels sang."

"Anyhow, I 'd like to hug him," says the impetuous Ben. "Did he say he would come and see us again?"

"Perhaps he will, in the course of the day. He said that he should not return to Maine until the evening train."

Suddenly Ruby drops her treasures and flings her arms again about her mother's neck. "You blessed Mamma!" she cries, tenderly, "you 've got nothing at all. Why did n't some of the good-willers think of you?"

"Perhaps they will, before night," answers the mother, speaking cheerfully, and smiling faintly. "But whether they do or not, it makes the day a great deal happier to me that my children have found so good a friend."

It is a merry morning with Ruby and Ben. The inspection of their boxes, and the examination of their books, make the time pass quickly.

"Somebody 's moving into the next room," says Ben, coming in from an errand. "I saw a man carrying in a table and some chairs. Queer time to move, I should think."

"They are going to keep Christmas, at any rate," said Ruby; "for I saw them, a little while ago, bringing up a great pile of greens."

"P'r'aps they 've hired the reindeer-team to move their goods," says Ben.

"Then," answers his mother, "they ought to have come down the chimney instead of up the stairs."

So they have their little jokes about their new neighbors; but the children have moved once themselves, and they are too polite to make use of the opportunity afforded by moving-day to take an inventory of a neighbor's goods.

They are to have a late dinner. The turkey, hankered after by Ben, is not for them to-day; but a nice chicken is roasting in the oven, and a few oranges and nuts will give them an unwonted dessert. While they wait for dinner, the children beseech their mother to read to them the Christmas story in ST. NICHOLAS. "It means so much more when you read," says Ben, "than it does when I read."

So they gather by the window; the mother in the arm-chair, on one arm of which Ben roosts, with his cheek against his mother's—Ruby sitting opposite. It is a pretty group, and the face of many a passer-by lights up with pleasure as his eye chances to fall upon it.

It is now a little past one o'clock, and Mr. Haliburton Todd, sauntering forth from his comfortable quarters at Parker's, makes his way along Tremont street, in the direction of Court. He is going nowhere in particular, but he thinks that a little walk will sharpen his appetite for dinner. When he approaches Scollay's Square, his eye lights on a man standing uncertainly upon a corner, and looking wistfully up and down the streets. The face has a familiar look, and as he draws a little nearer, Mr. Todd makes a sudden rush for the puzzled wayfarer.

"Hello, Brad!" he shouts, grasping the man by the shoulders.

"Hello!" the other answers, coolly, drawing back a little; then, rushing forward: "Bless my eyes! Is this Hal Todd?"

"Nobody else, old fellow! But how on earth did I ever know you? Come to look you over, you 're not yourself at all. Fifteen years, is n't it, since we met?"

"All of that," says the stranger.

"Let 's see: you 've been in the sea-faring line, have n't you?" says Mr. Todd.

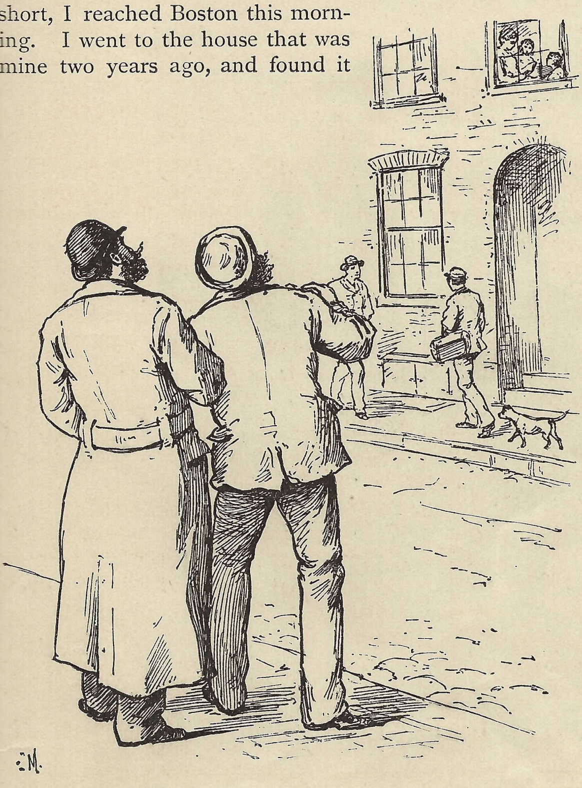
"Yes, I have, bad luck to me!" answers his friend, with a sigh.

"Oh, well," says the hearty lumberman, "the folks on shore have n't all been fortunate. Where 's your home, now?"

"Just what I 'm trying to find out."

"What do you mean?"

"My dear fellow," says the stranger, with quavering voice, "my ship was wrecked a year and a half ago on the west coast of Africa; I reached the shore, only to fall sick of a fever, through which my cabin-boy nursed me; for a long time I was too weak to move; finally, by slow stages, we made our way to Benguela; there we waited months for a vessel, and, to make a long story short, I reached Boston this morning. I went to the house that was mine two years ago, and found it occupied by another family,—sold under mortgage, they said. They could not tell me where I should find my wife and children. I went to the neighbors who knew them; some of them had moved away, others were out of town on their Christmas vacation. Of course, I shall find them after a little; but just where to look at this moment I don't know."



THE ANGEL SHOWS THE SAILOR A PRETTY PICTURE.

Mr. Todd has listened to this story with a changing expression of countenance. When his friend first mentioned the shipwreck, a sudden light of intelligence sprang into his eye, and his lips opened, but he quickly shut them again. He is greatly interested in what he hears, but he is not greatly pained by it. His friend wonders whether Hal Todd has lost some of the old manly tenderness of the academy days.

"Well, Brad Johnson," he cries, drawing a long breath, after the short recital is ended, "this is a strange story. But, as you say, this family of yours can be found, and shall be. Come with me. There is a police-station down this way."

The two men walk on, arm-in-arm, in the direction of Denison street.

"How much is there of this missing family?" asks Mr. Todd.

"There 's a wife and two children,—I hope," answers the other. "The best woman in the world, Hal, and two of the brightest children. Sing like larks, both of 'em. Bless their hearts!" says the sailor, brushing away a tear; "I thought I should have 'em in my lap this Christmas day, and it 's tough to be hunting for 'em in this blind fashion."

"It *is* tough," says the lumberman, choking a little. He has stopped on the sidewalk, on Denison street, just opposite Number 45. He lays his hand on his friend's shoulder. "Look here, Brad Johnson," he says, "we are going to find that wife and those children pretty soon, I suspect. And you 've got to keep cool. D' ye hear?"

"What do you mean?" gasps the sailor.

The eye of Mr. Haliburton Todd is quietly lifted to the window of the second story opposite. His friend's eye follows, and falls on the picture we saw there a little while ago,—the mother intent upon the book, the children intent upon the mother's face.

There is no outcry, but the father lifts his hands, as if to heaven, staggers a little, and then plunges across the street. Mr. Todd is after him, and seizes him by the collar just as he reaches the foot of the stairs.

"Hold on, man!" he says, decisively. "You must n't rush in on that woman in this way. You 'd kill her. She 's none too strong. Wait here a few moments, and I 'll break it to her."

"You 're right," answers the father, pressing his hands against his temples, and steadying himself by the wall. "But you wont keep me waiting long, will you?"

Mr. Haliburton Todd knocks at the door, and is let in by Ben.

"Oh, Mr. Todd, how good you are! Thank you a hundred thousand times!" cry both the children at once.

"Well, I 'm glad if you 've enjoyed my little gifts," he answers. "But I 've been thinking that your good mother ought to have a little of the cheer of this Christmas as well as you."

"Just what we said," answers Ben.

Mrs. Johnson colors a little, but before she can speak, Mr. Todd goes on. "Pardon me, madam, but what your minister told me yesterday of your affairs has led me to take a deep interest in them. How long is it since your husband left home?"

"More than two years," answers the lady.

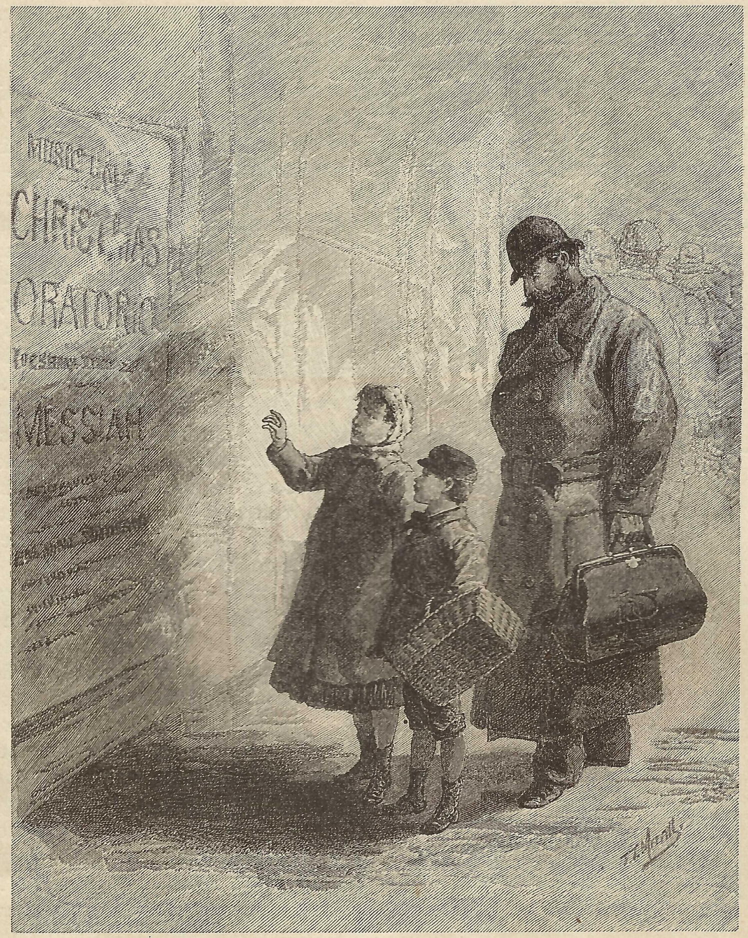
"You have had no direct intelligence from him since he went away?"

"None at all, save the painful news of the loss of his vessel, with all on board."

"Have you ever learned the full particulars of the shipwreck?"

"No; how could I?" Mrs. Johnson turns suddenly pale.

"Be calm, I beseech you, my dear lady. I did not suppose that you could have heard. But I met just now, in the street, an old friend of mine—and of yours—who knows a good deal about it. And I want to assure you, before he comes in, that—that the story as it reached you—was—was considerably exaggerated, that is all. Excuse me, and I will send in my friend."



"'RATHER REMARKABLE CHILDREN,' MR. HALIBURTON TODD SAYS TO HIMSELF, 'TO CARE FOR ORATORIO.'"

Mr. Todd quickly withdraws. The color comes and goes upon the mother's face. "Merciful Father!" she cries, "what does it all mean?"

She rises from the chair; the door that Mr. Todd has left ajar gently opens, and quickly closes. We will not open it again just now. That place is too sacred for prying eyes. It is a great cry of joy that fills the ears and the eyes of Mr. Haliburton Todd, as he goes softly down the stairs, and walks away to his hotel.

An hour later, when the shock of the joy is over a little, and the explanations have been made, and father and mother and children are sitting for a few moments silent in a great peace, the nature of the human boy begins to assert itself.

"Is n't it," ventures Ben, timidly, as if the words were a profanation, "is n't it about time for dinner?"

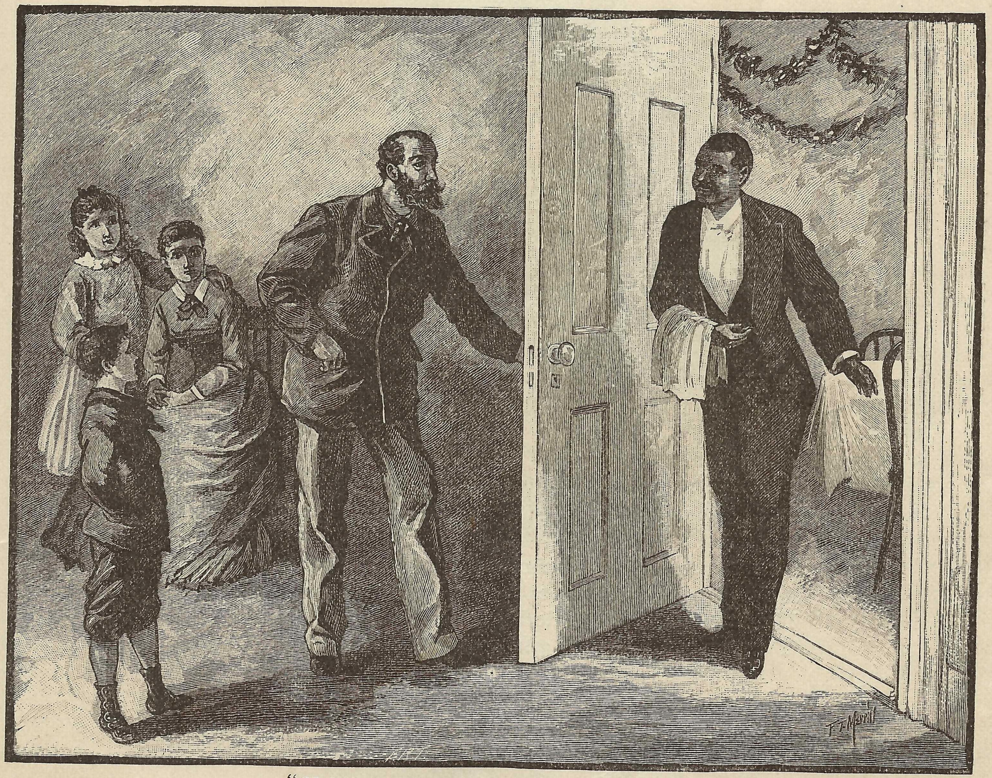
"Indeed it is, my boy," answers his mother; "and I 'm afraid our dinner is spoiled. Open the oven door, Ruby."

Ruby obeys, and finds the poor, forgotten chicken done to a cinder. "Never mind," says the mother. "Our dinner will be a little late, but we 'll find something with which to keep the feast."

Just then, there is a knock at the door opening into the new neighbor's apartment.

"What can they want?" says Mrs. Johnson. "Perhaps, my dear, you had better answer the knock. They are new-comers to-day."

Mr. Johnson pushes back the bolt and opens the door. The room is hung with a profusion of Christmas greens. A bright fire blazes on the hearth. A table in the middle of the room is loaded with smoking viands. A smiling colored waiter, with napkin on arm, bows politely when the door is opened.



"EF YOU PLEASE, SAH, DINNAH IS READY, SAH!"

"Ef you please, sah, dinnah is ready, sah!"

"Whose dinner?" demands Mr. Johnson.

"Your dinnah, sah. De folks's dinnah 'n dis yer front room. It was ordered fo' dem."

"Where was it ordered?"

"Copeland's, sah."

"Who ordered it?"

"Gen'l'm'n with gray ulcerated coat on, sah; I seen him kim up t' yer room 'bout 'n hour ago. I was to git it all ready 'n' call you jes' half-past two."

"Another of Todd's surprises," exclaims Mr. Johnson. "Well, my dears, the dinner is here; and we should be very ungrateful not to partake of it with thanksgiving."

What a happy feast it is! How the laughter and the tears chase each other around the table! How swiftly the grief and misery and dread of the two desolate years that are gone, fly away into a far-off land!

By and by, when the cloth is removed, and they are seated around the open fire, Ruby says, musingly: "Papa, did you really and truly know Mr. Todd when you were a boy?"

"Certainly, my darling; why do you ask?"

"I can't quite think," says the girl, "that he is a real man. It seems to me as if he must be an angel."

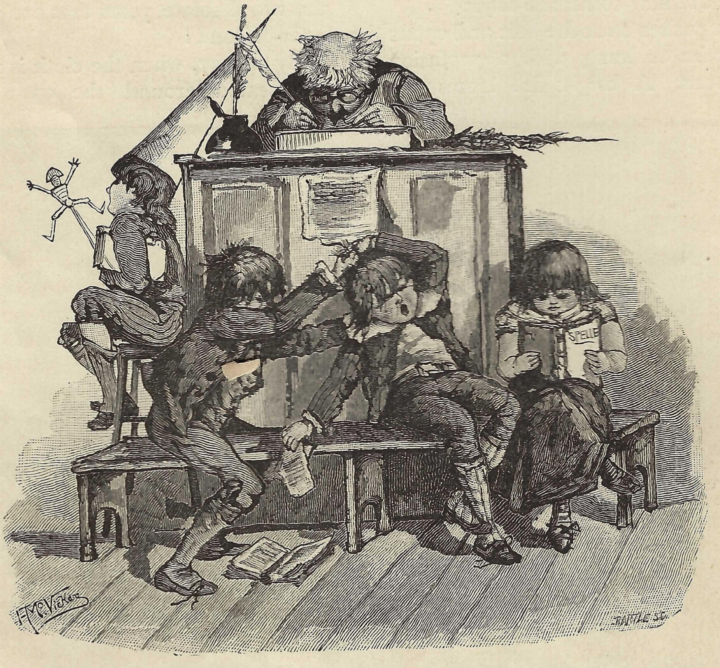
While she speaks, the angel is knocking at the door. They all fly to him; the father hugs him; the mother kisses his hand; the children clasp his knees.

"Help! help!" shouts the hearty lumberman. "I did n't come here to be garroted."

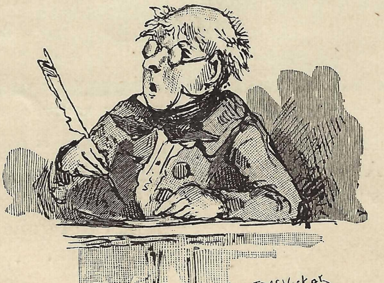
Then, with much laughing and crying, they tell him Ruby's doubts concerning him.

"Well," he says, merrily, "I may be an angel, but, if so, I 'm not aware of it. Angels are not generally addicted to the lumber business. And you need n't make any speeches to me, for I have n't time to hear 'em. Fact is, this has been the very reddest of all my red-letter days; the merriest of my Christmases; and you people have been the innocent occasion of it all. And I 'm not done with you yet. I 'll have you all up to my lumber-camp next summer; there 's a nice cabin there, for you. Pine woods 'll do you lots of good, madam. Great fishing there, Ben! You 'll all come, wont you? It 's almost train-time. Good-bye!"

And before they have time to protest or to promise, Mr. Haliburton Todd is down the stairs, rushing away to the station of the Eastern Railroad.



THERE was a worthy school-master who wrote to the trustees
A full report, three times a year, in words quite like to these:
"The scholars are so orderly, so studious and kind,
'T is evident I have a gift to train the youthful mind."



STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS.*

By Clara Erskine Clement.

Raphael.

Raphael Sanzio, or Santi, was born at Urbino, on Good Friday, 1483. His father was a good painter, and the son showed his talent for art when very young. Raphael's mother died when he was eight years old, and his step-mother, Bernardina, was devoted to him, and loved him tenderly. As his father died three years after his mother, he was left to the care of an uncle and of Bernardina. His father was doubtless his first instructor, for he was occupied in painting a chapel at Cagli before his death, and he took the young Raphael with him to that place. But we usually say that Perugino was his first master, because, when twelve years old, he was placed in the school of that painter at Perugia. Here he remained nearly eight years, and here, just before leaving, he painted one of his very celebrated pictures, which is now in the gallery of the Brera at Milan. It represents the marriage of the Virgin Mary, and is called "Lo Sposalizio."

The legend of the life of the Virgin relates that, when she was fourteen years old, the high-priest told her that it was proper for her to be married, and that he had had a vision concerning her.

Then the high-priest followed the directions which had been given him in the vision, and called together all the widowers among the people, and directed that each one should bring his rod or wand in his hand, as a sign would be given by which they should know whom the Lord had selected to be the husband of Mary.

Now when Joseph came with the rest before the high-priest, a dove flew out from his rod and rested a moment on his head, and then flew off toward heaven. And so it was known that he was to be the husband of Mary. Still another account says that all the suitors left their rods in the temple over night, and in the morning that of Joseph had blossomed.

In the picture painted by Raphael, with this story as its subject, there is a large temple in the background, to which many steps lead up. At the foot of the long flight of steps the high-priest is joining the hands of Joseph and Mary, while groups of men and women stand on each side. Joseph holds his blossoming rod in his hand, while some of the disappointed suitors are breaking their rods in pieces.

This picture of "Lo Sposalizio" is a very interesting and important one, because it shows the highest point of his earliest manner of painting. In the same year in which he painted this picture, 1504, Raphael made his first visit to Florence, and though he did not remain very long, he saw a new world of art spread out before him. He beheld the works of Ghirlandajo, Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo, and we can well understand that after his return to Perugia he tried to equal what he had seen. He soon returned to Florence, and remained there until 1508. Some of the most famous and lovely pictures of this artist were painted during these three years, before he was twenty-five years old; one is called the "Virgin of the Goldfinch," because the little St. John is presenting a goldfinch to the infant Jesus. Another is called "La Belle Jardinière," on account of the garden in which the Virgin sits with the child standing at her knee. In all, he painted about thirty pictures during his stay at Florence, and he made himself so famous that the Pope, Julius II., who was a great patron of the fine arts, sent for him to come to Rome.

When Raphael presented himself to the Pope, he was assigned several rooms in the palace of the Vatican, which he was to decorate in fresco. These pictures can scarcely be described here, but they were, taken altogether, his greatest work, and they are visited by thousands of people every year. They are frequently called "Le Stanze" [meaning "the rooms" or "apartments"] of Raphael.

At this time he also painted several beautiful easel pictures: his own portrait which is in the Gallery of Painters at Florence, and the lovely "Madonna di Foligno," in the Vatican gallery, which is so called because it was at one time in a convent at Foligno. While the painter was at work upon "Le Stanze," Julius II. died, but Leo X., who followed him, was also a patron of Raphael. The artist was very popular and became very rich; he built himself a house not far from St. Peter's, in the quarter of the city called the Borgo. He had many pupils, and they so loved him that they rendered him personal service, and he was often seen in the streets with numbers of his scholars, just as noblemen were accompanied by their squires and pages. His pupils also assisted in the immense frescoes which he did, not only at the Vatican, but also for the rich banker Chigi, in the palace now called the Villa Farnesina.

One of the great works Raphael did for Pope Leo X. was the making of the Cartoons which are so

---

* Copyright, 1881, by Clara Erskine Clement. All rights reserved.

often spoken of, and which are now at Hampton Court, in England. These were designed to be executed in tapestry for the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, where Michael Angelo painted the "Last Judgment." The Pope, Leo X., ordered these tapestries to be woven in the looms of Flanders, in rich colors, with wool, silk, and threads of gold. They were completed at Arras and sent to Rome in 1519, and were first exhibited on St. Stephen's Day, December 26th, when all the people of the great city flocked to see them. These works have an interesting history. In 1527, when Rome was sacked by the fierce Constable de Bourbon, the tapestries were removed by the French soldiers; they were restored in 1553, but one piece was missing, and was supposed to have been burned in order to obtain the gold thread that was in it. In the year 1798 the French once more carried off these precious spoils, and sold them to a Jew in Leghorn. It is known that this Jew burned one of the pieces, but he found he gained so little gold from it that he kept the others whole. Pius VII. afterward bought them, and once more placed them in the Vatican. This history adds an interest to the tapestries, but the Cartoons are far more valuable and interesting, because they were the actual work of Raphael. After the weaving was finished at Arras, they were tossed aside as worthless; some were torn; but, a hundred years later, the painter Rubens learned that a part of them were in existence, and he advised King Charles I. of England to buy them. This he did, and then the Cartoons went through almost as many adventures as the tapestries had met. When they reached England they were in strips, having been so cut for the convenience of the workmen. After Charles I. was executed, Cromwell bought the Cartoons for £300. When Charles II. was king he was about to sell them to Louis XIV., for the English king needed money badly, and the French king was anxious to add these treasures to the others which he possessed; but Lord Danby persuaded Charles II. to keep them. They were at Whitehall, and were barely saved from the fire in 1698; and soon after that, by command of William III., they were properly repaired, and they now hang in a room at Hampton Court, which was made expressly for them under the care of the architect Sir Christopher Wren. There were originally eleven; seven only remain.

Raphael's fame had so spread itself to other countries that it is said King Henry VIII. invited him to England. Henry VIII. was told that he could not hope to see the artist, who, however, courteously sent him a picture of St. George, a patron saint of England, and when Francis I., in his turn, tried to induce Raphael to visit France, the artist sent him a large picture of St. Michael overpowering the Evil One. Francis I. then sent Raphael so great a sum of money that he was unwilling to keep it without some return, and sent to Francis the lovely "Holy Family," now in the gallery of the Louvre, in which the infant springs from his cradle into his mother's arms, while angels scatter flowers. At the same time the artist sent a picture of St. Margaret overcoming the Dragon, to the sister of Francis—Margaret, Queen of Navarre. After these pictures had been received, Francis I. sent Raphael a sum equal to fifteen thousand dollars, and many thanks besides.

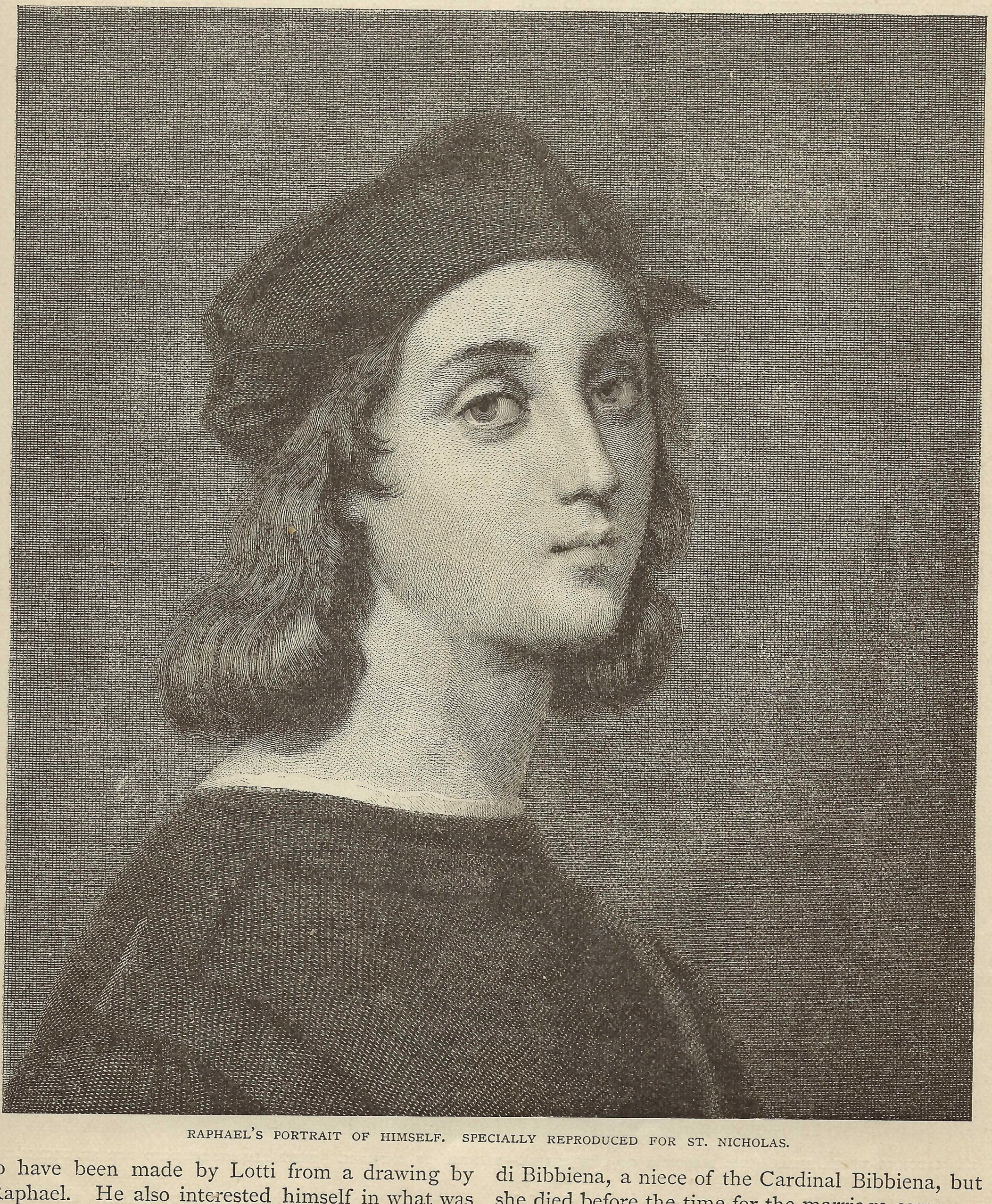
About 1520 Raphael painted his famous "Sistine Madonna," so called because it was intended for the convent of St. Sixtus, at Piacenza. The Madonna, with the child in her arms, stands in the upper part of the picture, while St. Sixtus and St. Barbara kneel below. This is very beautiful and very wonderful, because no sketch or drawing of it has ever been found, and it is believed that this great painter put it at once upon the canvas, being almost inspired to the work. In the year 1753, Augustus III., the Elector of Saxony, bought it of the monks of Piacenza, and paid nearly thirty thousand dollars for it. It is now the great attraction of the fine gallery at Dresden. It was originally intended for a procession standard, or *drappellone*, but the monks used it as an altar-piece. A copy of it is shown on page 120.

Another famous picture is called "Lo Spasimo," and represents Christ bearing his cross. In 1518 this was painted for the monks of Monte Oliveto, at Palermo. The ship in which it was sent was wrecked, and the case containing the picture floated into the port of Genoa, and the picture was unpacked and dried before it was injured. There was great joy in Genoa over this treasure, and the news of it spread over all Italy. When the monks of Palermo claimed it, the Genoese refused to give it up, and it was only the command of the Pope that secured its restoration to its owners. During the time of Napoleon I. it was carried to France, but it is now in the museum of Madrid.

While Raphael was so productive as a painter, he found time to devote to other pursuits. The Pope had named him superintendent of the building of St. Peter's, and he made many architectural drawings for that church; he was also very much interested in digging up the works of art which were buried in the ruins of ancient Rome. There still exists a letter that he wrote to Leo X., in which he explained his plan for examining all the ruins of the city.

He also made some designs and models for works in sculpture, and there is a statue of Jonah sitting on a whale, in the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, in Rome, said to have been modeled by Raphael and executed in marble by Lorenzetto Lotti. An Elijah, seen in the same church, is said to have been made by Lotti from a drawing by Raphael. He also interested himself in what was happening in the world; he corresponded with many learned men in different countries; he sent artists to make drawings of such things as he wished to see and had not time to visit, and was generous in supplying the needs of those who were poorer than himself.

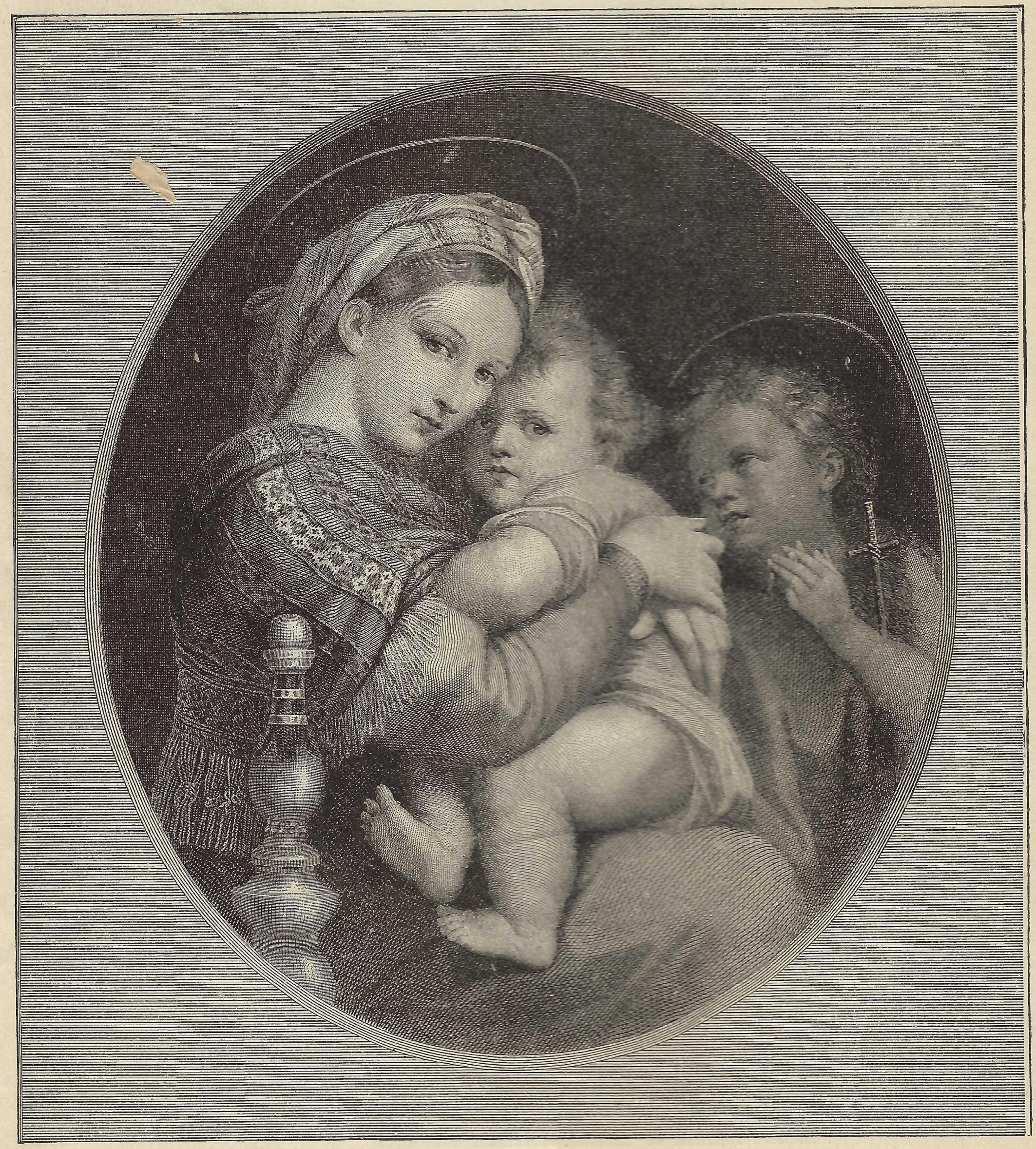
Raphael lived in splendor and loved the gay world, and at one time he expected to marry Maria di Bibbiena, a niece of the Cardinal Bibbiena, but she died before the time for the marriage came.



RAPHAEL'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF. SPECIALLY REPRODUCED FOR ST. NICHOLAS.

Among the most lovely Madonnas of this artist is that called "Della Sedia" [of the chair], and there is a very pretty legend about it which says that hundreds of years ago there was a hermit named

Father Bernardo, dwelling among the Italian hills; and he was much loved by the peasants, who went to him for advice and instruction. He often said that in his solitude he was not lonely, for he had two daughters: one of them could talk to him, but the other was dumb. He meant to speak of the daughter of a vine-dresser who was named Mary, and always tried to do all in her power for the comfort of the old man — she was the daughter who spoke. By his dumb daughter he meant a grand old oak-tree that grew near his hut and sheltered it from storm, and hung its branches over him so lovingly that the old man grew to feel it was like a dear friend to him. There were many birds in its branches to whom he gave food, and they, in return, gave him sweet songs. Many times the woodmen had wished to cut this strong tree down, but Father Bernardo prayed for its life, and it was spared to him.



La Madonna della Sedia (The Madonna of the Chair). — Painted by Raphael. Specially reproduced for St. Nicholas.

At last there came a terrible winter — the storms were so severe that few trees and huts remained, and the freshets that rushed down the hills swept off all that the tempests had left. At last, after a dreadful storm, Mary and her father went, with fear, to see if the hermit was still alive, for they thought he must have perished. But when they came to him they found that his dumb daughter had saved his life. On the coming of the freshet, he had gone up to the roof of his hut, but he soon saw that he was not safe there; then, as he cast his eyes to heaven, the branches of the oak seemed to bend toward him, and beckon him to come up to them; so he took a few crusts of bread and climbed up into the tree, where he staid three days. Below, everything was swept away, but the oak stood firm; and, at last, when the sun came out and the storm was ended, his other daughter came to take him to her own home and make him warm and give him food, for this dreadful time of hunger and storm had almost worn him out.

Then the good Father Bernardo called on heaven to bless his two good daughters who had saved his life, and prayed that in some way they might be distinguished together. Years passed, and the old hermit died. Mary married, and became the mother of two little boys; the old oak-tree had been cut down and made into wine-casks. One day, as Mary sat in the arbor, and her children were with her, —she held the youngest to her breast, and the older one ran around in merry play,—she called to mind the old hermit, and all the blessings that he had asked for her, and she wondered if his prayers would not be answered in these children. Just then the little boy ran to his mother with a stick to which he had fastened a cross, and at that moment a young man came near. He had large, dreamy eyes, and a restless, weary look. And weary he was, for the thought of a lovely picture was in his mind, but not clear enough in form to enable him to paint it. It was Raphael Sanzio d'Urbino, and when his glance fell upon the lovely, living picture of Mary and her children, he saw, in flesh and blood before him, just the lovely dream that had floated in his thoughts. But he had only a pencil! On what could he draw? Just then his eye fell on the smooth cover of the wine-cask standing near by. He quickly sketched upon this the outlines of Mary and her boys, and when he went away he took the oaken cover with him. And, thereafter, he did not rest until, with his whole soul in his work, he had painted that wonderful picture which we know as "La Madonna della Sedia."

Thus, at length, was the prayer of Father Bernardo answered, and his two daughters were made famous together.

At last the time came in Rome when there was much division of opinion as to the merits of the two great masters, Michael Angelo and Raphael; the followers of the latter were the more numerous, but those of the former were very strong in their feelings. Finally, the Cardinal Giulio dei Medici, who was afterward Pope Clement VII., gave orders to Raphael and to Sebastian del Piombo to paint two large pictures for a cathedral which he was decorating at Narbonne.

It was well known that Michael Angelo would not enter into an open rivalry with Raphael, but he was credited with making the drawing for the "Raising of Lazarus," which was the subject to be painted by Sebastian.

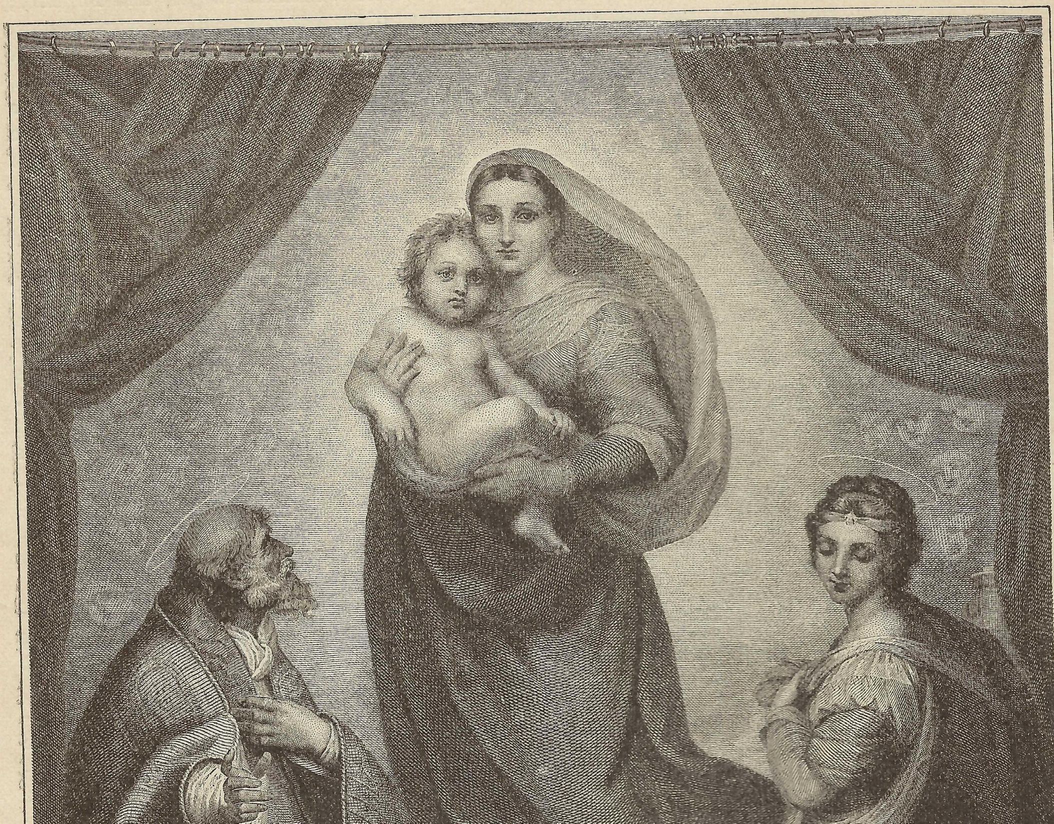
Raphael's picture was the "Transfiguration of Christ"—but alas! before it was finished, he was attacked with a fever, and died after fourteen days. He died on Good Friday, 1520, his thirty-seventh birthday. All Rome was filled with grief; his body was laid in state upon a catafalque, and the picture of the Transfiguration stood near it. Those who had known him went to gaze on his face, to weep, and to give the last tokens of their love for him.

He was buried in the Pantheon, where he himself had chosen to be laid, near the grave of his betrothed bride, Maria di Bibbiena. An immense concourse, dressed in mourning, followed his body, and the ceremonials of his funeral were magnificent. A Latin inscription was written by Pietro Bembo, and placed above his tomb. The last sentence is: "This is that Raphael by whom Nature feared to be conquered while he lived, and to die when he died." Raphael had also requested Lorenzetto Lotti to make a statue of the Virgin to be placed over his sepulcher.

His property was large; he gave all his works of art to his pupils, Giulio Romano and Francesco Penni; he gave his house to Cardinal Bibbiena; he ordered a house to be purchased with a thousand scudi, the rent of which should pay for twelve masses to be said monthly on the altar of his burial chapel; and this wish was observed until 1705, when the rent of the house was too small to pay for these services. The remainder of his riches was divided among his relatives.

There was for many years a skull in the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, which was called that of Raphael, although there was no good reason for this. At length, in 1833, three hundred and thirteen years after his death, some antiquarians began to dispute about this skull, and received permission from the Pope, Gregory XVI., to make a search for the bones of Raphael in the Pantheon.

After five days spent in carefully removing the pavement in several places, the skeleton of the great master was found, and with it such proofs as made it impossible to doubt that the bones were



THE SISTINE MADONNA.—PAINTED BY RAPHAEL. SPECIALLY REPRODUCED FOR ST. NICHOLAS.

really his. Finally, a grand funeral service was held. Gregory XVI. gave a marble sarcophagus, in which the bones were placed and interred reverently in their old resting-place. More than three thousand people attended the burial ceremony, among whom were the persons of the highest rank in Rome, and many artists of all nations, who moved about the church in a procession, bearing torches, while beautiful music was chanted by a concealed choir.

The number and amount of Raphael's works are marvelous when the shortness of his life is remembered. He left behind him two hundred and eighty-seven pictures and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies.

It was not any one trait or talent which made Raphael so great, but it was a rare combination of faculties, and a personal charm which won all hearts, that entitled him to be called the greatest modern painter. His famous picture "St. Cecilia," with its sweet expression and exquisite coloring, its impressive union of earthly beauty with holy enthusiasm, is symbolic of the varied qualities of this wonderful man.

WHAT MAKES THE GRASSES GROW?

BY W. W. FINK.

I CLOSED my book, for Nature's book
Was opening that day,
And, with a weary brain, I took
My hat, and wandered toward the brook
That in the meadow lay,
And there, beside the tiny tide,
I found a child at play.

Prone on the sward, its little toes
Wrought dimples in the sand.
Its cheeks were fairer than the rose.
I heard it murmur, "Mam–ma knows,
But I not unnerstand."
While all unharmed a dainty blade
Of grass was in its hand.

"What wouldst thou know, my little one?"
Said I, with bearing wise;
For I, who thought to weigh the sun,
And trace the course where planets run,
And grasp their mysteries,
Unto a baby's questionings
Could surely make replies.

"What wouldst thou know?" again I said,
And, gently bowing low,
I stroked its half-uplifted head.
With chubby hand it grasped the blade
And answered: "'Oo will know,
For 'oo has whixers on 'oor face.—
What makes the grasses grow?"

"Last fall," I said, "a grass-seed fell
To the earth and went to sleep.
All winter it slept in its cozy cell
Till Spring came tapping upon its shell;
Then it stirred, and tried to peep,
With its little green eye, right up to the sky,
And then it gave a leap;

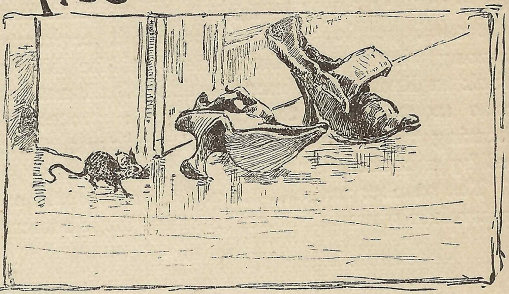
"For the sun was warm and the earth was fair,
It felt the breezes blow.
It turned its cheek to the soft, sweet air,
And a current of life, so rich and rare,
Came up from its roots below,
It grew and kept growing, and that, my child,
Is the reason the grasses grow."

"'Oo talks des like as if 'oo s'pose
I 's a baby and I don't know
'Bout nuffin'! But babies and ev'vy one knows
That grasses don't think, for they only grows.
My Mam–ma has told me so.
What makes 'em start an' get bigger an' bigger?
What is it that *makes* 'em grow?"

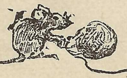
How could I answer in words so plain
That a baby could understand?
Ah, how could I answer my heart! 'T were vain
To talk of the union of sun and rain
In the rich and fruitful land;
For over them all was the mystery
Of will and a guiding hand.

What could I gather from learning more
Than was written so long ago?
I heard the billows of Science roar
On the rocks of truth from the mystic shore,
And, humbly bowing low,
I answered alike the man and child:
"God makes the grasses grow."

Five little Mice

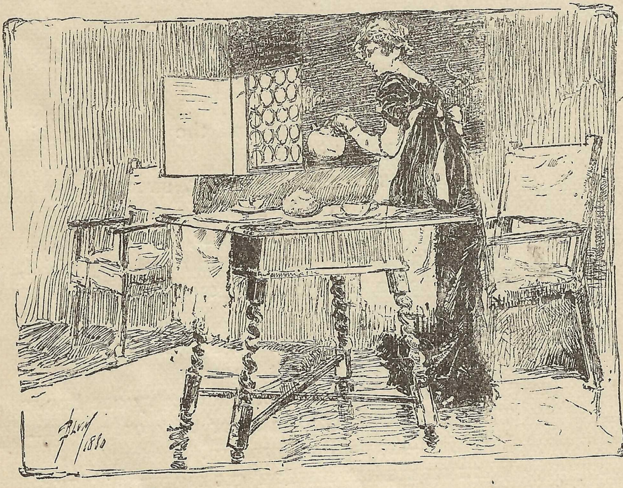


This little mousie
Peeped within;
This little mousie
Walked right in!
This little mousie



Came to play,
This little

Ran away!



This little mouse
Cried Oh, dear me!
Dinner is done,
And time for tea!

THE POOR COUNT'S CHRISTMAS.

(A Fairy Tale.)

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

VERY many years ago there lived a noble Count, who was one of the kindest and best-hearted men in the world. Every day in the year, he gave to the poor and helped the friendless, but it was at the merry Christmas-time that his goodness shone brightest. He had even vowed a vow, that, as far as he was able to make them so, every child he knew should be happy on Christmas-day.

Early every Christmas morning, each boy and girl in the neighborhood, who was old enough, and not too old, came to the castle of the Count Cormo, and there the Count and the Countess welcomed them all, rich or poor, and through the whole day there were games, and festive merry-making, and good things to eat, and fun of every kind, and besides all this, there was a grand Christmas-tree, with a present on it for each of the eager, happy youngsters who stood around it.

But although the good Count had a castle and rich lands, he gave away so much money that he became poorer and poorer, so that at last he and his wife often found it hard to get the clothes and food they absolutely needed.

But this made no difference with the Christmas festivities. The Count was not now able to be very generous during the year, although he was always willing to divide a meal with a hungry person; but he managed so that the children could have their festival and their presents at Christmas. Year by year he had sold for this purpose some of the beautiful things which the castle contained, so that now there was scarcely enough furniture left for the actual use of himself and the Countess.

One night, about a week before Christmas, the Count and his wife sat in the great hall before a fire smaller and poorer than those which burned on the hearth of most of the cottagers in the surrounding country, for the cottagers could go into the woods and pick up sticks and twigs, whereas the Count had sold all his forests, so that he could not cut wood, and he had only one old man for outdoor work, and he had already picked up all the fallen branches within a wide circuit of the castle.

"Well, one thing is certain," said the Countess Cormo, as she drew her chair nearer to the little pile of burning sticks, "and that is, that we can not have the children here at Christmas this year."

"Why not?" asked the Count.

"Because we have nothing to give them," replied his wife. "We have nothing for them to eat; nothing to put on the tree, and no money to buy anything. What would be the good of their coming when we have nothing at all for them?"

"But we must have something," said the Count. "Think of all the years that we have had these Christmas gatherings, and then think how hard it would be, both for us and the little ones, to give them up now we are growing old; and we may not be with the children another year. There are yet several days before Christmas; I can sell something to-morrow, and we can have the tree and everything prepared in time. There will not be so much to eat as usual, and the presents will be smaller, but it will be our good old Christmas in spite of that."

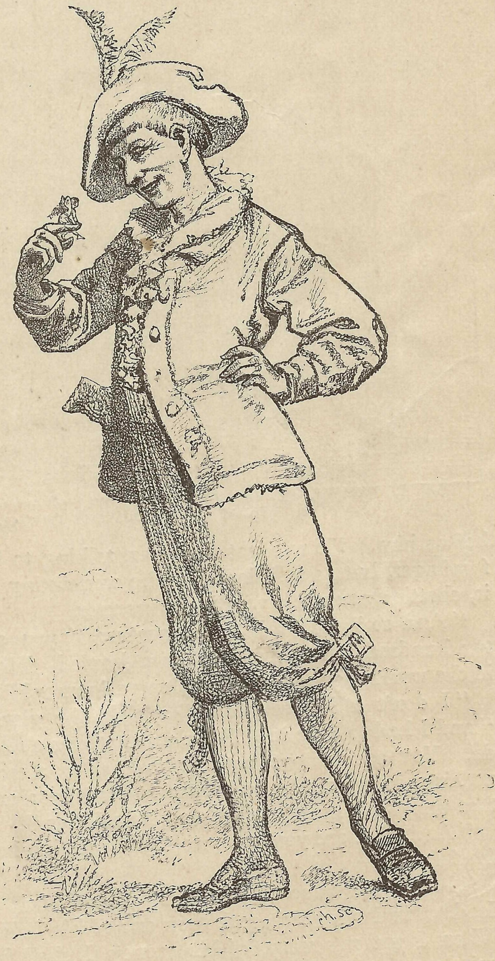
"I should like very much to know what you are going to sell," asked the Countess. "I thought we had already parted with everything that we could possibly spare."

"Not quite," said the Count. "There is our old family bedstead. It is very large; it is made of the most valuable woods, and it is inlaid with gold and silver. It will surely bring a good price."

"Sell the family bedstead!" cried the Countess. "The bedstead on which your ancestors, for generations, have slept and died! How could you even think of such a thing! And what are we going to sleep on, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, we can get along very well," said the Count. "There is a small bedstead which you can have, and I will sleep upon the floor. I would much rather do that than have the children disappointed at Christmas-time."

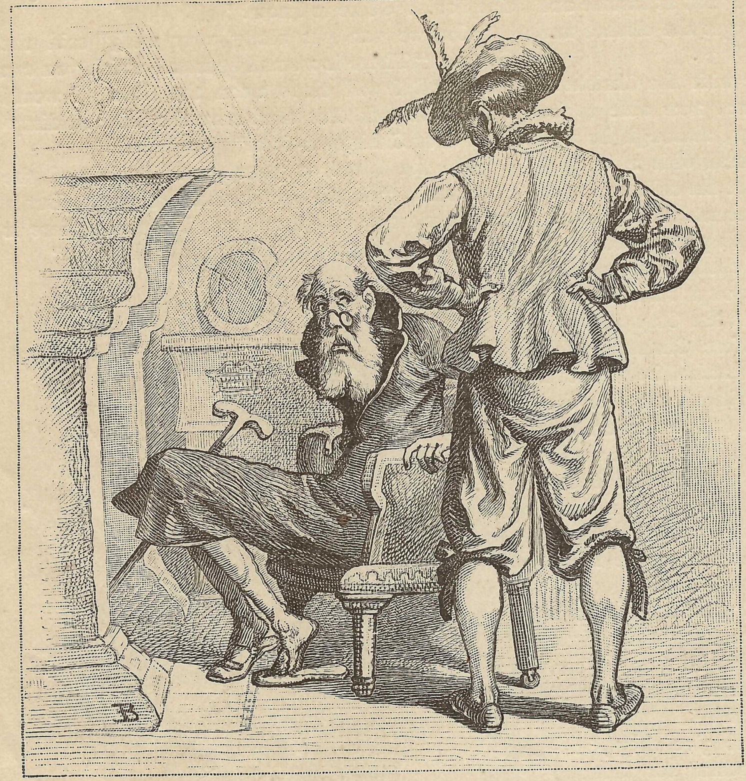
"On the floor! at your age!" exclaimed the Countess. "It will be the death of you! But if you have made up your mind, I suppose there is no use in my saying anything more about it."



THE YOUNG GIANT WAS TALKING TO A LITTLE FAIRY PERCHED ON HIS FOREFINGER.

"Not the least in the world," replied her husband, with a smile; and so she said no more.

It was on the morning of the next day that there came through the forest, not very far from the Count Cormo's castle, a tall young giant. As he strode along, he appeared to be talking to the forefinger of his right hand, which he held up before him. He was not, however, talking to his forefinger, but to a little fairy who was sitting on it, chatting away in a very lively manner.



FELDAR INTERVIEWS THE SICK GIANT.

"And so," said this little creature, "you are two hundred miles from your own home! What in the world made you take so long a journey?"

"I don't call it very long," replied the giant; "and I had to take it. There was nothing else to do. You see I have nothing to eat, or almost nothing, in my castle, and a person can't get along that way. He must go and see about things."

"And what are you going to see about?" asked the fairy.

"I am going to see if my grandfather's uncle is dead. He is very rich and I am one of his heirs. When I get my share of his money, I shall be quite comfortable."

"It seems to me," said the fairy, "that it is a very poor way of living, to be waiting for other people's money."

"It is so," replied the giant. "I 'm tired of it. I 've been waiting ever since I was a little boy."

The fairy saw that her companion had not exactly understood her remark, but she said no more about it. She merely added, "It seems strange to hear you say that you once were little."

"Oh, yes, I was," said the giant. "At one time, I was no taller than a horse."

"Astonishing!" said the fairy, making believe to be very much surprised. "Now, when I was a baby, I was about the size of a pea."

This made the giant laugh, but he said he supposed it must have been so, considering the present size, and then he said: "Talking of peas reminds me that I am hungry. We must stop somewhere, and ask for something to eat."

"That will suit me very well, but don't let us go to the same place," said the fairy. "I expect you are dreadfully hungry."

"All right," replied the other. "There is a great house over in the valley, not more than fifteen miles away. I 'll just step over there, and you can go to Count Cormo's castle. I 'll take you to the edge of the woods. When you 've had your dinner, come back to this big oak, and I will meet you; I 've heard the Count is getting very poor, but he 'll have enough for you."

So the giant put the fairy down on the ground, and she skipped along to the castle, while he stepped over to the house in the valley.

In an hour or two they met again at the great oak, and the giant taking up his little friend on his forefinger, they continued their journey.

"You told me that Count Cormo was poor," she said, "but I don't believe you know how poor he really is. When I went there, he and his wife had just finished their dinner, and were sitting before the fire-place. I did n't notice any fire in it. They were busy talking, and so I did not disturb them, but just climbed up on the table to see what I could find to eat. You have n't any idea what a miserable meal they must have had. Of course there was enough left for me, for I need only a few crumbs, but everything was so hard and stale that I could scarcely eat it. I don't see how they can live in that way. But after the meal, when I heard them talking, I found out how poor they really were."

"It was n't exactly the proper thing to sit there and listen to them, was it?" asked the giant.

"Perhaps not," said the fairy, "but I did want to hear what they were saying. So I sat quite still. They were talking about the Christmas-tree, and all the other good things they give the children every year; and although they are so poor, they are going to do just the same this year."

"I don't see how they can," said the giant.

"The Count is going to sell his family bedstead," replied his companion.

The young giant stopped short in the path.

"You don't mean to say," he exclaimed, "that the celebrated family bedstead of the Cormo family is to be sold to give the children a Christmas-tree!"

"That is exactly what I mean," replied the fairy.

"Well, well, well!" said the giant, resuming his walk. "I never heard of such a thing in all my born days. It 's dreadful, it 's pitiful!"

"Indeed it is," said the fairy.

"It ought to be stopped," added the giant. "He should n't be allowed to do such a thing."

"Indeed he should n't," the fairy said.

And thus they went on lamenting and regretting the poor Count's purpose, for about eleven miles. Then they came to a cross-road through the forest.

"I 'll go down here," said the giant, "and leave you among your friends at Fairy Elms, where you want to go."

"I 'm not sure that I do want to go there just now," said the fairy. "I think I should like to go with you to your grandfather's uncle's castle, and see what your prospects are. If you find he is still alive, shall you wait?"

"I guess not," said the giant, laughing. "But you can come along with me, and we 'll see how things stand."

Before very long, they came to a great castle, and a warder stood before the gate.

"Ho, warder!" cried the giant when he came up. "How goes it with my grandfather's uncle, the old giant Omscrag?"

"He has been dead a month," said the warder, "and his property is all divided among his heirs."

"That is not so," roared the giant. "I am one of his heirs, and I have n't got anything."

"I don't know anything about it," said the warder. "I was told to give that message to every one who came, and I 've given it to you."

"Who told you to give it?" cried the giant.

"My master, Katofan, who is the old giant's principal heir, and who now owns the castle."

"Katofan!" exclaimed the giant. "What impudence! He 's a ninth cousin by marriage. Where is he? I want to see him."

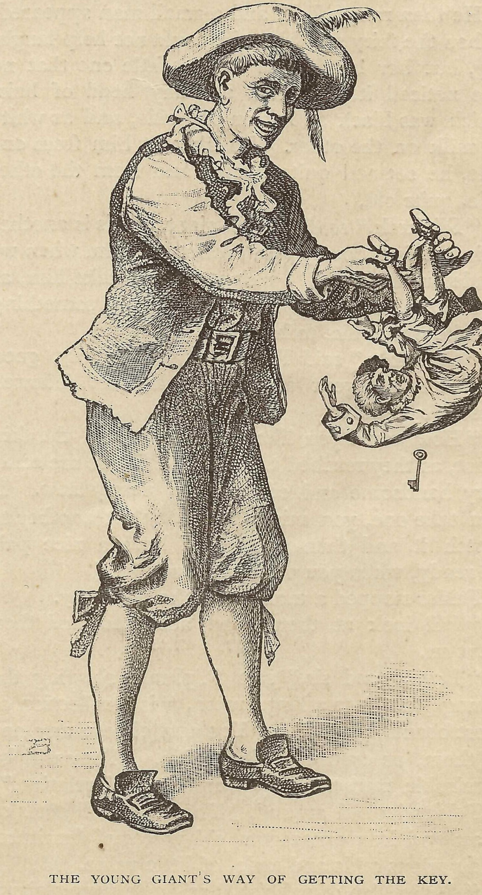
"I don't think he is well enough to see anybody to-day," said the warder.

"Open that gate!" the giant roared, "or I shall plunge your family into woe!"

The warder turned pale, and opened the gate as wide as it would go, while the giant, with the fairy on his finger, walked boldly in.

In a large inner hall, sitting before a great fire, they saw a giant so tall and thin that he looked as if he had been made of great fishing-poles. He turned uneasily in his chair when he saw his visitor, and was going to say something about being too unwell to receive company, when our young giant, whose name was Feldar, interrupted him by calling out, in a tremendous voice:

"Well, now, Katofan, I should like to know what all this means! How did you come to be heir to this castle?"



THE YOUNG GIANT'S WAY OF GETTING THE KEY.

"Because it descended to me from my good old relative and friend," said the other.

"I expect there are a hundred heirs, who have a better right to it than you," said our giant. "The truth is, no doubt, that you were here when my grandfather's uncle died, and that you took possession, and have since kept everybody out."

"Oh, no," said the thin giant, "the other heirs have had a share of the fortune."

"How many of them?" said Feldar, "and how much did they get?"

"As many as two or three of them," said the other, "and they got some very nice things in the way of ornaments and curiosities."

"Well," said Feldar, stretching himself up high, "I am one of the heirs to this property, and I want my share of it. Who attends to the dividing business? Do you do it yourself?"

"Oh, no!" said the thin giant. "I am not well enough for that. I can not go about much. But I will send for my dividing-agent. I had to employ one, there was so much to do. He will see that you get your share."

He then rang a bell, and a small man appeared. When the fairy saw him, she could not help laughing, but her laugh was such a little one that no one noticed it. He had a bushy head of hair, which was black as ink on one side, and as white as milk on the other. Looking at him from one side, he seemed quite young, and from the other side, quite old.

"Flipkrak," said the thin giant, "this is another heir to this property; we overlooked him when we made our division. I wish you would take him, as you did the others, and let him choose something that he would like to have."

"Certainly," said Flipkrak. "This way, good sir," and he went out of a side-door, followed closely by Feldar.

"How would you like a hinge?" cried the thin giant, as they reached the door. "There are some very handsome and odd hinges, nearly new. If you take one, you might some day get another to match it, and then you would have a nice pair all ready, when you put up a new door."

Feldar stopped a moment in the door-way.

"I 'll look at them," he answered, and then went on.

"Here, good sir," said Flipkrak, showing the young giant into a large room, "is a collection of most beautiful articles. You can choose any one of them, or even two if you like. They will be admirable mementos of your deceased relative."

Feldar looked around. There were all sorts of brass and iron ornaments, old pieces of furniture, and various odds and ends, of little value.

"A nice lot of rubbish," said the young giant. "If I ever have any holes to fill up, on my ground, I may send for a few wagon-loads of it. Suppose we look through the rest of the castle?"

"Oh, good sir," said the dividing-agent, "the things in the rest of the castle belong to my good master!"

"You can come, if you choose," said Feldar, striding away, "or you can stay behind," and the poor man, frightened, ran after him as fast as he could.

The young giant walked through several of the vast rooms of the castle. "I see you have a great deal of very fine furniture here," he said to Flipkrak, "and I need furniture. I will mark some of it with this piece of chalk, and you can send it to me."

"Oh, yes, good sir," cried the dividing-agent, quite pleased at this. "We can send it to you after you go away."

Feldar took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and marked enough furniture to furnish an ordinary castle.

"This kind of chalk will not rub off," he said, "and I 've marked the things where it wont show. But don't overlook any of them. Now, where are your money-vaults?"

"Oh, good sir!" cried the dividing-agent, "you can't go there, we don't divide any of—I mean we have n't any money-vaults!"

"Give me the key," said Feldar.

"Oh, good sir!" cried Flipkrak, shaking with terror, "I must not let that go out of my keeping—I mean I have n't got it."

The giant made no answer, but taking the dividing-agent by the heels, he held him upside down in the air, and shook him. A big key dropped from his pockets.

"That 's the key, no doubt," said the giant, putting the man down, and picking up the key. "I can find the vault by myself. I wont trouble you any more."

But as he went down to the lower parts of the castle, the dividing-agent ran after him, wailing and tearing his two-colored hair.

When he reached the money-vault, Feldar easily opened the door and walked in. Great bags of gold and silver, each holding about a bushel, were piled up around the walls. Feldar took out his piece of chalk, and marked about a dozen of those bags which held the gold coin.

"Oh, that 's right, good sir," cried Flipkrak, feeling a little better. "We can send them to you after you go away."

"What is in those small bags, on that shelf?" asked Feldar.

"Those are diamonds, good sir," said the agent; "you can mark some of them if you like."

"I will mark one," said the giant to the fairy, who was securely nestled in the ruffles of his shirt-bosom, "and that I will give to you."

"To me!" exclaimed Flipkrak, who did not see the fairy; "what does he mean by that?"

"Thank you," said the little creature, in delight. "Diamonds are so lovely! How glad I am that your grandfather's uncle died!"

"You should n't say that," said the giant. "It is n't proper."

"But you feel glad, don't you?" she asked.

"I don't talk about it, if I do," said Feldar. Then turning to the dividing-agent, he told him that he thought he had marked all the bags he wanted.

"All right, good sir," said Flipkrak, "we will send them to you, very soon—very soon."

"Oh, you need n't trouble yourself about that," said Feldar; "I will take them along with me." And so saying, he put the bag of diamonds in one of his coat-pockets, and began to pile the bags of money on his shoulders.

The dividing-agent yelled and howled with dismay, but it was of no use. Feldar loaded himself with his bags, and walked off, without even looking at Flipkrak, who was almost crazy at seeing so much of his master's treasure boldly taken away from him.

Feldar stopped for a moment in the great hall, where the thin giant was still sitting before the fire. "I 've taken my share of the money," he said, "and I 've marked a lot of furniture and things which I want you to send me, inside of a week. Do you understand?"

The thin giant gave one look at the piles of bags on Feldar's shoulders, and fainted away. He had more money left than he could possibly use, but he could not bear to lose the least bit of the wealth he had seized upon.

"What in the world are you going to do with all that money?" the fairy asked.

"I am going to give one bag of it to Count Cormo, so that he can offer the children a decent Christmas-tree, and the rest I shall carry to my castle on Shattered Crag."

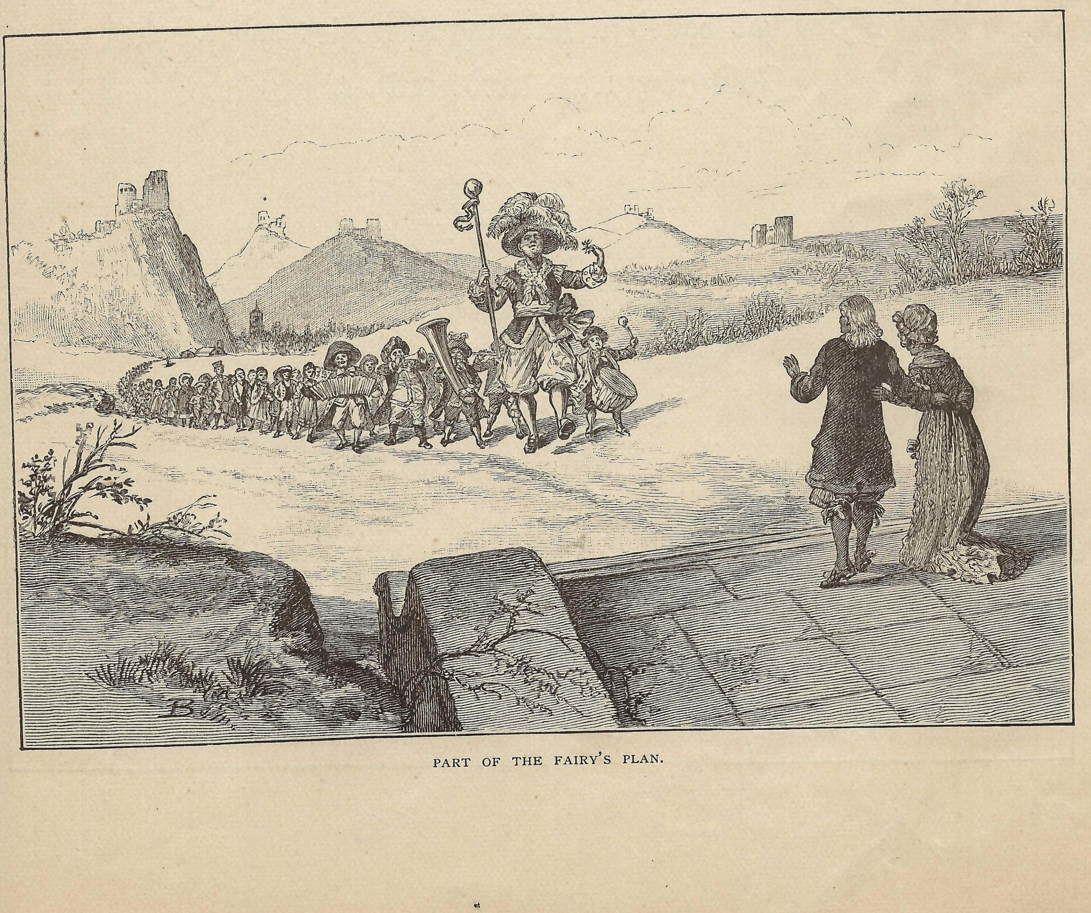
"I don't believe the Count will take it," said the fairy. "He 's awfully proud, and he would say that you were giving the Christmas feasts and not he. I wish you would let me manage this affair for you."

"Well, I will," said the giant.

"All right," cried the fairy, clapping her hands. "I 'll do the thinking, and you can do the working. It 's easy for me to think."

"And it 's just as easy for me to work," said Feldar, with hearty good-will.

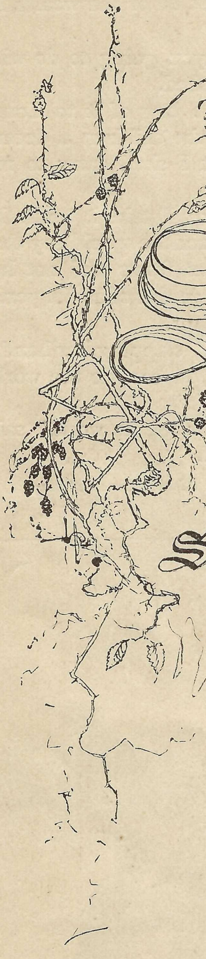
(Conclusion next month.)



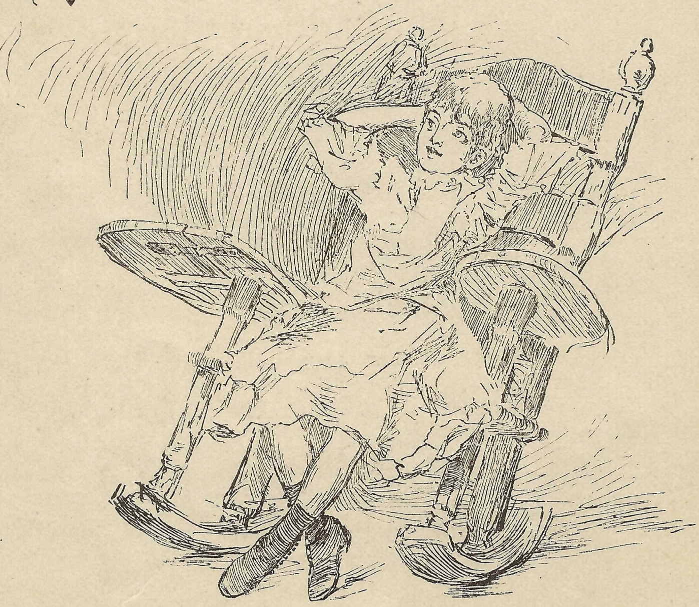
PART OF THE FAIRY'S PLAN.

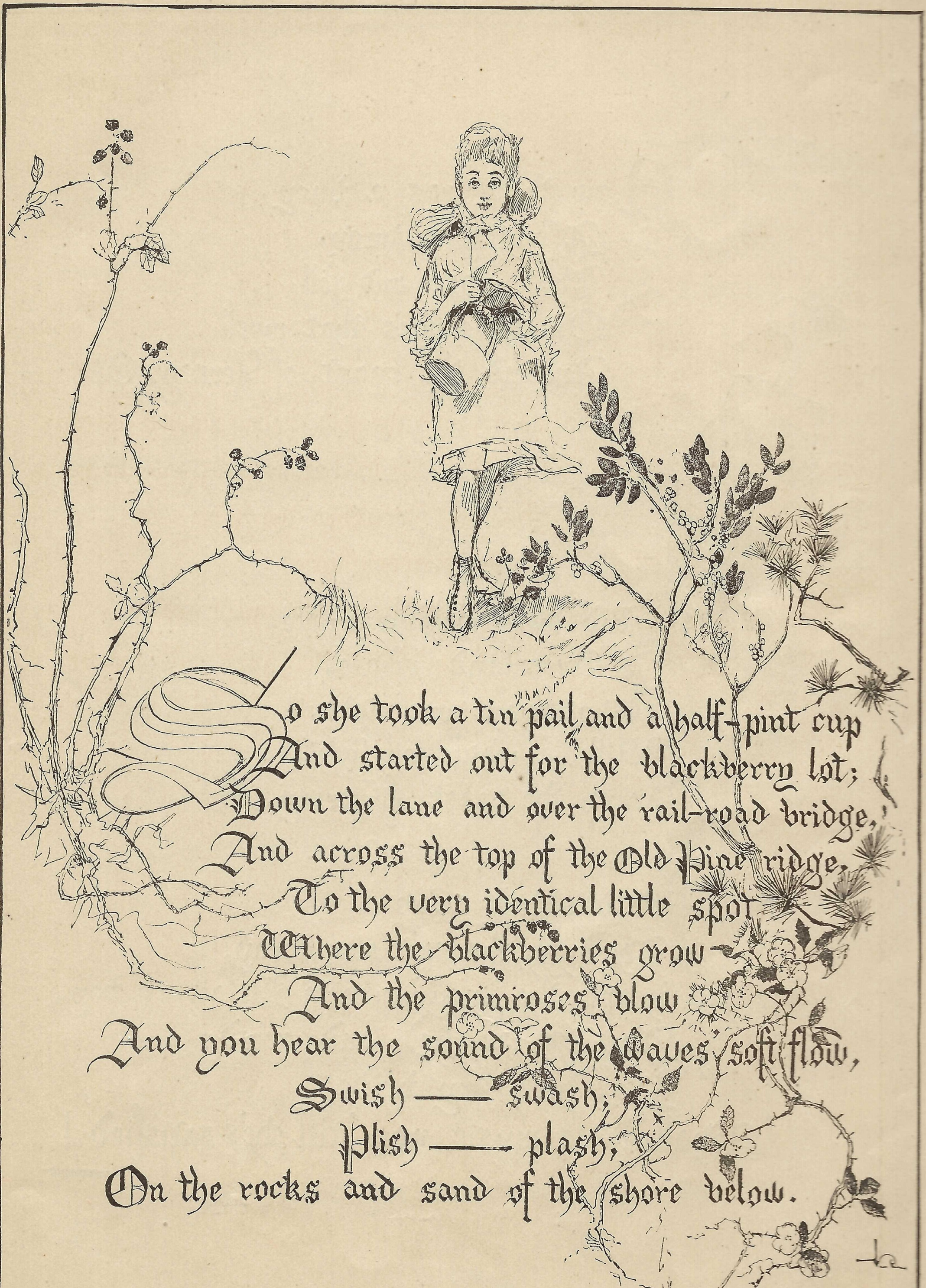
Little Polly's Voyage.

By
Eva L. Ogden.

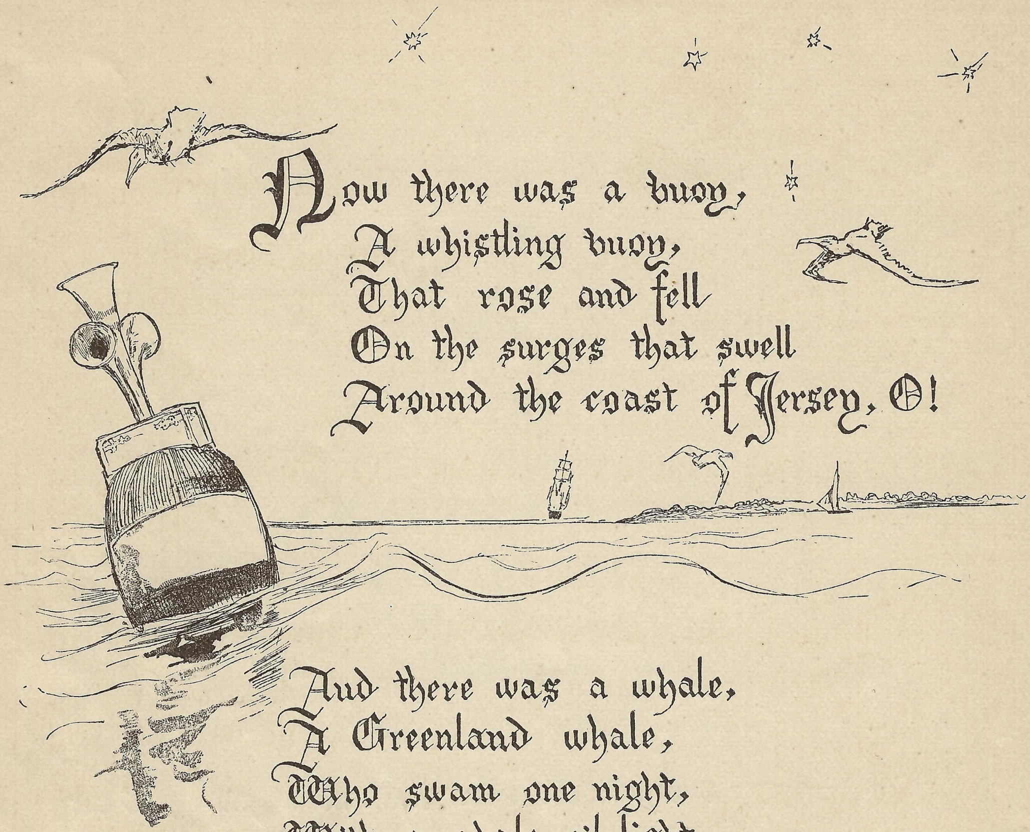


She had strained the milk, she had scalded the cans,
She had washed the dishes, the pails and the pans,
She had scrubbed the floor
By the kitchen door,
She had blacked the stove quite neatly,
She had baked a pudding, two pies and a cake
And she was tired out, completely!





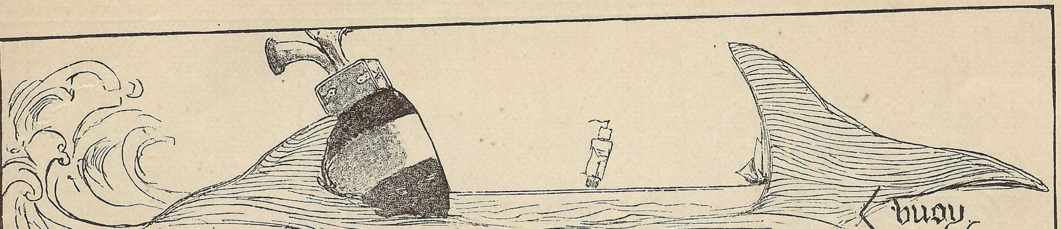
So she took a tin pail and a half-pint cup
And started out for the blackberry lot;
Down the lane and over the rail-road bridge,
And across the top of the Old Pine ridge,
To the very identical little spot
Where the blackberries grow
And the primroses blow
And you hear the sound of the waves' soft flow,
Swish —— swash;
Plish —— plash;
On the rocks and sand of the shore below.



Now there was a buoy,
A whistling buoy,
That rose and fell
On the surges that swell
Around the coast of Jersey, O!

And there was a whale,
A Greenland whale,
Who swam one night,
With a whale-oil light,
Far up the coast of Jersey, O!

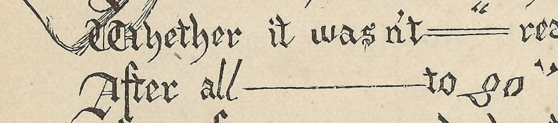
For dashing away
Through the salt sea spray,
He had heard the buoy down in Delaware bay,
And he laughed and cried:
"Ha, ha! my bride
'Shall have music now' till she's satisfied"!

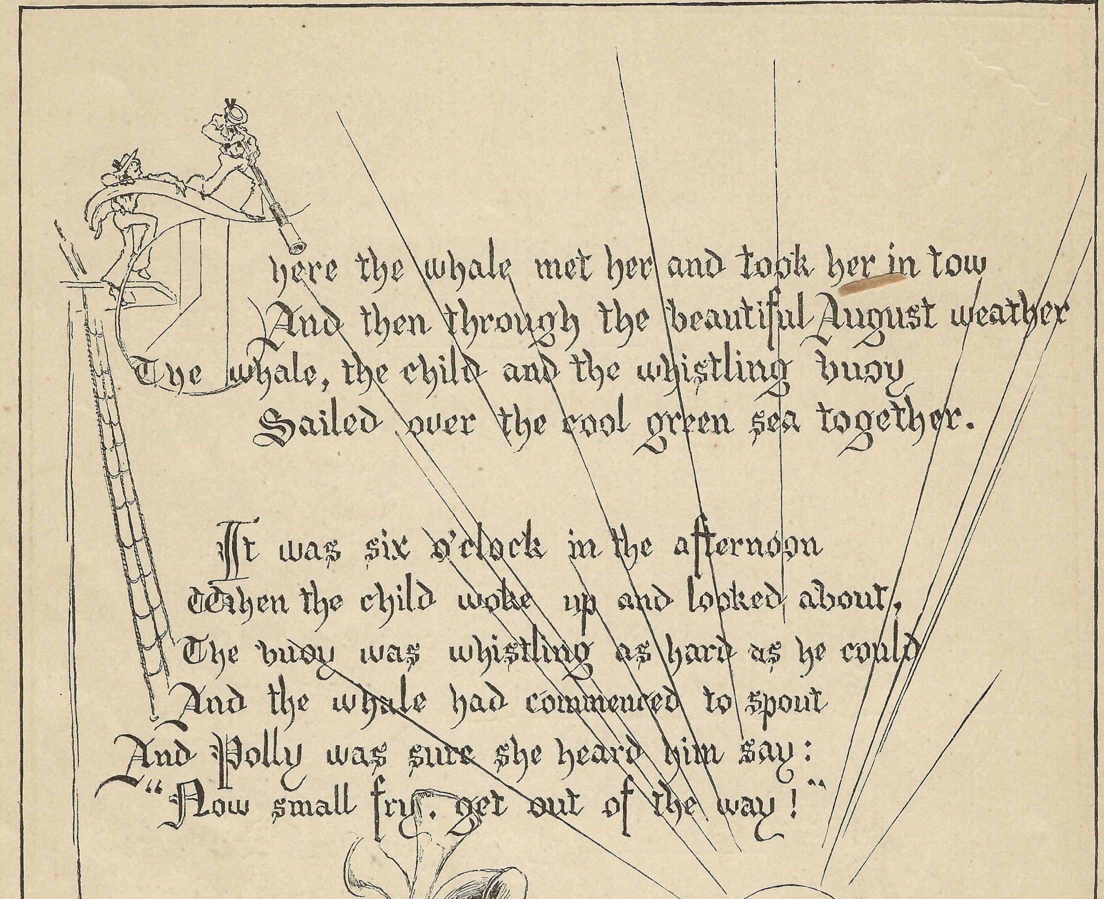


So he looked 'till he found the whistling buoy
And as pleased as a child with a brand-new toy
He took it away
And night and day
Swam on to his home in Baffin's Bay.

Little Polly had wandered as far as the beach
And sat down for a moment to rest
"So tired! *so* tired!" she didn't know
Whether it wasn't—"really—best
After all—to *go*" And then and there
On the soft, warm sand by the side of the deep
The poor little thing fell fast asleep.

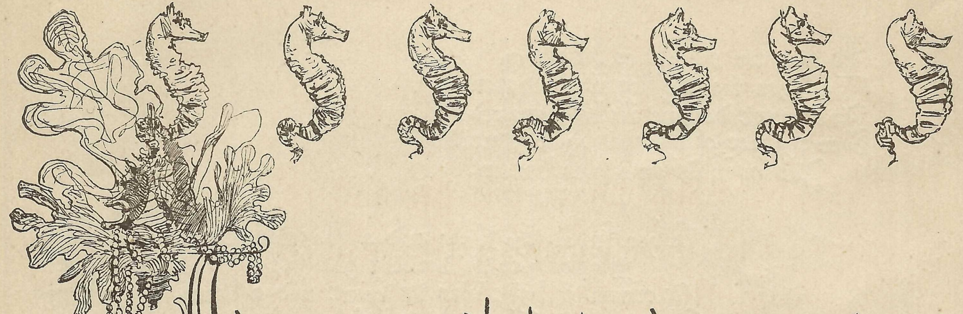
Fast asleep on the edge of the water!
A great, green wave leaped up and caught her
And lazily, laughingly, to and fro,
Rocked her, and swung her, now high, now low,
'Till another wave came, far bigger than he
And seized her, and carried her out to sea.



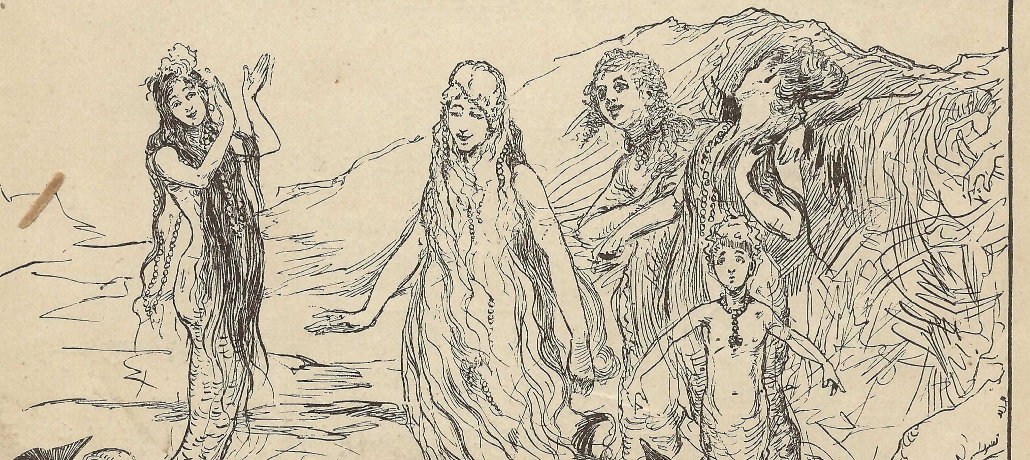


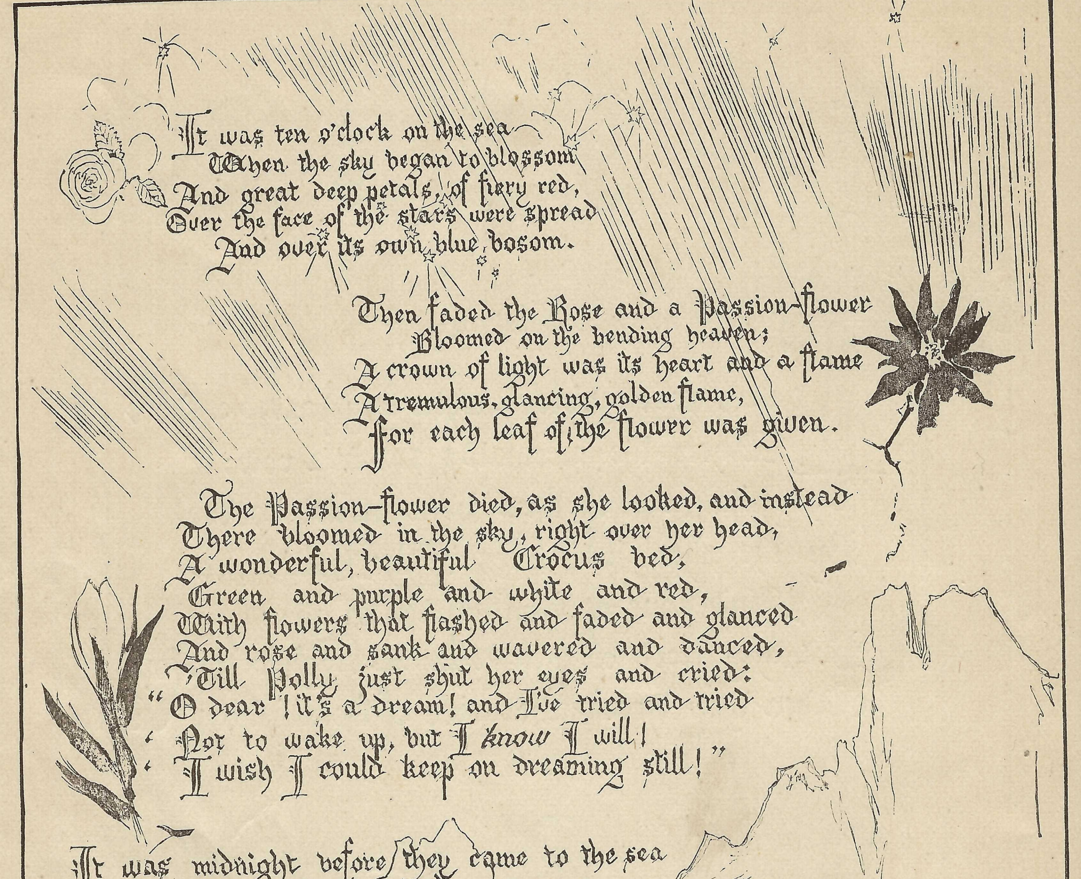
There the whale met her and took her in tow
And then through the beautiful August weather
The whale, the child and the whistling buoy
Sailed over the cool green sea together.

It was six o'clock in the afternoon
When the child woke up and looked about,
The buoy was whistling as hard as he could
And the whale had commenced to spout
And Polly was sure she heard him say:
"Now small fry, get out of the way!"



It was seven o'clock when they passed a shore
  Where the mermaids sat in a row;
They had all of them been invited to tea
By the shark who lives in the Baltic sea
  And none of them wanted to go;
But they stood on their tails and laughed for joy
When they heard the voice of the whistling buoy.





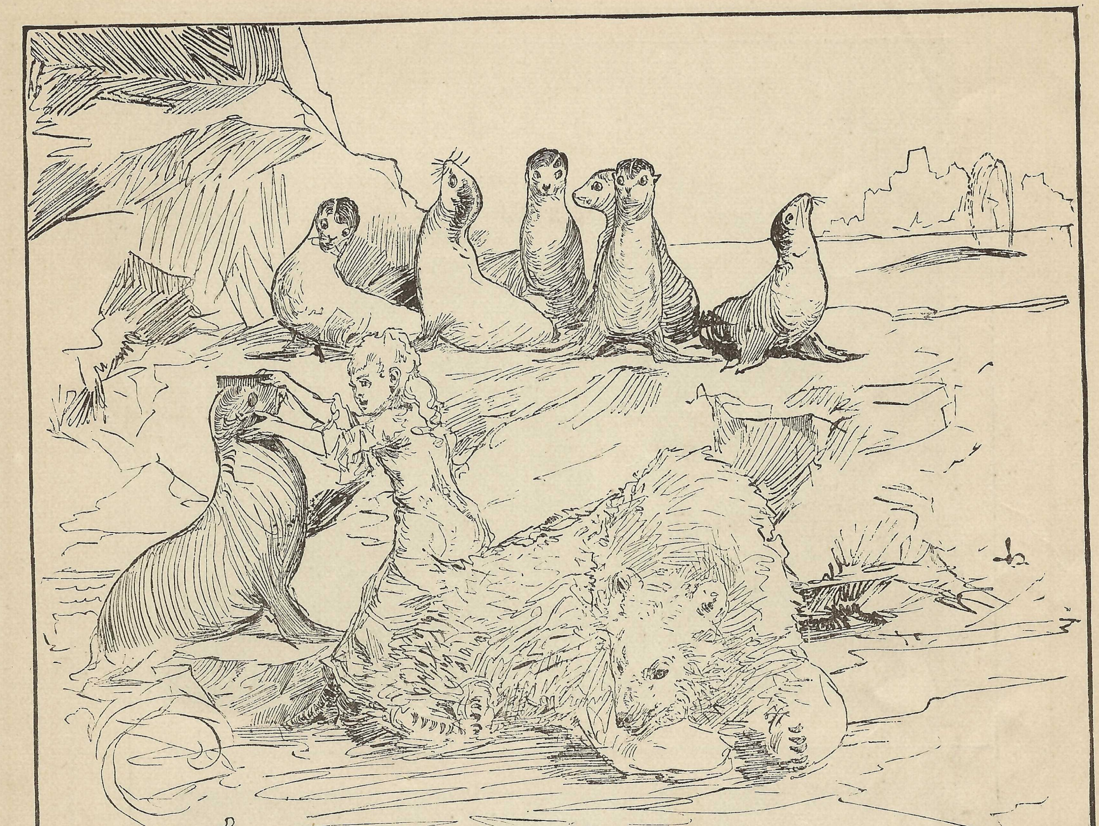
It was ten o'clock on the sea
When the sky began to blossom
And great deep petals, of fiery red,
Over the face of the stars were spread
And over its own blue bosom.

Then faded the Rose and a Passion-flower
Bloomed on the bending heaven;
A crown of light was its heart and a flame
A tremulous, glancing, golden flame,
For each leaf of the flower was given.

The Passion-flower died, as she looked, and instead
There bloomed in the sky, right over her head,
A wonderful, beautiful Crocus bed,
Green and purple and white and red,
With flowers that flashed and faded and glanced
And rose and sank and wavered and danced,
Till Polly just shut her eyes and cried:
"O dear! it's a dream! and I've tried and tried
'Not to wake up, but I *know* I will!
'I wish I could keep on dreaming still!"

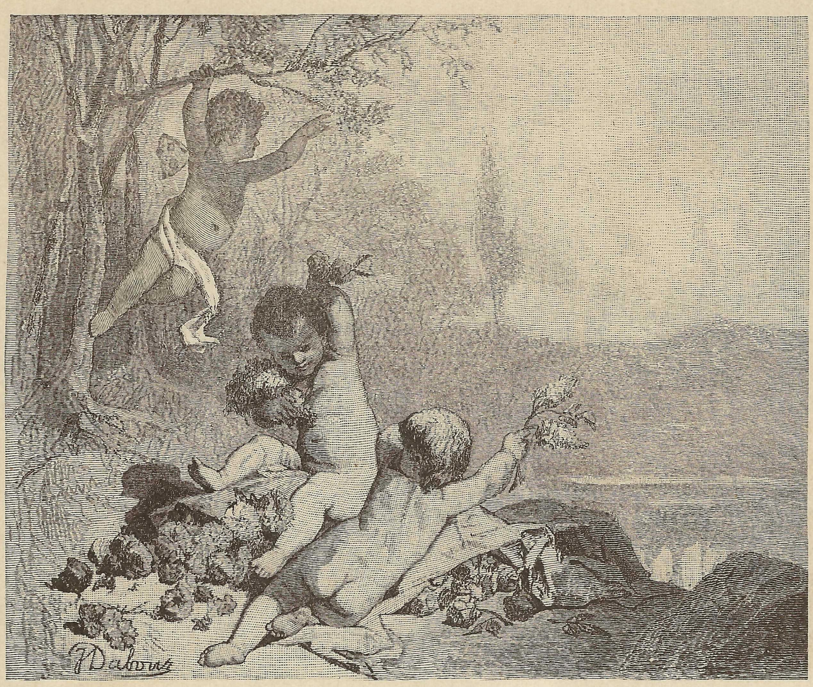
It was midnight before they came to the sea
Where the great blue icebergs grow,
Where the whale had his home next down to the seals
In the midst of the ice and the snow;
But just as they reached it, down under the cliff,
The voice of the buoy was frozen stiff!

Ah well for the friends of the whistling buoy,
And alas! for the friends of Polly!
He was sent home the very next day
(It is said that his voice thawed out, by the way.)
While she, little dear! was requested to stay
And not to be melancholy.

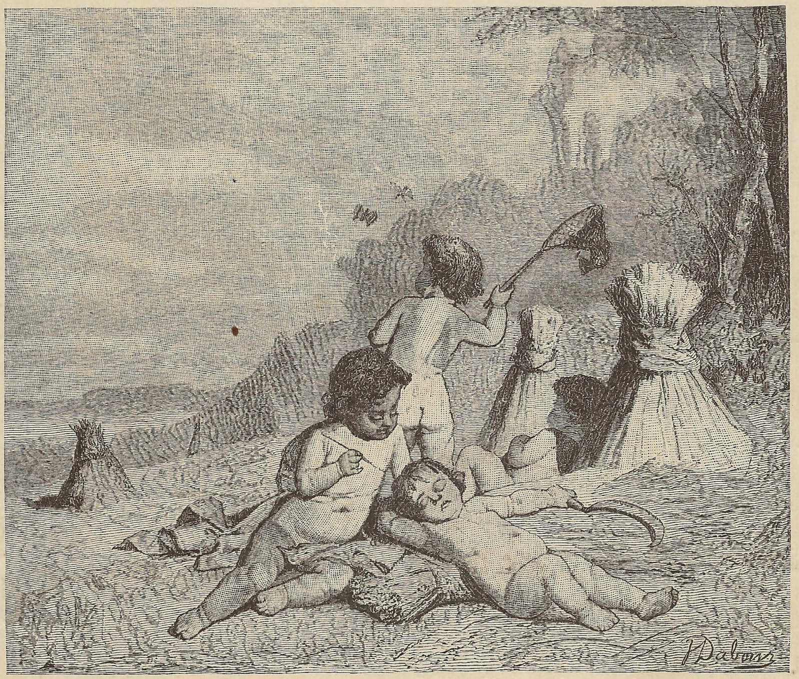


In a snug little hole 'neath an ice-cliff blue,
Where live beside a Grizzly or two,
Little Polly her time is spending.
She washes the seals and she parts their hair
And she sings little songs to the Grizzly Bear
And she does the family mending.
And she's promised she never will leave them until
The Pole-star sets and the waves are still
And she hears the voice of the Whip-poor-Will
With the voice of the ice-bergs blending.

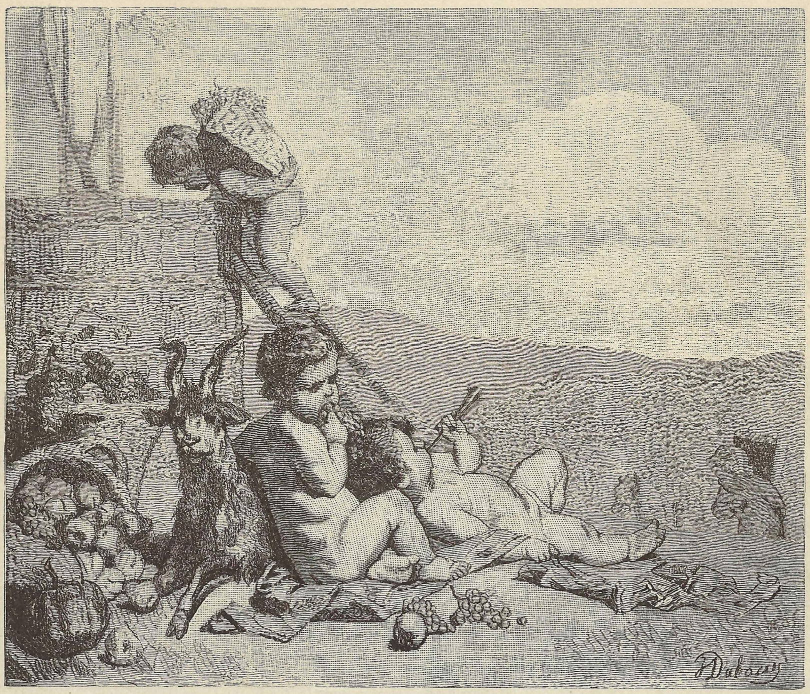
Freeman. Fecit. 1880.



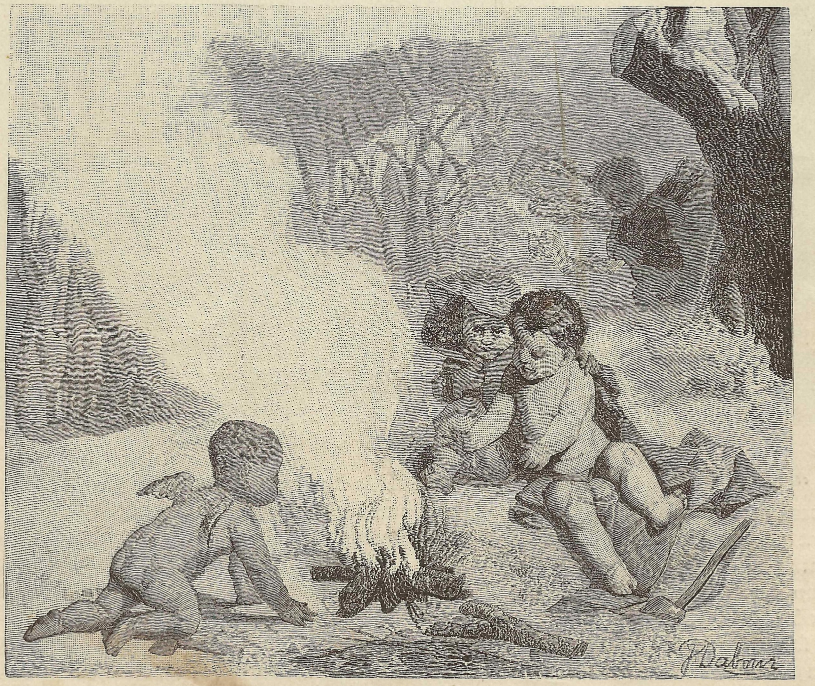
SPRING.



SUMMER.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.*

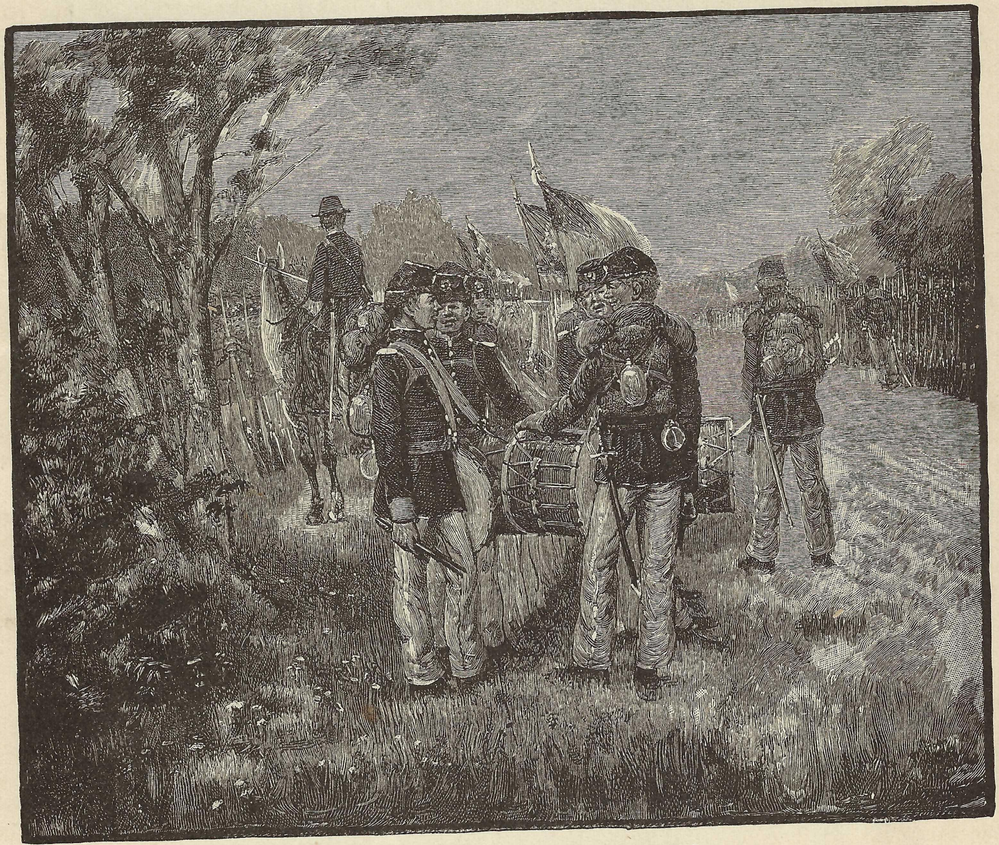
By HARRY M. KIEFFER.

CHAPTER IV.

A GRAND REVIEW.

ON a certain day near the beginning of April, 1863, we were ordered to prepare for a grand review of our Corps. President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Master Tad Lincoln (who used to play among our tents at "Soldiers' Home"), and some of the Cabinet officers, were coming down to look us over and see what promise we gave for the campaign soon to open.

Those who have never seen a grand review of well-drilled troops in the field have never seen one of the finest and most inspiring sights the eyes of man can behold. I wish I could impart to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS some faint idea of the thrilling scene which must have presented itself to the eyes of the beholders when, on the morning of the ninth day of April, 1863, our gallant First Army Corps, leaving its camps among the hills, assembled on a wide, extended plain for the inspection of our illustrious visitors.


WAITING TO BE REVIEWED BY THE PRESIDENT.

As regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, came marching out from the surrounding hills and ravines, with flags gayly flying, bands and drum corps making such music as was enough to stir the blood in the heart of the most indifferent to a quicker pulse, and well-drilled troops that marched in the morning sunlight with a step as steady as the stroke of machinery — ah, it was a sight to be seen but once in a century! And when those twenty thousand men were all at last in line, with the artillery in position off to one side on the hill, and ready to fire their salute, it

---

* Copyright, 1881, by Harry M. Kieffer. All rights reserved.

seemed well worth the President's while to come all the way from Washington to look at them.

But the President was a long, long time in coming. The sun, mounting fast toward noon, began to be insufferably hot. One hour, two hours, three hours were passing away, when, at last, far off through a defile between the hills, we caught sight of a great cloud of dust.

"Fall in, men!" for now here they come, sure enough. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln in a carriage, escorted by a body of cavalry and groups of officers, and at the head of the cavalcade Master Tad, sure as the world, mounted on a pony, and having for his especial escort a boy orderly, dressed in a cavalryman's uniform and mounted on another pony! And the two little fellows, scarce restraining their boyish delight, outrode the company and came on the field in a cloud of dust and at a full gallop—little Tad shouting to the men, at the top of his voice: "Make way, men! Make way, men! Father 's a-coming! Father 's a-coming!"

Then the artillery breaks forth into a thundering salute, that wakes the echoes among the hills and sets the air to shivering and quaking about your ears, as the cavalcade gallops down the long line, and regimental standards droop in greeting, and bands and drum corps, one after another, strike up "Hail to the Chief," till they are all playing at once in a grand chorus, that makes the hills ring as they never rang before.

But all this is only a flourish by way of prelude. The real beauty of the review is yet to come, and can be seen only when the cavalcade, having galloped down the line in front and up again on the rear, has taken its stand out yonder immediately in front of the middle of the line, and the order is given to "pass in review."

Notice now, how, by one swift and dexterous movement, as the officers step out and give the command, that long line is broken into platoons of exactly equal length; how, straight as an arrow, each platoon is dressed; how the feet of the men all move together, and their guns, flashing in the sun, have the same inclination. Observe particularly how, when they come to wheel off, there is no *bend* in the line, but they wheel as if the whole platoon were a ramrod made to revolve about its one end through a quarter-circle; and now that they are marching thus down the field and past the President, what a grandeur there is in the steady step and onward sweep of that column of twenty thousand boys in blue!

But, once we have passed the President and gained the other end of the field, it is not nearly so nice. For we must needs finish the review in a double-quick, just by way of showing, I suppose, what we could do if we were wanted in a hurry—as, indeed, we will be, not more than sixty days hence! Away we go, then, on a dead run off the field, in a cloud of dust and amid a clatter of bayonet-scabbards, till, hid behind the hills, we come to a more sober pace, and march into camp just as tired as tired can be.

CHAPTER V.

ON PICKET ALONG THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

"HARRY, would n't you like to go out on picket with us to-morrow? The weather is pleasant, and I 'd like to have you for company, for time hangs rather heavy on a fellow's hands out there; and, besides, I want you to help me with my Latin."

Andy was a studious fellow, and carried on his studies with greater or less regularity during our whole time of service. Of course we had no books, except a pocket copy of "Cæsar," but to make up for the deficiency, particularly of a grammar, I had written out the declensions of the nouns and the conjugations of the verbs on odd scraps of paper, which Andy had gathered up and carried in a roll in his breast-pocket, and many were the lessons we had together under the canvas or beneath the sighing branches of the pines.

"Well, old boy, I 'd like to go along first-rate, but we must get permission of the adjutant first."

Having secured the adjutant's consent, and provided myself with a gun and accouterments, the next morning at four o'clock I set out, in company with a body of some several hundred men of the regiment. We were to be absent from camp for two days, at the expiration of which time we were to be relieved by the next detail.

It was pleasant April weather, for the season was well advanced. Our route lay straight over the hills and through the ravines, for there were no roads, fences, nor fields. But few houses were to be seen, and from these the inhabitants had, of course, long since disappeared. At one of these few remaining houses, situated some three hundred yards from the river's edge, our advance picket-reserve was established, the captain in command making his head-quarters in the once beautiful grounds of the mansion, long since left empty and deserted by its former occupants. The place had a very distressing air of neglect. The beautiful lawn in front, where merry children had no doubt played and romped in years gone by, was overgrown with weeds. The large and commodious porch in front, where in other days the family gathered in the evening-time and talked and sang, while the river flowed peacefully by, was now abandoned to the spiders and their webs. The whole house was pitifully forlorn-looking, as if wondering why the family did not come back to fill its spacious halls with life and mirth. Even the colored people had left their quarters. There was not a soul anywhere about.

We were not permitted either to enter the house or to do any damage to the property. Pitching our shelter-tents under the outspreading branches of the great elms on the lawn in front of the house, and building our fires back of a hill in the rear, to cook our breakfast, we awaited our turn to stand guard on the picket-line, which ran close along the river's edge.

It may be interesting to the boys of ST. NICHOLAS to know more particularly how this matter of standing picket is arranged and conducted. When a body of men numbering, let us say, for the sake of example, two hundred in all, go out on picket, the detail is usually divided into two equal parts, consisting in the supposed case of one hundred each. One of these companies of a hundred goes into a sort of camp about a half-mile from the picket-line,—usually in a woods or near by a spring, if one can be found, or in some pleasant ravine among the hills,—and the men have nothing to do but make themselves comfortable for the first twenty-four hours. They may sleep as much as they like, or play at such games as they please, only they must not go away any considerable distance from the post, because they may be very suddenly wanted, in case of an attack on the advance picket-line.

The other band of one hundred takes position only a short distance to the rear of the line where the pickets pace to and fro on their beats, and is known as the advance picket-post. It is under the charge of a captain or lieutenant, and is divided into three parts, each of which is called a "relief," the three being known as the first, the second, and the third relief, respectively. Each of these is under the charge of a non-commissioned officer,—a sergeant or corporal,—and must stand guard in succession, two hours on and four off, day and night, for the first twenty-four hours, at the end of which time the reserve one hundred in the rear march up and relieve the whole advance picket-post, which then goes to the rear, throws off its accouterments, stacks its arms, and sleeps till it can sleep no more. I need hardly add that each picket is furnished with the countersign, which is regularly changed every day. While on the advance picket-post no one is permitted to sleep, whether on duty on the line or not, and to sleep on the picket-line is death! At or near midnight a body of officers, known as "The Grand Rounds," goes all along the line examining every picket to see that "all is well."

Andy and I had by request been put together on the second relief, and stood guard from eight to ten in the morning, two to four in the afternoon, and eight to ten and two to four at night.

It was growing dark as we sat with our backs against the old elms on the lawn, telling stories, singing catches of songs, or discussing the probabilities of the summer campaign, when the call rang out: "Fall in, second relief!"

"Come on, Harry—get on your horse-hide and shooting-iron. We 've got a nice moonlight night for it, any way."

Our line, as I have said, ran directly along the river's edge, up and down, which Andy and I paced on our adjoining beats, each of us having to walk about a hundred yards, when we turned and walked back, with gun loaded and capped and at a right-shoulder-shift.

The night was beautiful. A full round moon shone out from among the fleecy clouds overhead. At my feet was the pleasant plashing of the river, ever gliding on, with the moonbeams dancing as if in sport on its rippling surface, while the opposite bank was hid in the deep, solemn shadows made by the overhanging trees. Yet the shadows were not so deep there but that occasionally I could catch glimpses of a picket silently pacing his beat on the south side of the river, as I was pacing mine on the north, with bayonet flashing in the patches of moonlight as he passed up and down. I fell to wondering, as I watched him, what sort of man he was? Young or old? Had he children at home, may be, in the far-off South? Or a father and mother? Did he wish this cruel war was over? In the next fight may be he 'd be killed! Then I fell to wondering who had lived in that house up yonder—what kind of people were they? Were the sons in the war, and the daughters, where were they?—and would they ever come back again and set up their household gods in the good old place once more? My imagination was busy trying to picture the scenes that had enlivened the old plantation, the darkies at work in the fields and the——

"Hello, Yank! We can lick you!"

"Beautiful night, Johnny, is n't it?"

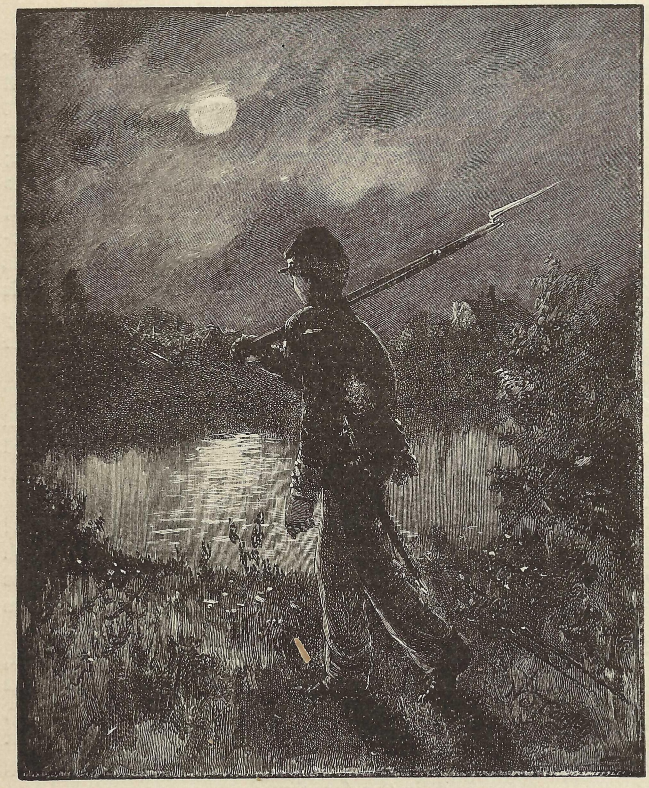
"Y-e-s, lovely!"

But our orders are to hold as little conversation with the pickets on the other side of the river as necessary, and so, declining any further civilities, I resume my beat.

"Harry, I 'm going to lie down here at the upper end of your beat," says the sergeant who has charge of our relief. "I aint agoing to sleep, but I 'm tired. Every time you come up to this end of your beat speak to me, will you?—for I *might* fall asleep."

"Certainly, Sergeant."

The first time I speak to him, the second, and the third, he answers readily enough, "All right, Harry," but at the fourth summons he is sound asleep. Sleep on, Sergeant, sleep on! Your slumbers shall not be broken by me — unless the "Grand Rounds" come along, for whom I must keep a sharp lookout, lest they catch you napping and give you a pretty court-martial! But Grand Rounds or no, you shall have a little sleep. One of these days, you, and many more of us besides, will sleep the last long sleep that knows no waking. But hark! — I hear the challenge up the line! I must rouse you, after all.



IN A DANGEROUS PART OF HIS BEAT.

"Sergeant! Sergeant! Get up—Grand Rounds!"

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"The Grand Rounds."

"Advance, officer of the Grand Rounds, and give the countersign."

An officer steps out from the group that is half-hidden in the shadow, and whispers in my ear, "Lafayette," when the whole body silently and stealthily passes down the line.

Relieved at ten o'clock, we go back to our post at the house, and find it rather hard work to keep our eyes open from ten to two o'clock, but sleep is out of the question. At two o'clock in the morning the second relief goes out again — down through the patch of meadow, wet with the heavy dew, and along down the river to our posts. It is nearly three o'clock, and Andy and I are standing talking in low tones, he at the upper end of his beat and I at the lower end of mine, when——

Bang! And the whistle of a ball is heard overhead among the branches. Springing forward at once by a common impulse, we get behind the shelter of a tree, run out our rifles, and make ready to fire.

"You watch up-river, Harry," whispers Andy, "and I 'll watch down, and if you see him trying to handle his ramrod, let him have it, and don't miss him."

But apparently Johnny is in no hurry to load up again, and likes the deep shadow of his tree too well to walk his beat any more, for we wait impatiently for a long while and see nothing of him. By and by we hear him calling over: "I say, Yank!"

"Well, Johnny?"

"If you wont shoot, I wont."

"Rather late in the morning to make such an offer, is n't it? Did n't you shoot, just now?"

"You see, my old gun went off by accident."

"That 's a likely yarn o' yours, Johnny!"

"But it 's an honest fact, any way."

"Well, Johnny, next time your gun 's going to go off in that uncomfortable way, you will oblige us chaps over here by holding the muzzle down toward Dixie, or somebody 'll turn up his toes to the daisies before morning yet."

"All right, Yank," said Johnny, stepping out from behind his tree into the bright moonlight like a man, "but we can lick you, any way!"

"Andy, do you think that fellow's gun went off by accident, or was the rascal trying to hurt somebody?"

"I think he 's honest in what he says, Harry. His gun might have gone off by accident. There 's no telling, though. He 'll need a little watching, I guess."

But Johnny paces his beat harmlessly enough for the remainder of the hour, singing catches of song, and whistling the airs of Dixie, while we pace ours as leisurely as he, but, with a wholesome regard for guns that go off so easily of themselves, we have a decided preference for the dark shadows, and are cautious lest we linger too long on those parts of our several beats where the bright moonbeams lie.

It must not be supposed that the sentries of the two armies were forever picking one another off whenever opportunity offered; for what good did it do to murder each other in cold blood? It only wasted powder, and did not forward the issue of the great conflict at all. Except at times immediately before or after a battle, or when there was some specially exciting reason for mutual defiance, the pickets were generally on friendly terms, conversed freely about the news of the day, exchanged newspapers, coffee, and tobacco, swapped knives, and occasionally had a friendly game of cards together. Sometimes, however, picket duty was but another name for sharp-shooting and bushwhacking of the most dangerous and deadly sort.

When we had been relieved, and got back to our little bivouac under the elms on the lawn, and sat down there to discuss the episode of the night, I asked Andy:

“What was that piece of poetry you read to me the other day, about a picket being shot? It was something about ‘all quiet along the Potomac to-night.’ Do you remember the words well enough to repeat it?”

“Yes, I committed it to memory, Harry, and if you wish, I ’ll recite it for your benefit. We ’ll just imagine ourselves back in the dear old Academy again, and that it is ‘declamation-day,’ and my name is called and I step up and declaim:

“‘ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TO-NIGHT.

“‘All quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
’T is nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

“‘All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn morn,
O’er the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

“‘There ’s only the sound of the lone sentry’s tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two, in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

“‘He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree—
His footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—“Ha! Mary, good-bye!”
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing!

“‘All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river:
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket ’s off duty forever!’”

CHAPTER VI.

HOW WE GOT A SHELLING.

“PACK UP!” “Fall in!” All is stir and excitement in the camp. The bugles are blowing “boots and saddles” for the cavalry camped above us on the hill; we drummer-boys are beating the “long roll” and “assembly” for the regiment; mounted orderlies are galloping along the hill-side with great yellow envelopes stuck in their belts; and the men fall out of their miserable winter-quarters, with shouts and cheers that make the hills about Falmouth ring again. For the winter is past; the sweet breath of spring comes balmily up from the south, and the whole army is on the move—whither?

“Say, Captain, tell us where are we going?” But the captain does n’t know, nor even the colonel—nobody knows. We are raw troops yet, and have not learned that soldiers never ask questions about orders.

So, fall in there, all together, and forward! And we ten little drummer-boys beat gayly enough “The Girl I Left Behind Me,” as the line sweeps over the hills, through the woods, and on down to the river’s edge.

And soon here we are, on the Rappahannock, three miles below Fredericksburg. We can see, as we emerge from the woods, away over the river, the long line of earth-works thrown up by the enemy, and small dark specks moving about along the field, in the far, dim distance, which we know to be officers, or perhaps cavalry-pickets. We can see, too, our own first division laying down the pontoon-bridge, on which, according to a rumor that is spreading among us, we are to cross the river and charge the enemy’s works.

Here is an old army-letter lying before me, written on my drum-head in lead-pencil, in that stretch of meadow by the river, where I heard my first shell scream and shriek:

“Near Rappahannock River, Apr. 28th.

“Dear Father: We have moved to the river, and are just going into battle. I am well and so are the boys.—Your affect. son, Harry.”

But we do not go into battle that day, nor next day, nor at all at that point; for we are making only a “feint,” though we do not know it now, to attract the attention of the enemy from the main movement of the army at Chancellorsville, some twenty-five or thirty miles farther up the river. The men are in good spirits and all ready for the fray, but as the day wears on without further developments, arms are stacked, and we begin to roam about the hills; some are writing letters home, some sleeping, some even fishing in a little rivulet that runs by us, when toward three o'clock in the afternoon, and all of a sudden, the enemy opens fire on us with a salute of three shells fired in rapid succession, not quite into our ranks, but a little to the left of us; and see! over there where the Forty-third lies, to our left, come three *stretchers*, and you can see deep crimson stains on the canvas as they go by us on a lively trot to the rear; for "the ball is opening, boys," and we are under fire for the first time.

I wish I could convey to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS some faint idea of the noise made by a shell as it flies shrieking and screaming through the air, and of that peculiar *whirring* sound made by the pieces after the shell has burst overhead or by your side. So loud, high-pitched, shrill, and terrible is the sound, that one unaccustomed to it would think at first that the very heavens were being torn down about his ears!

How often I have laughed and laughed at myself when thinking of that first shelling we got there by the river! For, up to that time, I had had a very poor, old-fashioned idea of what a shell was like, having derived it probably from accounts of sieges in the Mexican war.

I had thought a shell was a hollow ball of iron, filled with powder and furnished with a fuse, and that they threw it over into your ranks, and there it lay, hissing and spitting, till the fire reached the powder, and the shell burst and killed a dozen men or so—that is, if some venturesome fellow did n't run up and stamp the fire off the fuse before the miserable thing went off! Of a *conical* shell, shaped like a minie-ball, with ridges on the outside to fit the grooves of a rifled cannon, and exploding by a percussion-cap at the pointed end, I had no idea in the world. But that was the sort of thing they were firing at us now — Hur-r-r — bang! Hur-r-r — bang!

Throwing myself flat on my face while that terrible shriek is in the air, I cling closer to the ground while I hear that low, whirring sound near by, which I foolishly imagine to be the sound of a burning fuse, but which, on raising my head and looking up and around, I find is the sound of pieces of exploded shells flying through the air about our heads! The enemy has excellent range of us, and gives it to us hot and fast, and we fall in line and take it as best we may, and without the pleasure of replying, for the enemy's batteries are a full mile and a half away, and no Enfield rifle can reach half so far.

"Colonel, move your regiment a little to the right, so as to get under cover of yonder bank." It is soon done; and there, seated on a bank about twenty feet high, with our backs to the enemy, we let them blaze away, for it is not likely they can tumble a shell down at an angle of forty-five degrees.

And now, see! Just to the rear of us, and therefore in full view as we are sitting, is a battery of our own, coming up into position at full gallop — a grand sight indeed! The officers with swords flashing in the evening sunlight, the bugles clanging out the orders, the carriages unlimbered, and the guns run up into position; and now, that ever beautiful drill of the artillery in action, steady and regular as the stroke of machinery! How swiftly the man that handles the swab has prepared his piece, while the runners have meanwhile brought up the little red bag of powder and the long, conical shell from the caisson in the rear! How swiftly they are rammed home! The lieutenant sights his piece, the man with the lanyard with a sudden jerk fires the cap, the gun leaps five feet to the rear with the recoil, and out of the cannon's throat, in a cloud of smoke, rushes the shell, shrieking out its message of death into the lines a mile and a half away, while our boys rend the air with wild hurrahs, for the enemy's fire is answered!

Now ensues an artillery duel that keeps the air all quivering and quaking about our ears for an hour and a half, and it is all the more exciting that we can see the beautiful drill of the batteries beside us, with that steady swabbing and ramming, running and sighting and bang! bang! bang! The mystery is how in the world they can load and fire so fast.

"Boys, what are you trying to do?" It is the general commanding the division, who reins in his horse and asks the question, and he is one of the finest artillerists in the service, they say.

"Why, General, we are trying to put a shell through that stone barn over there; it's full of sharp-shooters."

"Hold a moment!"—and the general dismounts and sights the gun. "Try that elevation once, Sergeant," he says; and the shell goes crashing through the barn a mile and a half away, and the sharp-shooters come pouring out of it like bees out of a hive. "Let them have it so, boys." And the general has mounted, and rides, laughing, away along the line.

Meanwhile, something is transpiring immediately before our eyes that amuses us immensely. Not more than twenty yards away from us is another high bank, corresponding exactly with the one we are occupying, and running parallel with it, the two hills inclosing a little ravine some twenty or thirty yards in width.

This second high bank,—the nearer one,—you must remember, faces the enemy's fire. The water has worn out of the soft sand-rock a sort of cave, in which Darky Bill, our company cook, took refuge at the crack of the first shell. And there, crouching in the narrow recess of the rock, we can see him shivering with affright. Every now and then, when there is a lull in the firing, he comes to the wide-open door of his house, intent upon flight, and, rolling up the great whites of his eyes, is about to step out and run, when Hur-r-r—bang—crack! goes the shell, and poor scared Darky Bill dives into his cave again head-first, like a frog into a pond.

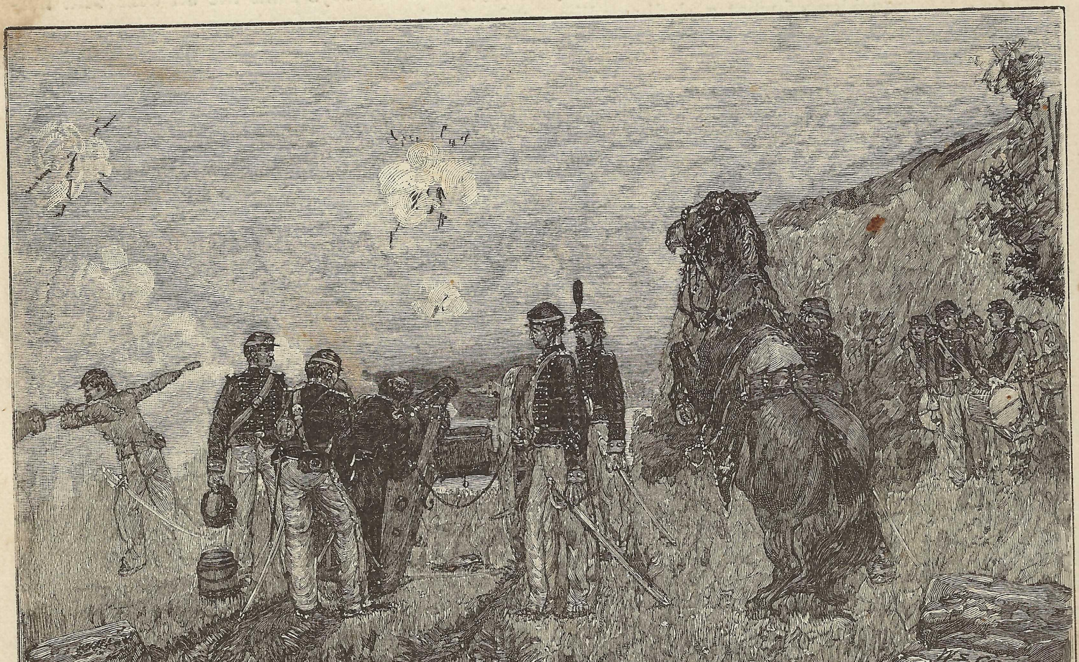
After repeated attempts to run and repeated frog-leaps backward, the poor fellow takes heart and cuts for the woods, pursued by the laughter and shouts of the regiment—for which he cares far less, however, than for that terrible shriek in the air, which, he afterward told us, "was a-sayin' all de time, 'Where 's dat nigger! Where 's dat nigger! Where 's dat nigger!'"

As night-fall comes on, the firing ceases. Word is passed around that under cover of night we are to cross the pontoons and charge the enemy's works; but we sleep soundly all night on our arms, and are awaked only by the first streaks of light in the morning sky.

We have orders to move. A staff-officer is delivering orders to our colonel, who is surrounded by his staff. They press in toward the messenger, standing immediately below me as I sit on the bank, when the enemy gives us a morning salute, and the shell comes ricochetting over the hill and tumbles into a mud-puddle about which the group is gathered; the mounted officers crouch in their saddles and spur hastily away, the foot officers throw themselves flat on their faces into the mud; the drummer-boy is bespattered with mud and dirt; but fortunately the shell does not explode, or the readers of ST. NICHOLAS would never have heard how we got our first shelling.

And now, "Fall in, men!" and we are off on a double-quick in a cloud of dust, amid the rattle of canteens and tin cups, and the regular *flop*, *flop* of cartridge-boxes and bayonet-scabbards, pursued for two miles by the hot fire of the enemy's batteries, for a long, hot, weary day's march to the extreme right of the army at Chancellorsville.

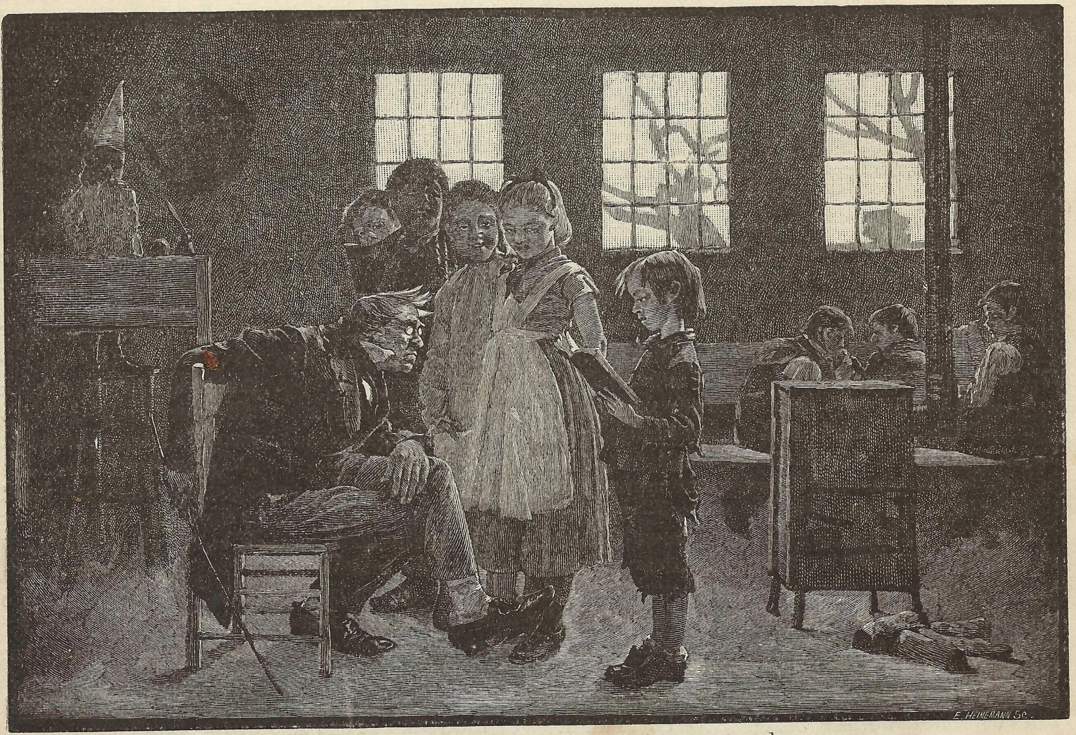
(To be continued.)



"THE GENERAL DISMOUNTS AND SIGHTS THE GUN."

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL-BOY.

By Edward Eggleston.


E. HEINEMANN SC.

"NOT THERE, NOT THERE, MY CHILD!" [SEE PAGE 151.]

Chapter I.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

WHILE the larger boys in the village school of Greenbank were having a game of "three old cat" before school-time, there appeared on the playground a strange boy, carrying two books, a slate, and an atlas under his arm.

He was evidently from the country, for he wore a suit of brown jeans, or woolen homespun, made up in the natural color of the "black" sheep, as we call it. He shyly sidled up to the school-house door, and looked doubtfully at the boys who were playing; watching the familiar game as though he had never seen it before.

The boys who had the "paddles" were standing on three bases, while three others stood each behind a base and tossed the ball round the triangle from one hole or base to another. The new-comer soon perceived that, if one with a paddle, or bat, struck at the ball and missed it, and the ball was caught directly, or "at the first bounce," he gave up his bat to the one who had "caught him out." When the ball was struck, it was called a "tick," and when there was a tick, all the batters were obliged to run one base to the left, and then the ball thrown between a batter and the base to which he was running "crossed him out," and obliged him to give up his "paddle" to the one who threw the ball.

"Four old cat," "two old cat," and "five old cat" are, as everybody knows, played in the same way, the number of bases or holes increasing with the addition of each pair of players.

It is probable that the game was once — some hundreds of years ago, may be — called "three hole catch," and that the name was gradually corrupted into "three hole cat," as it is still called in the interior States, and then became changed by mistake to "three old cat." It is, no doubt, an early form of our present game of base-ball.

It was this game which the new boy watched, trying to get an inkling of how it was played. He stood by the school-house door, and the girls who came in were obliged to pass near him. Each of them stopped to scrape her shoes, or rather the girls remembered the foot-scraper because they were curious to see the new-comer. They cast furtive glances at him, noting his new suit of brown clothes, his geography and atlas, his arithmetic, and last of all, his face.

"There 's a new scholar," said Peter Rose, or, as he was always called, "Pewee" Rose, a stout and stocky boy of fourteen, who had just been caught out by another.

"I say, Greeny, how did you get so brown?" called out Will Riley, a rather large, loose-jointed fellow.

Of course, all the boys laughed at this. Boys will sometimes laugh at any one suffering torture, whether the victim be a persecuted cat or a persecuted boy. The new boy made no answer, but Joanna Merwin, who, just at that moment, happened to be scraping her shoes, saw that he grew red in the face with a quick flush of anger.

"Don't stand there, Greeny, or the cows 'll eat you up!" called Riley, as he came around again to the base nearest to the school-house.

Why the boys should have been amused at this speech, the new scholar could not tell—the joke was neither new nor witty—only impudent and coarse. But the little boys about the door giggled.

"It 's a pity something would n't eat you, Will Riley—you are good for nothing but to be mean." This sharp speech came from a rather tall and graceful girl of sixteen, who came up at the time, and who saw the annoyance of the new boy at Riley's insulting words. Of course the boys laughed again. It was rare sport to hear pretty Susan Lanham "take down" the impudent Riley.

"The bees will never eat you for honey, Susan," said Will.

Susan met the titter of the playground with a quick flush of temper and a fine look of scorn.

"Nothing would eat you, Will, unless, may be, a turkey buzzard, and a very hungry one at that."

This sharp retort was uttered with a merry laugh of ridicule, and a graceful toss of the head, as the mischievous girl passed into the school-house.

"That settles you, Will," said Pewee Rose. And Bob Holliday began singing, to a doleful tune:

"Poor old Pidy,
She died last Friday."

Just then, the stern face of Mr. Ball, the master, appeared at the door; he rapped sharply with his ferule, and called: "Books, books, books!" The bats were dropped, and the boys and girls began streaming into the school, but some of the boys managed to nudge Riley, saying: "You'd better hold your tongue when Susan's around," and such like soft and sweet speeches. Riley was vexed and angry, but nobody was afraid of him, for a boy may be both big and mean and yet lack courage.

The new boy did not go in at once, but stood silently and faced the inquiring looks of the procession of boys as they filed into the school-room with their faces flushed from the exercise and excitement of the games.

"I can thrash him easy," thought Pewee Rose.

"He is n't a fellow to back down easily," said Harvey Collins to his next neighbor.

Only good-natured, rough Bob Holliday stopped and spoke to the new-comer a friendly word. All that he said was "Hello!" But how much a boy can put into that word "Hello!" Bob put his whole heart into it, and there was no boy in the school that had a bigger heart, a bigger hand, or nearly so big a foot as Bob Holliday.

The village school-house was a long one built of red brick. It had taken the place of the old log institution in which one generation of Greenbank children had learned reading, writing, and Webster's spelling-book. There were long, continuous writing-tables down the sides of the room, with backless benches, so arranged that when the pupil was writing his face was turned toward the wall—there was a door at each end, and a box stove stood in the middle of the room, surrounded by a rectangle of four backless benches. These benches were for the little fellows who did not write, and for others when the cold should drive them nearer the stove.

The very worshipful master sat at the east end of the room, at one side of the door; there was a blackboard—a "new-fangled notion" in 1850—at the other side of the door. Some of the older scholars, who could afford private desks with lids to them, suitable for concealing smuggled apples and maple-sugar, had places at the other end of the room from the master. This arrangement was convenient for quiet study, for talking on the fingers by signs, for munching apples or gingerbread, and for passing little notes between the boys and girls.

When the school had settled a little, the master struck a sharp blow on his desk for silence, and looked fiercely around the room, eager to find a culprit on whom to wreak his ill-humor. Mr. Ball was one of those old-fashioned teachers who gave the impression that he would rather beat a boy than not, and would even like to eat one, if he could find a good excuse. His eye lit upon the new scholar.

"Come here," he said, severely, and then he took his seat.

The new boy walked timidly up to a place in front of the master's desk. He was not handsome, his face was thin, his eyebrows were prominent, his mouth was rather large and good-humored, and there was that shy twinkle about the corners of his eyes which always marks a fun-loving spirit. But his was a serious, fine-grained face, with marks of suffering in it, and he had the air of having been once a strong fellow; of late, evidently, shaken to pieces by the ague.

"Where do you live?" demanded Mr. Ball.

"On Ferry street."

"What do they call you?" This was said with a contemptuous, rasping inflection that irritated the new scholar. His eyes twinkled, partly with annoyance and partly with mischief.

"They *call* me Jack, for the most part,"—then catching the titter that came from the girls' side of the room, and frightened by the rising hurricane on the master's face, he added quickly: "My name is John Dudley, sir."

"Don't you try to show your smartness on me, young man. You are a new-comer, and I let you off this time. Answer me that way again, and you will remember it as long as you live." And the master glared at him like a savage bull about to toss somebody over a fence.

The new boy turned pale, and dropped his head.

"How old are you?" "Thirteen."

"Have you ever been to school?" "Three months."

"Three months. Do you know how to read?"

"Yes, sir," with a smile.

"Can you cipher?" "Yes, sir."

"In multiplication?" "Yes, sir."

"Long division?"

"Yes, sir; I 've been half through fractions."

"You said you 'd been to school but three months!" "My father taught me."

There was just a touch of pride in his voice as he said this—a sense of something superior about his father. This bit of pride angered the master, who liked to be thought to have a monopoly of all the knowledge in the town.

"Where have you been living?"

"In the Indian Reserve, of late; I was born in Cincinnati."

"I did n't ask you where you were born. When I ask you a question, answer that and no more."

"Yes, sir." There was a touch of something in the tone of this reply that amused the school, and that made the master look up quickly and suspiciously at Jack Dudley, but the expression on Jack's face was as innocent as that of a cat who has just lapped the cream off the milk.

CHAPTER II.

KING MILKMAID.

PEWEE ROSE, whose proper name was Peter Rose, had also the nickname of King Pewee. He was about fourteen years old, square built and active, of great strength for his size, and very proud of the fact that no boy in town cared to attack him. He was not bad-tempered, but he loved to be master, and there were a set of flatterers who followed him, like jackals about a lion.

As often happens, Nature had built for King Pewee a very fine body, but had forgotten to give him any mind to speak of. In any kind of chaff or banter, at any sort of talk or play where a good head was worth more than a strong arm and a broad back, King Pewee was sure to have the worst of it. A very convenient partnership had therefore grown up between him and Will Riley. Riley had muscle enough, but Nature had made him mean-spirited. He had—not exactly wit—but a facility for using his tongue, which he found some difficulty in displaying, through fear of other boys' fists. By forming a friendship with Pewee Rose, the two managed to keep in fear the greater part of the school. Will's rough tongue, together with Pewee's rude fists, were enough to bully almost any boy. They let Harvey Collins alone, because he was older, and, keeping to himself, awed them by his dignity; good-natured Bob Holliday also, was big enough to take care of himself. But the rest were all as much afraid of Pewee as they were of the master, and as Riley managed Pewee, it behooved them to be afraid of the prime minister, Riley, as well as of King Pewee.

From the first day that Jack Dudley entered the school, dressed in brown jeans, Will Riley marked him for a victim. The air of refinement about his face showed him to be a suitable person for teasing.

Riley called him "milksop," and "sap-head"; words which seemed to the dull intellect of King Pewee exceedingly witty. And as Pewee was Riley's defender, he felt as proud of these rude nicknames as he would had he invented them and taken out a patent.

But Riley's greatest stroke of wit came one morning when he caught Jack Dudley milking the cow. In the village of Greenbank, milking a cow was regarded as a woman's work; and foolish men and boys are like savages,—very much ashamed to be found doing a woman's work. Fools always think something else more disgraceful than idleness. So, having seen Jack milking, Riley came to school happy. He had an arrow to shoot that would give great delight to the small boys.

"Good-morning, milkmaid!" he said to Jack Dudley, as he entered the school-house before school. "You milk the cow at your house, do you? Where 's your apron?"

"Oh-h! Milkmaid! milkmaid! That 's a good one," chimed in Pewee Rose and all his set.

Jack changed color.

"Well, what if I do milk my mother's cow? I don't milk anybody's cow but ours, do I? Do you think I 'm ashamed of it? I 'd be ashamed not to. I can" — but he stopped a minute and blushed — "I can wash dishes, and make good pancakes, too. Now if you want to make fun, why, make fun. I don't care." But he did care, else why should his voice choke in that way?

"Oh, girl-boy; a pretty girl-boy you are ——" but here Will Riley stopped and stammered. There right in front of him was the smiling face of Susan Lanham, with a look in it which made him suddenly remember something. Susan had heard all the conversation, and now she came around in front of Will, while all the other girls clustered about her from a vague expectation of sport.

"Come, Pewee, let 's play ball," said Will.

"Ah, you 're running away, now; you 're afraid of a girl," said Susan, with a cutting little laugh, and a toss of her black curls over her shoulder.

Will had already started for the ball-ground, but at this taunt he turned back, thrust his hands into his pockets, put on a swagger, and stammered: "No, I 'm not afraid of a girl, either."

"That 's about all that he is n't afraid of," said Bob Holliday.

"Oh! you 're not afraid of a girl?" said Susan. "What did you run away for, when you saw me? You know that Pewee wont fight a girl. You 're afraid of anybody that Pewee can't whip."

"You've an awful tongue, Susan. We 'll call you Sassy Susan," said Will, laughing at his own joke.

"Oh, it is n't my tongue you 're afraid of now. You know I can tell on you. I saw you drive your cow into the stable last week. You were ashamed to milk outside, but you looked all around ——"

"I did n't do it. How could you see? It was dark," and Will giggled foolishly, seeing all at once that he had betrayed himself.

"It was nearly dark, but I happened to be where I could see. And as I was coming back, a few minutes after, I saw you come out with a pail of milk, and looking around you like a sneak-thief. You saw me and hurried away. You are such a coward that you are ashamed to do a little honest work. Milkmaid! Girl-boy! Coward! And Pewee Rose lets you lead him around by the nose!"

"You 'd better be careful what you say, Susan," said Pewee, threateningly.

"You wont touch me. You go about bullying little boys, and calling yourself King Pewee, but you can't do a sum in long division, nor in short subtraction, for that matter, and you let fellows like Riley make a fool of you. Your father 's poor, and your mother can't keep a girl, and you ought to be ashamed to let her milk the cow. Who milked your cow this morning, Pewee?"

"I don't know," said the king, looking like the king's fool.

"You did it," said Susan. "Don't deny it. Then you come here and call a strange boy a milkmaid!"

"Well, I did n't milk in the street, anyway, and he did." At this, all laughed aloud, and Susan's victory was complete. She only said, with a pretty toss of her head, as she turned away: "King Milkmaid!"

Pewee found the nickname likely to stick. He was obliged to declare on the playground the next day, that he would "thrash" any boy that said anything about milkmaids. After that, he heard no more of it. But one morning he found "King Milkmaid" written on the door of his father's cow-stable. Some boy who dared not attack Pewee, had vented his irritation by writing the hateful words on the stable, and on the fence-corners near the school-house, and even on the blackboard.

Pewee could not fight with Susan Lanham, but he made up his mind to punish the new scholar when he should have a chance. He must give somebody a beating.

CHAPTER III.

ANSWERING BACK.

It is hard for one boy to make a fight. Even your bully does not like to "pitch on" an inoffensive school-mate. You remember Æsop's fable of the wolf and the lamb, and what pains the wolf took to pick a quarrel with the lamb. It was a little hard for Pewee to fight with a boy who walked quietly to and from the school, without giving anybody cause for offense.

But the chief reason why Pewee did not attack him with his fists was that both he and Riley had found out that Jack Dudley could help them over a hard place in their lessons better than anybody else. And notwithstanding their continual persecution of Jack, they were mean enough to ask his assistance, and he, hoping to bring about peace by good-nature, helped them to get out their geography and arithmetic almost every day. Unable to appreciate this, they were both convinced that Jack only did it because he was afraid of them, and as they found it rare sport to abuse him, they kept it up. By their influence, Jack was shut out of the plays. A greenhorn would spoil the game, they said. What did a boy that had lived on Wildcat Creek, in the Indian Reserve, know about playing buffalo, or prisoner's base, or shinny? If he was brought in, they would go out.

But the girls, and the small boys, and good-hearted Bob Holliday liked Jack's company very much. Yet, Jack was a boy, and he often longed to play games with the others. He felt very sure that he could dodge and run in "buffalo" as well as any of them. He was very tired of Riley's continual ridicule, which grew worse as Riley saw in him a rival in influence with the smaller boys.

"Catch Will alone sometime," said Bob Holliday, "when Pewee is n't with him, and then thrash him. He 'll back right down if you bristle up to him. If Pewee makes a fuss about it, I 'll look after Pewee. I 'm bigger than he is, and he wont fight with me. What do you say?"

"I sha' n't fight unless I have to."

"Afraid?" asked Bob, laughing.

"It is n't that. I don't think I 'm much afraid, although I don't like to be pounded or to pound anybody. I think I 'd rather be whipped than to be made fun of, though. But my father used to say that people who fight generally do so because they are afraid of somebody else, more than they are of the one they fight with."

"I believe that 's a fact," said Bob. "But Riley aches for a good thrashing."

"I know that, and I feel like giving him one, or taking one myself, and I think I shall fight him before I 've done. But Father used to say that fists could never settle between right and wrong. They only show which is the stronger, and it is generally the mean one that gets the best of it."

"That 's as sure as shootin'," said Bob. "Pewee could use you up. Pewee thinks he 's the king, but laws! he 's only Riley's bull-dog. Riley is afraid of him, but he manages to keep the dog on his side all the time."

"My father used to say," said Jack, "that brutes could fight with force, but men ought to use their wits."

"You seem to think a good deal of what your father says,—like it was your Bible, you know."

"My father 's dead," replied Jack.

"Oh, that 's why. Boys don't always pay attention to what their father says when he 's alive."

"Oh, but then my father was——" Here Jack checked himself, for fear of seeming to boast. "You see," he went on, "my father knew a great deal. He was so busy with his books that he lost 'most all his money, and then we moved to the Indian Reserve, and there he took the fever and died; and then we came down here, where we owned a house, so that I could go to school."

"Why don't you give Will Riley as good as he sends?" said Bob, wishing to get away from melancholy subjects. "You have as good a tongue as his."

"I have n't his stock of bad words, though."

"You 've got a power of fun in you, though, —you keep everybody laughing when you want to, and if you 'd only turn the pumps on him once, he 'd howl like a yellow dog that 's had a quart o' hot suds poured over him out of a neighbor's window. Use your wits, like your father said. You 've lived in the woods till you 're as shy as a flying-squirrel. All you 've got to do is to talk up and take it rough and tumble, like the rest of the world. Riley can't bear to be laughed at, and you can make him ridiculous as easy as not."

The next day, at the noon recess, about the time that Jack had finished helping Bob Holliday to find some places on the map, there came up a little shower, and the boys took refuge in the school-house. They must have some amusement, so Riley began his old abuse.

"Well, greenhorn from the Wildcat, where 's the black sheep you stole that suit of clothes from?"

"I hear him bleat now," said Jack,—"about the blackest sheep I have ever seen."

"You 've heard the truth for once, Riley," said Bob Holliday.

Riley, who was as vain as a peacock, was very much mortified by the shout of applause with which this little joke of Jack's was greeted. It was not a case in which he could call in King Pewee. The king, for his part, shut up his fists and looked silly, while faint-hearted Jack took courage to keep up the battle. But Riley tried again.

"I say, Wildcat, you think you 're smart, but you 're a double-distilled idiot, and have n't got brains enough to be sensible of your misery."

This kind of outburst on Riley's part always brought a laugh from the school. But before the laugh had died down, Jack Dudley took the word, saying, in a dry and quizzical way:

"Don't you try to claim kin with me that way, Riley. No use; I wont stand it. I don't belong to your family. I 'm neither a fool nor a coward."

"Hurrah!" shouted Bob Holliday, bringing down first one and then the other of his big feet on the floor. "It 's your put-in now, Riley."

"Don't be backward in coming forward, Will, as the Irish priest said to his people," came from grave Harvey Collins, who here looked up from his book, thoroughly enjoying the bully's discomfiture.

"That 's awfully good," said Joanna Merwin, clasping her hands and giggling with delight.

King Pewee doubled up his fists and looked at Riley to see if he ought to try his sort of wit on Jack. If a frog, being pelted to death by cruel boys, should turn and pelt them again, they could not be more surprised than were Riley and King Pewee at Jack's repartees.

"You 'd better be careful what you say to Will Riley," said Pewee. "I stand by him."

But Jack's blood was up now, and he was not to be frightened. "All the more shame to him," said Jack. "Look at me, shaken all to pieces with the fever and ague on the Wildcat, and look at that great big, bony coward of a Riley. I 've done him no harm, but he wants to abuse me, and he 's afraid of me. He dare n't touch me. He has to coax you to stand by him, to protect him from poor little me. He 's a great big —— "

"Calf," broke in Bob Holliday, with a laugh.

"You'd better be careful," said Pewee to Jack, rising to his feet. "I stand by Riley."

"Will you defend him if I hit him?" "Yes."

"Well, then, I wont hit him. But you don't mean that he is to abuse me, while I am not allowed to answer back a word?"

"Well ——" said Pewee, hesitatingly.

"Well," said Bob Holliday, hotly, "I say that Jack has just as good a right to talk with his tongue as Riley. Stand by Riley if he 's hit, Pewee: he needs it. But don't you try to shut up Jack." And Bob got up and put his broad hand on Jack's shoulder. Nobody had ever seen the big fellow angry before, and the excitement was very great. The girls clapped their hands.

"Good for you, Bob, I say," came from Susan Lanham, and poor ungainly Bob blushed to his hair to find himself the hero of the girls.

"I don't mean to shut up Jack," said Pewee, looking at Bob's size, "but I stand by Riley."

"Well, do your standing sitting down, then," said Susan. "I 'll get a milking-stool for you, if that 'll keep you quiet."

It was well that the master came in just then, or Pewee would have had to fight somebody or burst.

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

JACK'S life in school was much more endurable now that he had a friend in Bob Holliday. Bob had spent his time in hard work and in rough surroundings, but he had a gentleman's soul, although his manners and speech were rude. More and more Jack found himself drawn to him. Harvey Collins asked Jack to walk down to the river-bank with him at recess. Both Harvey and Bob soon liked Jack, who found himself no longer lonely. The girls also sought his advice about their lessons, and the younger boys were inclined to come over to his side.

As winter came on, country boys, anxious to learn something about "reading, writing, and ciphering," came into the school. Each of these new-comers had to go through a certain amount of teasing from Riley and of bullying from Pewee.

One frosty morning in December, there appeared among the new scholars a strange little fellow with a large head, long straight hair, an emaciated body, and legs that looked like reeds, they were so slender. His clothes were worn and patched, and he had a look of being frost-bitten. He could not have been more than ten years old, to judge by his size, but there was a look of premature oldness in his face.

"Come here!" said the master, when he caught sight of him. "What is your name?" And Mr. Ball took out his book to register the new-comer, with much the same relish that the Giant Despair in Pilgrim's Progress showed when he had bagged a fresh pilgrim.

"Columbus Risdale." The new-comer spoke in a shrill, piping voice, as strange as his weird face and withered body.

"Is that your full name?" asked the master.

"No, sir," piped the strange little creature.

"Give your full name," said Mr. Ball, sternly.

"My name is Christopher Columbus George Washington Marquis de Lafayette Risdale." The poor lad was the victim of that mania which some people have for "naming after" great men. His little shrunken body and high, piping voice made his name seem so incongruous that all the school tittered, and many laughed outright. But the dignified and eccentric little fellow did not observe it.

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir," said the lad, more shrilly than ever.

"Umph," said the master, with a look of doubt on his face. "In the first reader?"

"No, sir; in the fourth reader."

Even the master could not conceal his look of astonishment at this claim. At that day, the fourth-reader class was the highest in the school, and contained only the largest scholars. The school laughed at the bare notion of little Christopher Columbus reading in the fourth reader, and the little fellow looked around the room, puzzled to guess the cause of the merriment.

"We 'll try you," said the master, with suspicion. When the fourth-reader class was called, and Harvey Collins and Susan Lanham and some others of the nearly grown-up pupils came forward, with Jack Dudley as quite the youngest of the class, the great-eyed, emaciated little Columbus Risdale picked himself up on his pipe-stems and took his place at the end of this row.

It was too funny for anything!

Will Riley and Pewee and other large scholars, who were yet reading in that old McGuffey's Third Reader, which had a solitary picture of Bonaparte crossing the Alps, looked with no kindly eyes on this preposterous infant in the class ahead of them.

The piece to be read was the poem of Mrs. Hemans's called "The Better Land." Poems like this one are rather out of fashion nowadays, and people are inclined to laugh a little at Mrs. Hemans. But thirty years ago her religious and sentimental poetry was greatly esteemed. This one presented no difficulty to the readers. In that day, little or no attention was paid to inflection — the main endeavor being to pronounce the words without hesitation or slip, and to "mind the stops." Each one of the class read a stanza ending with a line:

"Not there, not there, my child!"

The poem was exhausted before all had read, so that it was necessary to begin over again in order to give each one his turn. All waited to hear the little Columbus read. When it came his turn, the school was as still as death. The master, wishing to test him, told him, with something like a sneer, that he could read three stanzas, or "verses," as Mr. Ball called them.

The little chap squared his toes, threw his head back, and more fluently even than the rest, he read, in his shrill, eager voice, the remaining lines, winding up each stanza in a condescending tone, as he read:

"Not there, not there, my child!"

The effect of this from the hundred-year-old baby was so striking and so ludicrous that everybody was amused, while all were surprised at the excellence of his reading. The master proceeded, however, to whip one or two of the boys for laughing.

When recess-time arrived, Susan Lanham came to Jack with a request.

"I wish you 'd look after little Lummy Risdale. He 's a sort of cousin of my mother's. He is as innocent and helpless as the babes in the wood."

"I 'll take care of him," said Jack.

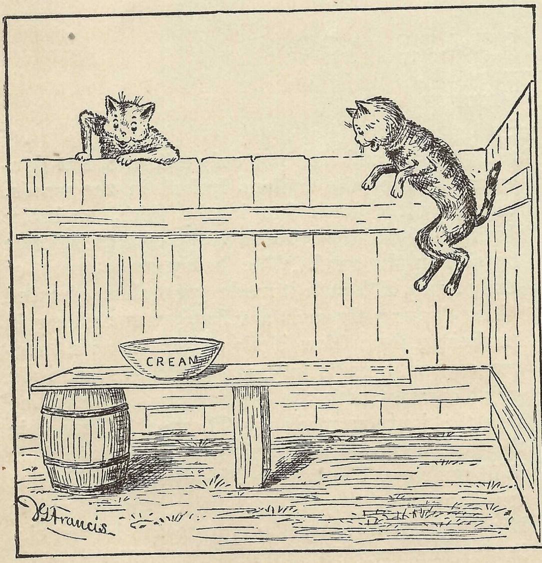
So he took the little fellow walking away from the school-house; Will Riley and some of the others calling after them: "Not there, not there, my child!"

But Columbus did not lay their taunts to heart. He was soon busy talking to Jack about things in the country, and things in town. On their return, Riley, crying out: "Not there, my child!" threw a snow-ball from a distance of ten feet and struck the poor little Christopher Columbus George Washington Lafayette so severe a blow as to throw him off his feet. Quick as a flash, Jack charged on Riley, and sent a snow-ball into his face. An instant later, he tripped him with his foot and rolled the big, scared fellow into the snow and washed his face well, leaving half a snow-bank down his back.

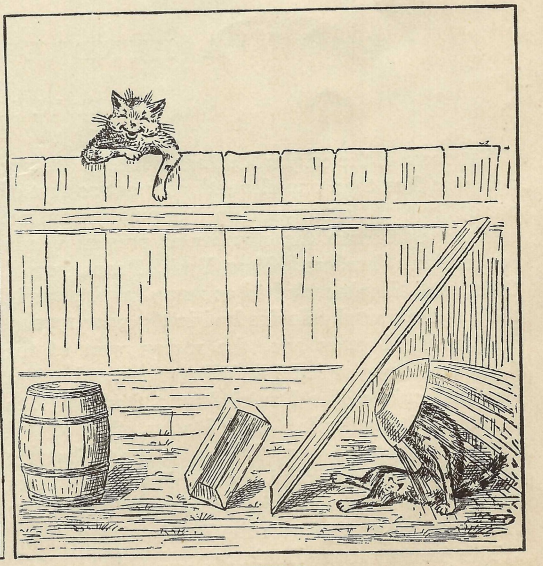
"What makes you so savage?" whined Riley. "I did n't snow-ball you." And Riley looked around for Pewee, who was on the other side of the school-house, and out of sight of the scuffle.

"No, you dare n't snow-ball me," said Jack, squeezing another ball and throwing it into Riley's shirt-front with a certainty of aim that showed that he knew how to play ball. "Take that one, too, and if you bother Lum Risdale again, I 'll make you pay for it. Take a boy of your size." And with that he molded yet another ball, but Riley retreated to the other side of the school-house.

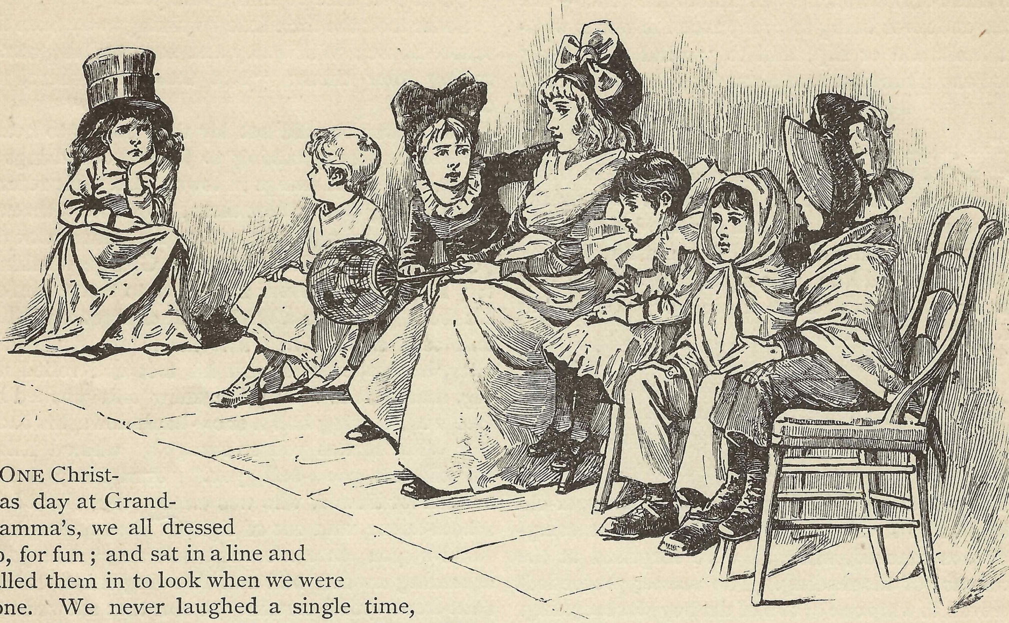
(To be continued.)



SCENE I.



SCENE II.



ONE Christmas day at Grandmamma's, we all dressed up, for fun; and sat in a line and called them in to look when we were done. We never laughed a single time, but sat in a solemn row. Tommy was Queen Elizabeth, and Jane had an Alsace bow. Freddy was bound to be a nun (though he did n't look it, a bit!) and Katy made a Welsh-woman's hat and sat down under it. Sister was Madame de Maintenon, or some such Frenchy dame; and Jack had a Roman toga on, and took a classic name. As for poor me, I really think I came out best of all, though I had n't a thing for dressing up, 'cept Dinah's bonnet and shawl. Well, Grandma laughed, and Grandpa laughed, and all admired the show,—I wish I 'd seen us sitting there, so solemn, in a row!

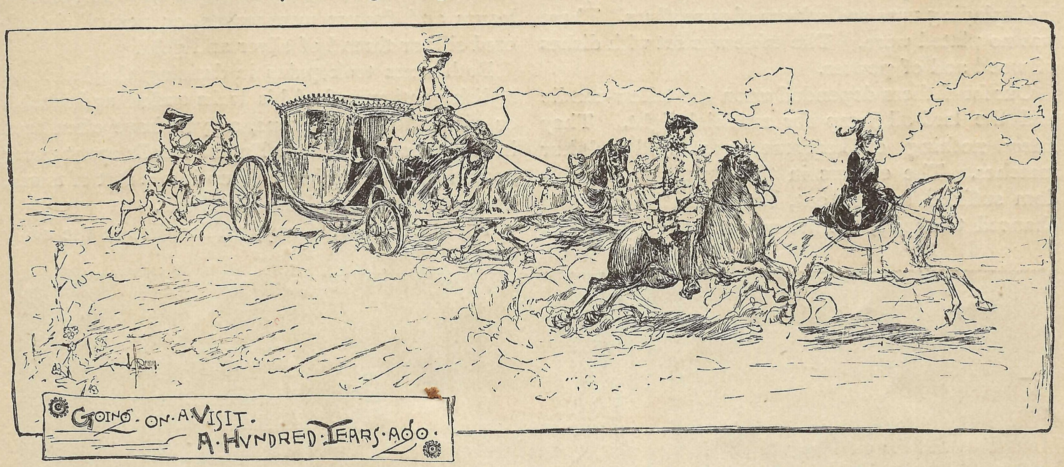
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

By W. H. Venable.

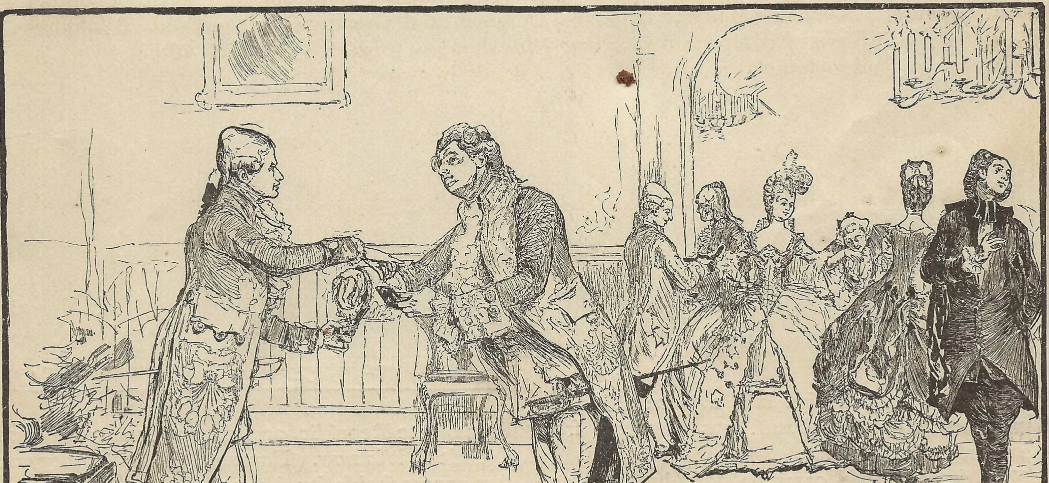
THE area of the original thirteen States, a century ago, was less than one-eleventh as great as that of our entire country now, and their population did not reach one-fifteenth the number at present within the nation's borders. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois each had as many inhabitants in 1870 as the united colonies had in the year 1770.

A hundred years ago, the region west of the Alleghanies was styled The Wilderness, and only a few bold spirits, like Daniel Boone, had dared to penetrate its solitude. The Rocky, then called Stony, Mountains were known to exist, but no white man had explored them. Even within this century, the belief was held that the Missouri River had some connection with the Pacific Ocean.

The journey from Baltimore to Pittsburgh took twelve days, and was not only toilsome, but dangerous, for hostile Indians lurked in the woods. Wagons often stuck fast in the mire, or broke down on "corduroy" roads made of logs laid side by side in the mud. The heavy stage-coach of early times, although it made great show of speed when dashing through a village, was as long in lumbering from New York to Boston as a modern express train is in crossing the continent. In great contrast with the present mode of traveling was the journey made by Thomas Jefferson, in the year 1775, when he went in a carriage from Williamsburg, Virginia, to Philadelphia. He was ten days on the road, and twice was obliged to hire a guide, to show the way to the largest city in the country. In 1777, Elkanah Watson rode from Newbern to Wilmington, North Carolina, on horseback, and not only lost his way, but was embarrassed further by meeting a large bear.

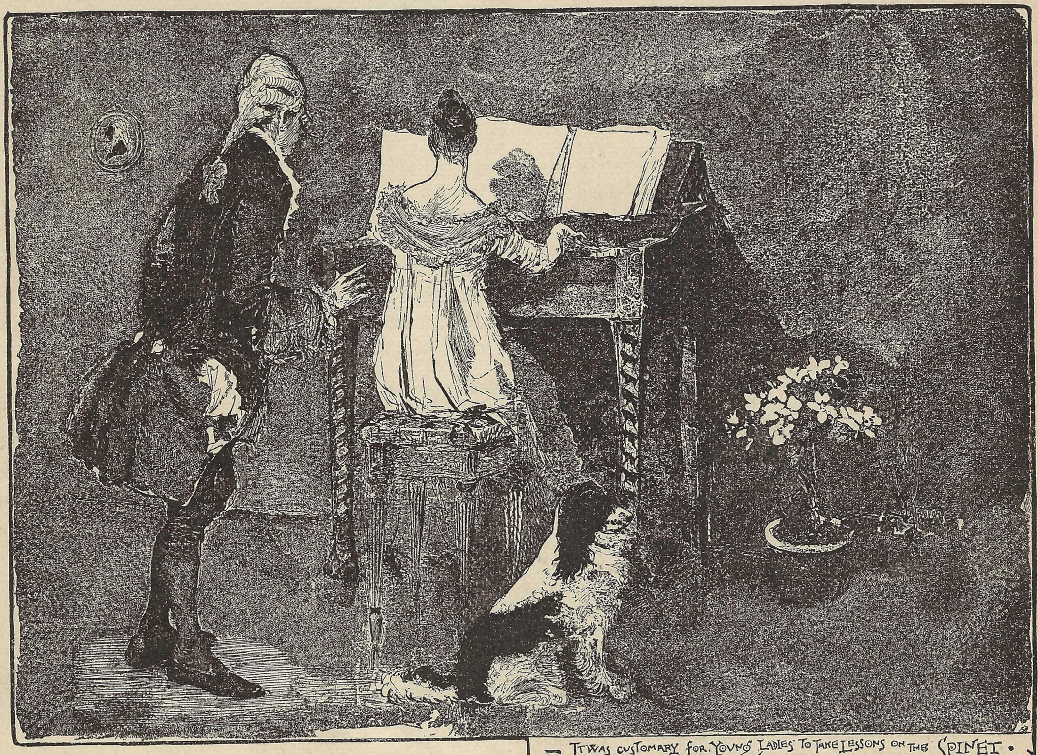

GOING · ON · A VISIT.
A · HUNDRED · YEARS · AGO.

A person traveling in New England, about a century ago, would have found there a frugal and industrious people, dwelling generally in or near villages, and employed mainly in trade and tillage. He might have seen, in the older towns, factories for the making of cloth, hats, shoes, axes, ropes, paper, and guns; and with a sail-boat he might have visited flourishing fisheries off the coast. The life and habits of the common people were extremely simple. The furniture of an ordinary house, in 1776, was scanty, plain, and cheap. In many houses, the floor had no carpet, and the walls of that day had no paper nor paint. Neither pumps nor cooking-stoves were in use. The sofa was a high-backed bench of unpainted wood. The rude, low bedstead was honored almost always with a coat of green paint. The sewing-machine was not dreamed of; but the spinning-wheel, flax-distaff, and yarn-reel found a place in all houses, and the weaver's loom could be seen in many.


"THE ACT OF OFFERING AND RECEIVING A PINCH OF SNUFF WAS PERFORMED WITH PROFOUND CEREMONY."

Queen's-ware, or glazed earthenware, was unknown, yet well-to-do families often had sets of small china cups and saucers. The rich took pride in displaying urns and salvers of pure silver. There was no plated ware. The table was set with dishes of wood and of pewter.

Our forefathers depended upon the tallow-candle and the lard-oil lamp for artificial light. They knew nothing of kerosene, gas, and sulphur matches. The embers in the fire-place were seldom suffered to burn out, but when the last coal chanced to expire, the fire was rekindled by striking a spark from a flint into a piece of tinder. Sometimes a burning brand was borrowed from the hearth of a neighbor.



— IT WAS CUSTOMARY FOR YOUNG LADIES TO TAKE LESSONS ON THE SPINET •

The dress of the common folk in town and country was more for use than beauty. A pair of buckskin breeches and a corduroy coat formed the essentials of a man's suit, and they never wore out. After the breeches had been rained upon a few times they hardened into a garment more durable than comfortable.

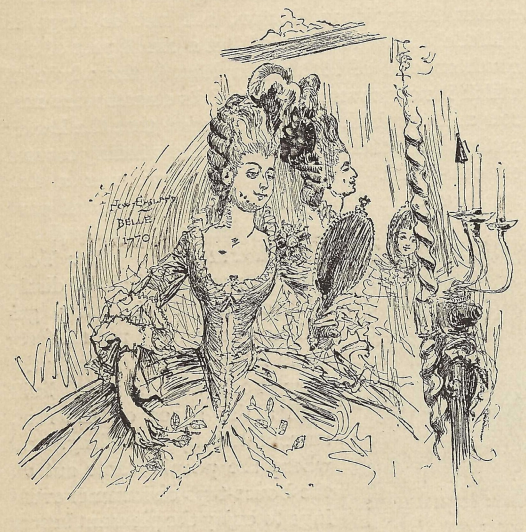
The wearing-apparel of fashionable people of the city, however, was very gay and picturesque. Men wore knee-breeches and hose, broad-skirted coats lined with buckram, long waistcoats, sometimes of gold-cloth, wide cuffs lined with lace, powdered wigs, three-cornered hats, and swords. Women's dresses were made of heavy silks and satins, called brocades, on which raised figures of leaves and flowers were woven, or worked, in colored silk or thread of silver and gold.

Both sexes took pains in dressing the hair. A stylish gentleman had his locks curled and frizzed, or suspended in a queue, as you have often seen in old pictures. A New England belle spent many hours in plastering her hair up into a sort of tower, decorated with powder and ribbons.

There were few, if any, millionaires in the early days of the Republic, and the power of money was not felt as it is now. However, the aristocracy was less approachable by the common people than are the higher circles of to-day, or, probably, of the future. This was owing to the fact that, at that time, American society was mainly copied after the English system, in which rank and title play an important part; and also to the influence of slavery, which existed in all the States.

Magistrates and clergymen were regarded, in New England, with extreme respect and reverence. Had our traveler dropped into a Puritan meeting-house, and sat through the service, he would have seen the minister and his family walk solemnly down the aisle and through the door-way before the congregation presumed to leave the pews.

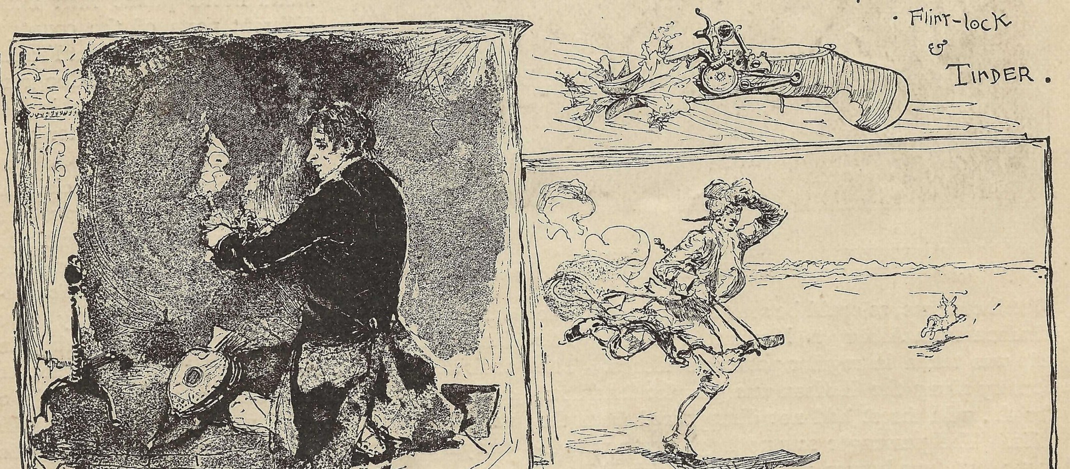
The New England country people combined amusement with work, at their house-raisings, quilting parties, and like gatherings. The poet Bryant speaks of the process of cider-making as one that "came in among the more laborious rural occupations in a way which diversified them pleasantly, and which made it seem a pastime. The time that was given to making cider, and the number of barrels made and stored in the cellars of the farm-houses, would now seem incredible. A hundred barrels to a single farm was no uncommon proportion."



A BELLE OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"But," says Doctor Greene, in his charming Short History of Rhode Island, "the great pastime for young and old, for matron and maid, and for youth just blushing into manhood, was the autumn husking, where neighbors met at each other's corn-yards to husk each other's corn—sometimes husking a thousand bushels in a single meeting. Husking had its laws, and never were laws better obeyed. For every red ear, the lucky swain who had found it could claim a kiss from every maid; with every smutted ear he smutched the faces of his mates, amid laughter and joyous shoutings; but when the prize fell to a girl, she would walk the round demurely, look each eager aspirant in the face, and hide or reveal the secret of her heart by a kiss. Then came the dance and supper, running deep into the night, and often encroaching upon the early dawn."

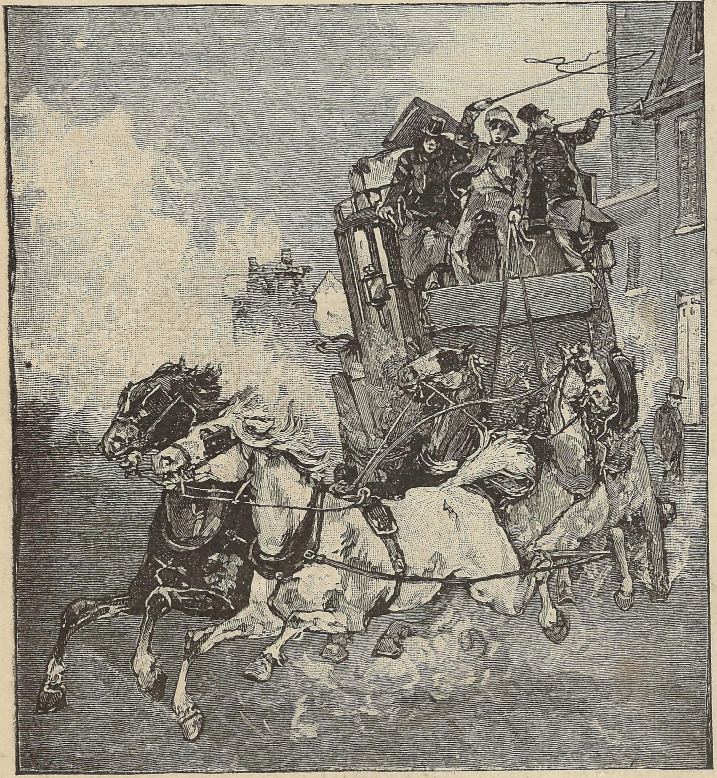
Our traveler would be interested in Salem, next to the largest town in New England, and a flourishing sea-port; and he certainly would have gone to Boston, then, as now, a center of education and culture. Many of the streets of Boston were narrow and crooked. Shops and inns were distinguished in Boston, as in other cities and towns, by pictorial signs for the benefit of those who could not read. One did not look for a lettered board, nor a number over the street door, but for the sign of the "Bunch of Feathers," the "Golden Key," the "Dog and Pot," or the "Three Doves."



Sometimes a Burning Brand was borrowed from the Hearth of a Neighbor.

Had our traveler passed from New England to the State of New York, say at Albany, he would have had evidence that the frontier was not far off.

Goods sent from Albany to supply the Indian trade, and the forts and settlements out West, were hauled in wagons to Schenectady, then loaded in light boats, and poled up the Mohawk to Fort Schuyler, then carried across to Wood Creek, and again transported in boats down Oneida Lake and Osage River to the great lakes. The town of Albany was, at that time, a quiet, shady, delightful place, with cow-bells tinkling in the streets. Lazy Indians went lounging about the principal thoroughfares with bead-work and baskets to sell.



"IT MADE GREAT SHOW OF SPEED IN DASHING THROUGH A VILLAGE."

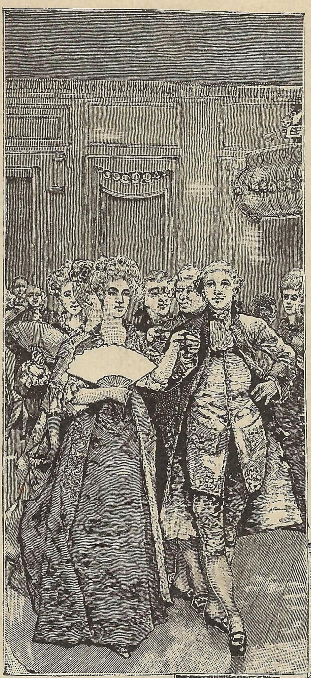
New York State continued to show evidence of Dutch customs, as could be seen by going down the Hudson from Albany to Manhattan Island. The trip was taken in regular passenger sloops. The scenery along the Hudson was grander than now, for the wild forest had not disappeared from the hills. The passenger saw no large towns nor villages, but farm-houses nestled in the rich hollows, and the Dutch "bouweries" or farms spread to view broad acres of corn and tobacco, and thrifty orchards of apple and pear trees. Just below Albany the family mansion and great barns of General Schuyler used to stand. The good general had many negro slaves,—indolent fellows, who were scared into occasional fits of work by the threat that they should be sent to the West Indies, and traded off for rum and molasses.

New York City was an important commercial center, larger than Boston, but not so large as Philadelphia. It occupied but a small part of the southern end of Manhattan Island, the whole of which it now covers. Most of its streets were narrow and crooked. Tradition says that the Dutch settlers built their houses along the winding courses of cow-paths. Broadway, however, was a fine street, even in the days of the Revolution, and gave promise then of the splendor it afterward attained. New York City, in 1776, was lighted dimly with oil-lamps. Burning gas did not come into use till forty years later. Not unusually the New York houses were built with a flat space on the roof, surrounded by a railing, and where the people came out on the house-tops on summer evenings to enjoy the pleasant breeze from the bay.

Our traveler would have visited Philadelphia, the largest city in America, and the capital of the Republic. There he might have seen many evidences of wealth and social refinement. There were to be found noted public men from different parts of the country. The wise and benevolent Franklin lived there. There Congress met, and there Washington dwelt during the greater part of his administrations.

Philadelphia society claimed to lead the fashion in dress and amusements, though New York, Williamsburg, Charleston, and other places disputed this preeminence. Fashionable people frequently gave formal dinner-parties. The lady guests, robed in their stiff brocades, were handed from their coaches and sedans, and daintily stepped to the door of the reception-room. A sedan was a covered chair for carrying a single person, borne on poles in the hands of two men, usually negroes. The dinner consisted of four courses, with abundance of wine. The health of every guest at table had to be drunk separately, at least once during the sitting, as to neglect this compliment was considered a breach of politeness.

After dinner, a game of whist was in order. Smoking was not fashionable, but every gentleman carried a snuff-box, and the act of offering and receiving a pinch of snuff was performed with profound ceremony.



AN OLD-TIME DANCE.

Dancing was a favorite amusement in all parts of the country. General Greene tells us that, on a certain occasion, George Washington danced for three hours without once sitting down. No doubt the stately Virginian chose to tread the dignified measure of the contra-dance rather than to trip through the lighter movements of the minuet. The quadrilles and round dances of our day were unknown in 1776.

The violin was held in high esteem, especially in the Middle and Southern States. Thomas Jefferson said of Patrick Henry, that "his passion was for fiddling, dancing, and pleasantry." Jefferson was himself famous for attending balls. Once, when he was away from home, his father's house burned down. A slave was sent to tell this bad news to his young master Thomas.

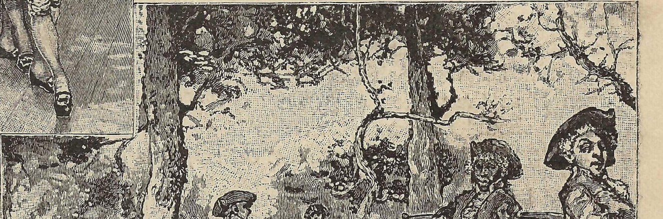
"Did n't you save any of my books?" asked the future author of the Declaration of Independence.

"No, massa," answered the ebony messenger; "but we saved the fiddle!"

It was customary for young ladies to take lessons on the harpsichord or the spinet, as they do nowadays on the piano-forte.

Our traveler, extending his journey to the Southern States, would have found few towns of considerable size, excepting Williamsburg and Richmond, in Virginia, and Charleston, South Carolina. Wealthy planters of cotton and rice owned most of the fertile land. The Fairfax estate, on the Potomac, had five million acres. It was quite an expedition to go from one planter's house to another, for the distance, in some cases, was as much as ten or twelve miles, and the roads were bad. When a visit was undertaken, the great family coach, drawn by four or six horses, driven by a pompous black coachman, conveyed the ladies, while the gentlemen of the party went on horseback. Not unfrequently ladies rode behind gentlemen, mounted on cushions, called pillions; but the more independent of the "fair sex" preferred to manage their own palfrey, and to grace the saddle alone. Colored servants, riding upon mules, jogged after their masters and mistresses, to carry bandboxes and parcels, and to open gates.

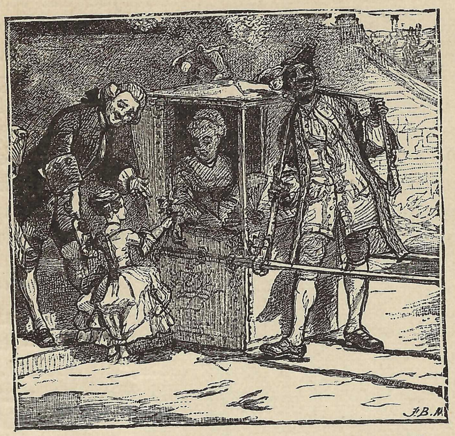
Southern estates were distinguished by descriptive names, such as "Mount Vernon," "Monticello," "Ingleside," "The Oaks." Particular mansions were known, also, by romantic titles,—such as "Belvoir," "Liberty Hall," "Greenway Court,"—reminding us of old English manor-houses. Such Southern mansions were large and strongly built, and some of them were costly and elegant. "Drayton Hall," on Ashley River, cost ninety thousand dollars—a vast sum to spend on a house at the period of which I write. "Drayton Hall" is yet standing, a fair specimen of old-fashioned



"THE LADY GUESTS WERE HANDED FROM THEIR COACHES."

architecture. The wainscot and mantels are of solid mahogany. The walls were once hung with tapestry.

The planters, like the English rural gentry, laid off their grounds with terraces, hedges, and ponds; and adorned them with shrubbery, summer-houses, and statuary. Many lived at ease in the midst of plenty. They had much pride, and looked down upon the laboring and trading classes of the North. All their work was done by slaves. The planters' sons were sent to the mother country to be educated. The daughters were instructed by private tutors.



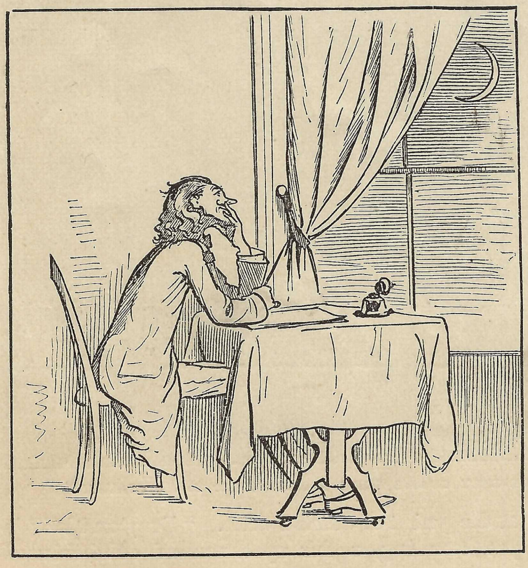
SAYING GOOD-BYE TO THE LADY IN THE SEDAN.

Most fine gentlemen were fond of fine horses and dogs. There is a flavor of romance in the page of history that tells of Washington and his friends dashing through the forests of the Old Dominion, to the music of hound and horn.

The times of which this article treats are often spoken of as the "good old days" of our ancestors; we should be strangely at loss if we had to live in the good old ways of the last century. We should consider it inconvenient enough to do without steam-boat, railroad, telegraph, and daily newspaper, not to mention horse-cars, express companies, letter-carriers, and the telephone.

The farmer of 1776 had no grain-drill, harvester, or threshing-machine; and even his plow, ax, and hay-fork were so rude and clumsy that a modern laborer would laugh at them.

How great, to-day, should we regard the general loss, were the shipper deprived of his grain-elevator; the merchant of his fire-proof safe; the publisher of his revolving press; the surgeon of the use of ether; the physician of vaccination; the cripple of artificial limbs; the writer of envelopes and metallic pens; the ladies of pins, and hooks and eyes; the soldier of his breech-loading gun! All the articles and arts above enumerated, and many more now considered essential to comfort and convenience, are of modern invention. A hundred years ago they did not exist.



THE POET WHO COULD N'T WRITE POETRY.

BY JOEL STACY.

Mr. Tennyson Tinkleton Tupper von Burns
  Was no poet, as every one knew;
But the fact that he had his poetical turns
  Was well understood by a few.

"I long, I aspire, and I suffer and sigh,
  When the fever is on," he confessed;
"Yet never a line have I writ,—and for why?
  My fancies can *not* be expressed!

"Ah, what avail language, ink, paper, and quill,
  When the soul of a gifted one yearns;
Could I write what I think, all creation would
    thrill,"
  Said Tennyson Tupper von Burns.

STORIES FROM THE NORTHERN MYTHS.

By James Baldwin.

The Fore Word.

When the world was in its childhood, men looked upon the works of Nature with a strange kind of awe. They fancied that everything upon the earth, in the air, or in the water had a life like their own, and that every sight which they saw, and every sound which they heard, was caused by some intelligent being. All men were poets, so far as their ideas and their modes of expression were concerned, although it is not likely that any of them wrote poetry. This was true in regard to the Saxon in his chilly northern home, as well as to the Greek in the sunny southland. But, while the balmy air and clear sky of the south tended to refine men's thoughts and language, the bleak storms of the north made them rugged, bold, and energetic.

Thus, in the south, when reference was made to winter and to things connected with it, men did not take pains to explain the changes of the seasons, as our teachers do at school; but they probably told how Hermes had stolen Persephone (the summer) from her mother Demetre (the earth), and had carried her in a chariot, drawn by four coal-black steeds, to the gloomy land of Hades; and how, in sorrow for her absence, the earth was clothed in mourning, and no leaves grew upon the trees nor flowers in the garden. And they added that, after five or six months, Persephone would return for a time to her sorrowing mother, and then the flowers would bloom, and the trees would bear fruit, and the harvest-fields would be full of golden grain.

In the north, a different story was told, but the meaning was the same. They said that Loki (heat) had betrayed Balder (the sunlight), and induced blind Hoder (the winter months) to slay him; and that all things, living and inanimate, wept for the bright god until Death allowed him to revisit the earth for a time.

Sometimes men told how Odin (the All-Father) had become angry with Brunhild (the maid of spring), and had wounded her with the thorn of sleep, and how all the world was wrapped in silence until Sigurd or Siegfried (the sunbeam) awakened her with a kiss. So, also, when the sun arose, and scattered the darkness, men spoke of how a noble young hero had slain a dreadful dragon, or how he had taken possession of the golden treasures of Mist Land. When threatening clouds darkened the sky, and thunder rolled overhead, they said that Thor was battling with the storm-giants.

It was thus that men, in the earlier ages of the world, spoke of all the workings of Nature, and in this manner many myths, or poetical fables, were formed, which embody some of the most beautiful ideas ever expressed in any language. By and by, the first meaning of the story was forgotten, and men began to regard it no longer as a poetical fancy, but as a historical fact. Perhaps some real hero had performed noble deeds, and had made the world around him happier and better. It was easy to compare him with Sigurd, or some mythical slayer of dragons, and soon the deeds of both were ascribed to but one. Thus you see that many myth-stories probably contain some historical facts, as well as poetical fancies; but it is often impossible to distinguish what is history from what is fable.

All nations have had their myth-stories, but, to my mind, the purest and grandest are those which we have received from our ancestors who once lived in Northern Europe. These stories are ours now, because they are our inheritance; and when we are able to make them still more our own, by removing the blemishes which rude and barbarous ages have added to some of them, we shall doubtless find in them many things that are beautiful and true, and well calculated to make us wiser and better.

One of the oldest, as well as one of the finest, of these Northern myths, is the story of Sigurd, the son of Sigmund. But, while this story contains much that is grand and beautiful, it is somewhat tarnished with the prevailing coarseness of a rude and war-loving people. There are many later versions of the same myth, differing from one another, according to the time in which they were written, and the character of the people among whom they were received. One of the most recent of these versions is the Nibelungen Lied, a grand old German poem, which may well be compared with the Iliad of the Greeks. In it, Sigurd is called Siegfried; and, while it retains very much of the original myth-story, it introduces many notions peculiar to the Middle Ages, and unknown to our Norse ancestors.

Our purpose here is to tell you a few stories founded on some of the earlier portions of this poem, and if, now and then, we allow our fancy and judgment to color the narrative, it is quite in keeping with the way in which writers and storytellers of various nations and times have dealt with these Myths of the Northland.

Story the First.

It was in the old Norwegian days, in a strong-built castle by the sea, that were told the stories which I shall relate. The summer-time and the short-lived autumn had passed away. Warm breezes had ceased to blow. The Frost-giants, in their chill northern home, had rallied all their strength, and had forced the Sun to withdraw toward the south. Then the Winter came and stole the flowers, and stripped the trees, and sealed up the rivers, and built great ice-mountains, and wrapped the world in silence. And the North-winds, with flapping wings, swept furiously over land and sea, and covered the earth with snow, and filled the air with flying frost.

But within the low-raftered halls of the Norse castle, the fire blazed bright and warm, and there were comfort and good cheer. Safely housed from the storms, the good jarl (or earl) Ronvald and his handsome wife Gudrun entertained their guests and their fair-haired children with games, and music and song, and with wondrous stories of the olden time.

Well-built and tall was jarl Ronvald; somewhat rude in manners, but kind at heart; and his face, though roughened by wind and weather, was lighted always with a pleasant smile. A right jovial host was he. And among the chiefs who did homage to King Harold Harfager, Ronvald was accounted the most noble. The fair Gudrun was in every way worthy to be the wife of such a man, for she was loving and wise, and lacked no grace of mind or body. To her husband, she was a true helpmate; to her children, a loving mother, and a kind teacher and friend.

Three sons and a daughter brought sunshine and laughter into this household; Rollo, the eldest, tall, slim, and straight as the mountain pine, having his mother's clear gray eyes, and his father's heavy brow; Leif, the second son, of small stature, quiet and timid as a girl, with high forehead, betokening deep thoughts; then Ingeborg, the daughter, fairer than dream can paint, with golden locks, and eyes bluer than the clearest sky of summer; lastly, Harold, a tottering baby-boy, the mother's darling, the father's pet, with all of life's promises and uncertainties still before him.

Few guests came that year to jarl Ronvald's castle; only two young men,—kinsmen to dame Gudrun,—and a strolling harper, old and gray. The winter days passed swiftly away, and brought many joys in their train. For, while such good cheer was found within the castle walls, no one recked that outside the cold winds whistled and shrieked, and the half-starved wolves howled and snarled even in sight of the gates, and at the doors of the poor. Thus, the season of the Yule-feasts came; the great hall was decked with cedar and spruce, and sprigs of the mistletoe; and a plenteous feast was served; and the Yule-log was rolled into the wide-mouthed chimney-place, where the cheerful fire blazed high, throwing warmth and a ruddy glow of light into every nook and corner of the room. When the feast was over, and the company had tired of the festal games, the jarl and his family and guests sat around the hearth, and whiled the evening hours away with pleasant talk. And each of them sang a song, or told a story, or in some way added to the merriment of the hour.

First, the old harper tuned his harp, and played most bewitching music. And as he played, he sang. He sang of the Asa-folk, who dwell in Gladsheim on the heaven-towering Asgard mountain; of Odin, the All-Father, and of his ravens, Thought and Memory; of the magic ring, Draupner, which gives richness to the earth; and of the wondrous horse, the winged Sleipnir, upon whom the worthiest thoughts of men are carried heavenward. Then he sang of Thor, the mighty Asa, who rides in the whirlwind and the storm, and wages fiercest war with the giants of the mist and frost; and of Frey, the gentle peace-maker, who scatters smiles and plenty over the land; and of the shining Balder, beloved by gods and men; and of the listening Heimdall,* who guards the shimmering rainbow-bridge, and waits to herald, with his golden horn, the coming of the last twilight.

When the harper had ended, all sat in silence for a time, watching the glowing embers and the flames that encircled the half-burnt Yule-log. For never had they heard more charming music, or listened to words more touching. Then Rollo, the ever restless, broke the silence.

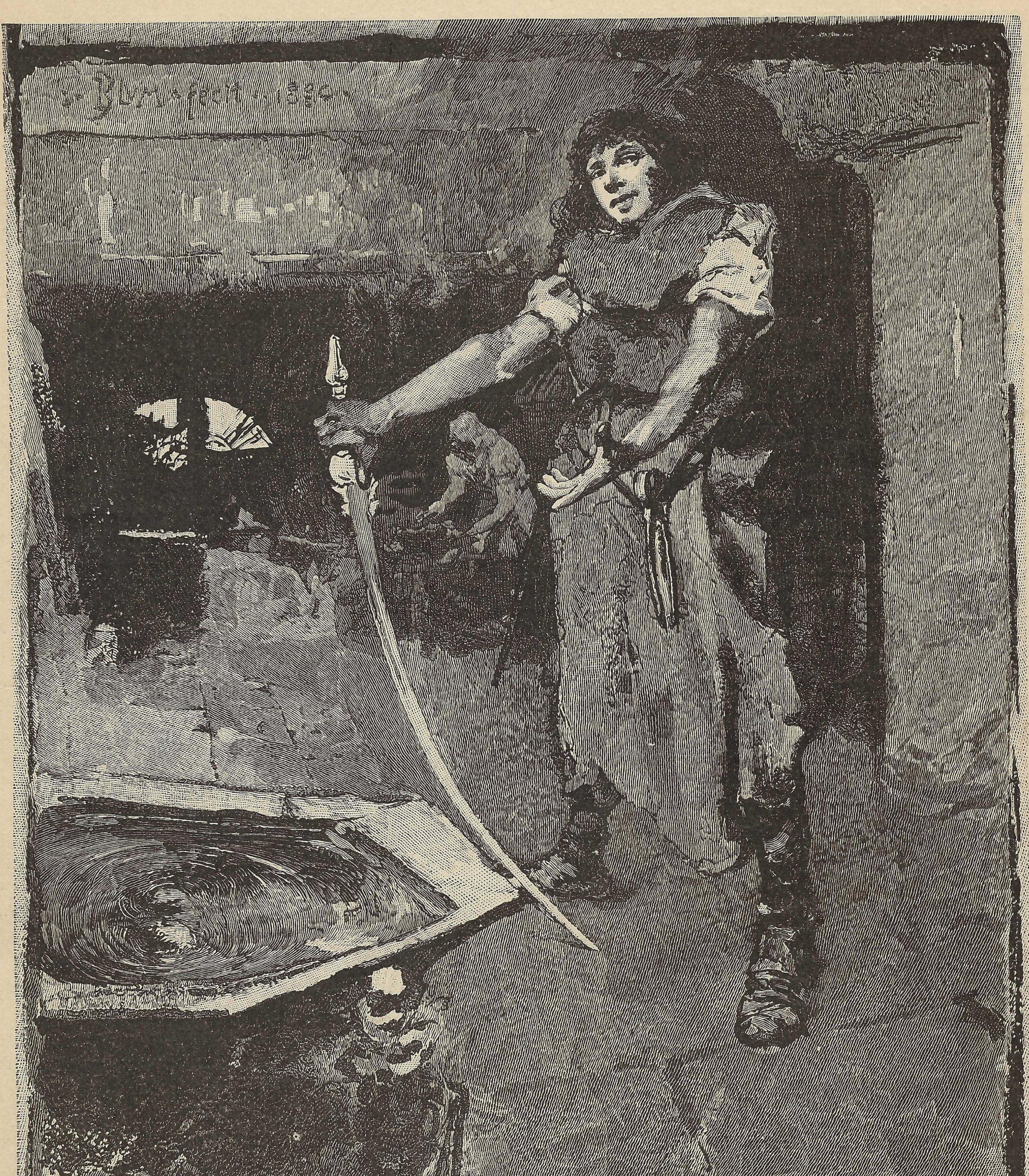
"Father," said he, "it is now four months since you came back from Rhineland and the south. You have told us about the strange people you saw there, and of the sunny skies and the purple grapes. But I should like to know more; I should never tire of hearing about those lands. Tell us, please, some story that you heard while there,—some story that the Rhine people love."

"Yes, Father," said Ingeborg, laying her slender hand in the broad, rough palm of the jarl; "tell us a story of those people. Do they think and act as we do? Do they know aught of Odin, and Thor, and Balder? And do they love to think and speak of noble deeds, and brave men, and fair women?"

"They think and act very much like our Norse people," answered the jarl; "for they are kinsfolk of ours. Indeed, their forefathers were our fathers long ago, in a distant and now forgotten land. I will tell you a story which is often sung among

---

* See Volume VI., page 277.



SIEGFRIED TEMPERING THE SWORD BALMUNG. [SEE PAGE 163.]

them. But it is not all a story of the Rhine people. Tales much like it you already know, which were told in Norway hundreds of years ago."

THE SWORD BALMUNG.

AT Santen, in the Lowlands, there once lived a noble young prince named Siegfried. His father, Siegmund, was king of the rich country through which the lazy Rhine winds its way just before reaching the great North Sea; and he was known, both far and near, for his good deeds and prudent thrift. And Siegfried's mother, the gentle Sigelind, was loved by all for her goodness of heart and her kindly charity to the poor. Neither king nor queen left aught undone that might make the young prince happy or fit him for life's usefulness. Wise men were brought from far-off lands to be his teachers, and every day something was added to his store of knowledge or his stock of happiness. Very skillful did he become in warlike games and in manly feats of strength. No other youth could throw the spear with so much force, nor shoot the arrow with truer aim. No other youth could run more swiftly, nor ride with more becoming ease. His gentle mother took delight in adding to the beauty of his matchless form by clothing him with costly garments, decked with the rarest jewels. The old, the young, the rich, the poor, the high, the low,—all praised the fearless Siegfried, and all vied in friendly strife to win his favor. One would have thought that the life of the young prince could never be aught but a holiday, and that the birds would sing, and the flowers would bloom, and the sun would shine forever for his sake.

But the business of man's life is not mere pastime, and none knew this truth better than the wise old king, Siegmund.

"All work is noble," said he to Siegfried, "and he who yearns to win fame must not shun toil. Even princes should know how to earn an honest livelihood by the labor of their hands."

And so, when Siegfried had grown to be a tall and comely youth, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith named Mimer, and sent to live at the smithy near the borders of the great Rhine forest. For, from the earliest times, the work of the blacksmith has been looked upon as the most noble of all trades—a trade which the gods themselves are not ashamed to follow. And this smith, Mimer, was the keeper of a wonderful well, or flowing spring, the waters of which imparted wisdom and far-seeing knowledge to all who drank of them. To Mimer's school, then, where he would be taught to work skillfully and to think wisely, Siegfried was sent, to be, in all respects, like the other pupils there. A coarse blue blouse, heavy leggins, and a leathern apron took the place of the costly clothing which he had worn in his father's castle. His feet were incased in awkward wooden shoes, and his head was covered with a wolf-skin cap. The dainty bed, with its downy pillows, wherein every night his mother had been wont, with gentle care, to see him safely covered, was given up for a rude heap of straw in a corner of the smithy. And the rich food to which he had been used gave place to the coarsest and humblest fare. But the lad did not complain, and for a time he was mirthful and happy. The sound of his hammer rang cheerfully, and the sparks from his forge flew briskly, from morning till night.

And a wonderful smith he became. No one could do more work than he, and none wrought with greater skill. The heaviest chains and the strongest bolts, for prison or for treasure-house, were but as toys in his stout hands, so easily and quickly did he beat them into shape. And he was alike skillful in work of the most delicate and brittle kind.

One morning, his master, Mimer, came to the smithy with a sullen frown and a troubled look. It was clear that something had gone amiss, and what it was the apprentices soon learned from the smith himself. Never, until lately, had any one questioned Mimer's right to be called the foremost smith in all the world; but a rival had come forward. An unknown upstart, one Amilias, in Burgundy-land, had made a suit of armor which, he boasted, no stroke of sword could dint, and no blow of spear could scratch; and he had sent a challenge to all the other smiths in Rhineland to equal that piece of workmanship, or else acknowledge themselves his underlings and vassals. For days had Mimer himself toiled, alone and vainly, trying to forge a sword whose edge the boasted armor of Amilias would not foil; and now, in despair, he came to ask the help of his apprentices.

"Who among you will undertake the forging of such a sword?" he asked.

One after another, the twelve apprentices shook their heads. And the foreman, whose name was Veliant, said: "I have heard much about that wonderful armor, and I doubt if any skill can make a sword with edge that can injure it. The best we can do is to make a coat of mail whose temper shall match that of Amilias's armor."

Then the lad Siegfried quickly said: "I will make such a sword as you want,—a blade that no coat of mail can foil. Give me but leave to try!"

The apprentices laughed in scorn, but Mimer checked them: "You hear how this stripling can talk; let us see what he can do. He is the king's son, and we know that he has uncommon talent. He shall make the sword; but if, upon trial, it fail, I will make him rue the day."

Then Siegfried went to his task. And for seven days and seven nights the sparks never stopped flying from his flaming forge; and the ringing of his anvil, and the hissing of the hot metal, as he tempered it, were heard continuously. On the eighth day the sword was fashioned, and Siegfried brought it to Mimer.

The smith felt the razor edge of the bright weapon, and said: "This seems, indeed, a fair fire-edge. Let us make a trial of its keenness."

Then a thread of wool as light as thistle-down was thrown upon water, and, as it floated there, Mimer struck it with the sword. The glittering blade cleft the slender thread in twain, and the pieces floated undisturbed upon the surface.

"Well done!" cried the delighted smith. "Never have I seen a keener edge or truer temper. With this, methinks, I can well cope with Amilias for the championship of the world."

But Siegfried was not so easily satisfied, and he said to Mimer: "I pray you give me leave to temper the weapon yet a little more."

And he took the sword and broke it into many pieces; and then for three days he welded it in a red-hot fire, and tempered it with milk and oatmeal. Then, in sight of Mimer and the scoffing apprentices, he cast a light ball of wool upon the water, and, as it floated, he struck it with the bright blue blade. And it was parted at a stroke, as had been the single thread before, and not the smallest fiber was moved out of its place.

Then back to the smithy Siegfried went again, and his forge glowed with a brighter fire, and his hammer rang with a cheerier sound. But he suffered none to come near, and no one ever knew what witchery he used. For seven weeks he wrought, and then, pale and haggard, he came and put the sword into Mimer's hands. "It is finished," he said. "The sword Balmung is yours. Try its edge and prove its temper in any way you list."

Forthwith, a great pack of wool, the fleeces of ten sheep, was brought and laid upon the water. And the sword Balmung divided it as smoothly and as easily as it had cleft the woolen ball or the slender woolen thread.

"Now, indeed," cried the delighted Mimer, "I no longer fear to make trial with that upstart Amilias. If his coat of mail shall withstand the stroke of such a sword as Balmung, then will I cheerfully be his underling. But, if this good blade deceive me not, it will serve me well, and I, Mimer, shall still be called the wisest and greatest of all the smiths in the world."

And he at once sent a challenge to Amilias in Burgundy; and a time and place were set for the two mighty smiths to meet and settle, by trial, the question of the championship.

When the time which had been appointed drew near, Mimer, with the sword Balmung by his side, and followed by all his apprentices, set out on his way to the place of meeting. Through the forest they went, by the nearest road, to the sluggish Rhine, and then they followed the river's winding course for many a league, until they came to the height of land which marked the boundary between Burgundy and the Lowlands. It was here, midway between the shops of the rival smiths, that the trial was to be made. And here were already gathered great numbers of people from the Lowlands and from Burgundy, anxiously waiting for the coming of their champions. On the one side were the wise Siegmund and his gentle queen, and their train of attendant knights and courtiers and fair ladies. On the other side were the three Burgundian kings, Gunther, Gernot, and the child Giselher, and a mighty retinue of warriors led by grim old Hagen, the uncle of the kings, and the wariest chief in all Rhineland.

When everything was in readiness for the contest, Amilias, clad in his boasted armor, went up to the top of the hill, and sat upon a great rock, and waited for the appearance of Mimer. As he sat there, he looked, to the people below, like some great castle-tower; for he was a giant of huge dimensions, and his glittering coat of mail was not only skillfully wrought, but so great in size that fifty men of common mold might find shelter or be hidden within it. As the smith Mimer, himself a man of no mean stature, toiled up the steep hill-side, a grim and ghastly smile overspread the giant's face; for he felt no fear of the slender, glittering blade which was to try the metal of his armor. And, already, a shout of triumph was sent up by the Burgundian hosts, so sure were they of their champion's success.

But Mimer's friends waited in breathless silence. Only King Siegmund whispered to his queen, and said: "Knowledge is stronger than brute force. The smallest dwarf who has drunk from Mimer's well, and carries the sword of the knowing one, may safely engage in contest with the stoutest giant."

When Mimer reached the top of the hill, Amilias folded his huge arms and smiled again—this time in scorn. But the smith knew no fear.

"Are you ready?" asked the smith.

"Ready!" answered the giant. "Strike!"

Mimer drew back the glittering sword, and the muscles on his brawny arms stood out like great ropes. Then Balmung, swift as lightning, cleft the air from right to left. The waiting lookers-on, in the valley below, thought to hear the noise of clashing steel; but they listened in vain, for no sound came to their ears, save a sharp hiss, like that which red-hot iron gives when plunged into a tank of cold water. The giant sat, unmoved, with his arms still folded upon his breast; but the smile had vanished from his face.

"How do you feel now?" asked Mimer, in a half-mocking tone.

"Rather strangely, as if cold iron had touched me," faintly answered the giant.

"Shake thyself!" cried Mimer.

The giant did so, and lo! he fell in two halves, for the sword had cleft sheer through the vaunted coat of mail, and cut in twain the huge body incased within. Down tumbled the giant's head and shoulders, and his still folded arms; and they rolled with thundering noise to the foot of the hill, and fell with a fearful splash into the deep Rhine waters. And there, fathoms down, they may now be seen, when the water is clear, lying like great gray rocks at the bottom of the river. The rest of the huge body, with its incasing armor, still sat upright in its place. And to this day, travelers sailing down the Rhine are shown, on moonlight evenings, the giant's armor on the high hill-top. In the dim, uncertain light, one easily fancies it to be the ivy-covered ruins of some old castle of former times.

The smith Mimer sheathed his sword, and walked slowly down the hill-side to the plain, where his friends welcomed him with glad cheers and shouts of joy. But the Burgundians, baffled and feeling vexed, turned silently homeward, nor cast a look back to the scene of their disappointment and their ill-fated champion's defeat.

And Siegfried returned, with Mimer and his fellows, to the smoky smithy, to his roaring bellows and ringing anvil, and to his coarse fare and rude, hard bed, and to a life of labor. And while all the world praised Mimer and his skill, and the fiery edge of the sunbeam blade, none knew that it was the boy Siegfried who had wrought the wonderful piece of workmanship.

But, after a while, it was whispered around that not Mimer, but one of his apprentices, had forged the sword. And when the smith was asked what truth there was in this story, he shook his head and made no answer. The apprentices, too, were silent, save Veliant, the foreman, who said: "It was I who forged the fire-edge of the blade Balmung; but to my master, Mimer, belongs all the praise, for my work was done in accordance with his orders." And none denied the truth of what he said; even Siegfried himself was speechless. Hence it is that, in songs and stories, it is said by some that Mimer, and by others that Veliant, made the doughty sword Balmung.

But blind hate and jealousy were uppermost in the coarse and selfish mind of the foreman, and he sought how he might injure the prince, and, mayhap, drive him away from the smithy in disgrace. "This boy has done what none of us could do," said he. "He may yet do greater deeds, and set himself up as the champion smith of the world. In that case, we shall all have to humble ourselves before him."

And he nursed this thought, and brooded over the hatred which he felt toward the blameless prince. Yet he did not dare to harm him, for fear of their master, Mimer. And, although Siegfried suffered much from the cruel taunts of the foreman and the unkind words of his fellow apprentices, yet the sparks flew from his forge as merrily and as bright as ever, and his busy bellows roared from early morning until late at night. And Mimer's heart grew warm toward the prince, and he praised his diligence and skill, and by pleasant talk urged him to greater efforts.

"Hold on in your course, my brave lad," said he, "and your workmanship will, one day, rival the handicraft of the dwarfs themselves."

Here the jarl paused, and all his hearers waited silently for several minutes, expecting him to go on with his story. But he only smiled, and stroked gently the silken tresses of little Ingeborg, and gazed thoughtfully into the glowing fire. Then Rollo, when he saw that his father had ended, said, impatiently: "Is that all?"

"That is all of Siegfried's smithing. For, the next day, the envious Veliant sent him on an errand into the forest, and he never came back to the smithy again."

"Why?" asked Ingeborg. "Was he lost, or did he go back to his parents at Santen?"

"Neither," answered the jarl. "The world lay before him, and much noble work was waiting to be done. With brave heart and willing hands, he went out to help the innocent and weak, and to punish wrong-doers wherever he might find them."

"What did he do?" asked Rollo.

"About the first thing that he did was to slay the dragon of the Glittering Heath."

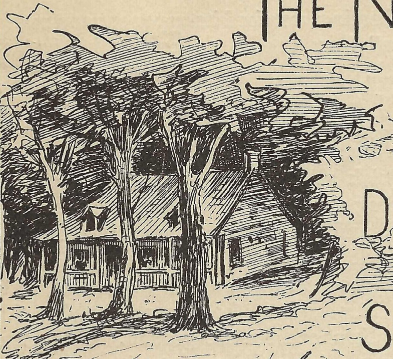
"Tell us about it!" cried all the young people in a breath.

"Not now," said the jarl, smiling. "It is not a very pleasant story to tell before the Yule-fire. But our good harper will sing for you again; and then, mayhap, he will tell you something about the dragon that Siegfried slew."

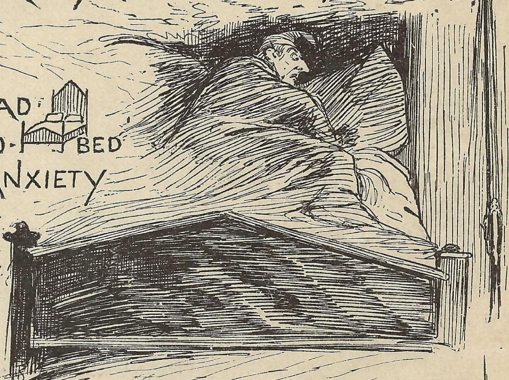
(To be continued.)

THE NERVOUS LITTLE MAN

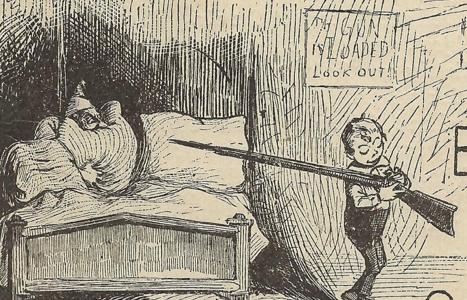
BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS



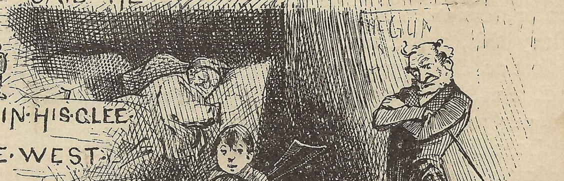
IN·A·LITTLE HOUSE·THAT·STOOD
IN·THE·MIDDLE·OF·A·WOOD·
DWELT·A·LITTLE·MAN·AS·NERVOUS·AS·COULD·BE·
"WITHOUT·ANY·NEIGHBOR·NEAR·
I·AM·QUITE·UNDONE·WITH·FEAR·
SO·I'D·BETTER·BUY·A·GUN" ONE·DAY·SAID·HE



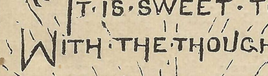
BUT·A·GUN·PLACED·AT·THE·HEAD·
OF·HIS·LARGE·OLD-FASHIONED·BED
CAUSED·THE·LITTLE·MAN·UNTOLD·ANXIETY
"IT·MIGHT·GO·OFF· SOME·NIGHT
AND·THEN·I'D·DIE·OF·FRIGHT·,,
I'LL·GET·A·BOY·TO·WATCH·THE·GUN·
·SAID·HE·



HE·ENGAGED·A·BOY·TO·STAND·
WITH·THE·WEAPON·IN·HIS·HAND·
BUT·THE·YOUNGSTER·WITH·THE·TRIGGER
WAS·TOO·FREE·
"IF·THE·BOY·DOES·NOT·LOOK·OUT
HE·WILL·KILL·US·BOTH·NO·DOUBT,,
SO·I'LL·HAVE·THE·FATHER·WATCH·HIS·SON·
·SAID·HE·

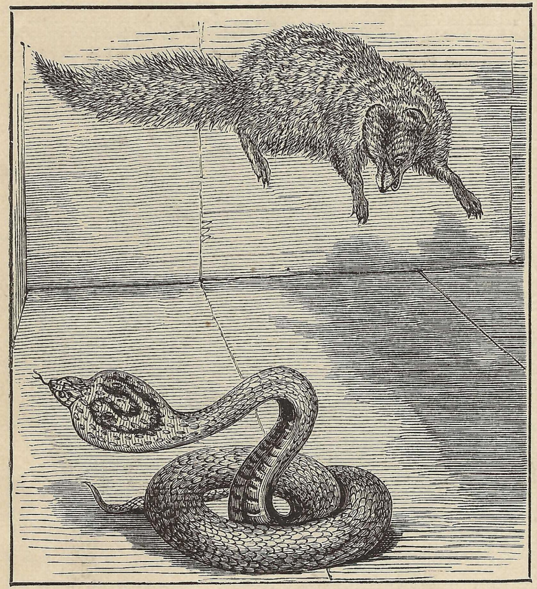


AND·GUARDED·BY·THE·GUN·
THE·FATHER·AND·HIS·SON
THE·LITTLE·MAN·OFT·CHUCKLES·IN·HIS·GLEE·
"WHEN·THE·SUN·SINKS·IN·THE·WEST·
IT·IS·SWEET·TO·GO·TO·REST·
WITH·THE·THOUGHT·THAT·I·AM·SAFE·FROM·HARM
·SAYS·HE



A REMARKABLE FIGHT.

EVERY reading boy or girl knows something about the poisonous serpent of India, called the Cobra de Capello. This name, which means "hooded snake," was given it on account of its habit of dilating or stretching its neck into a sort of hood, partly covering the head. The snake is from three to four feet long, of a brownish-yellow color, and its poison is exceedingly dangerous, and generally fatal.



But there is also in India a little animal called the mongoose, which is said to fight and overcome the cobra, and even to receive its bite without injury. The mongoose, which resembles the weasel in size and general habits, is covered with gray and dark-freckled hairs,—a sharp-nosed, wonderfully agile little creature, as you will see from the picture. Some naturalists believe that the mongoose knows of a plant or root which, when eaten, counteracts the snake-poison; but others deny this, and maintain that the venom has no effect on the animal, which therefore destroys the cobra without danger, just as hogs kill rattlesnakes in our own country. It is a singular fact that poisons do produce different effects upon different animals, and the following account seems to show that the mongoose is really a natural enemy of the cobra, and is thoroughly proof against the serpent-poison. The fight described was witnessed by several officers of the British army in India, who signed a report of it, which reads, mainly, as follows:

"The mongoose approached the cobra with caution, but without fear. The cobra, with head erect and body vibrating, watched its opponent anxiously, knowing well how deadly an enemy he had to contend with. The mongoose was soon within easy striking distance of the snake, which, suddenly throwing back his head, struck at the mongoose with tremendous force. But the little creature, quick as thought, sprung back out of reach, uttering savage growls. Again the hooded reptile rose, and the mongoose, nothing daunted by the distended jaws and glaring eyes of its antagonist, approached so near to the snake as to force it to draw its head back considerably; this lessened its distance from the ground. The mongoose, at once seizing the opportunity, sprung at the cobra's head, and appeared to inflict as well as to receive a wound. Again the combatants renewed the encounter; again the snake struck at its wily opponent, and again the latter's agility saved him.

"The fight went on in this way three-quarters of an hour, and both creatures seemed now to nerve themselves for the final encounter. The cobra, changing its position of defense for that of attack, advanced, and seemed determined now 'to do or die.' The cobra soon approached so close that the mongoose (which, owing to want of space behind, was unable to spring out of reach by jumping backward, as it had done in the previous encounters) nimbly bounded straight up in the air. The cobra missed its object, and struck the ground under him. Immediately on the mongoose alighting, the cobra struck again, and, to all appearance, fixed its fangs in the head of the mongoose. The mongoose, as the cobra was withdrawing its head after it had inflicted the bite, instantly retaliated by fixing its teeth in the head of the snake, which quickly unfolded its coils and ignominiously slunk away. Instantly the mongoose was on its retreating foe, and burying its teeth in the cobra's head, at once ended the contest.

"The mongoose now set to work to devour its victim, and in a few minutes had eaten the head and two or three inches of the body, including the venom so dreaded by all. We should have mentioned before that, previous to this encounter, the cobra had struck a fowl, which died within half an hour after receiving the bite, showing, beyond doubt, the snake's power of inflicting a deadly wound.

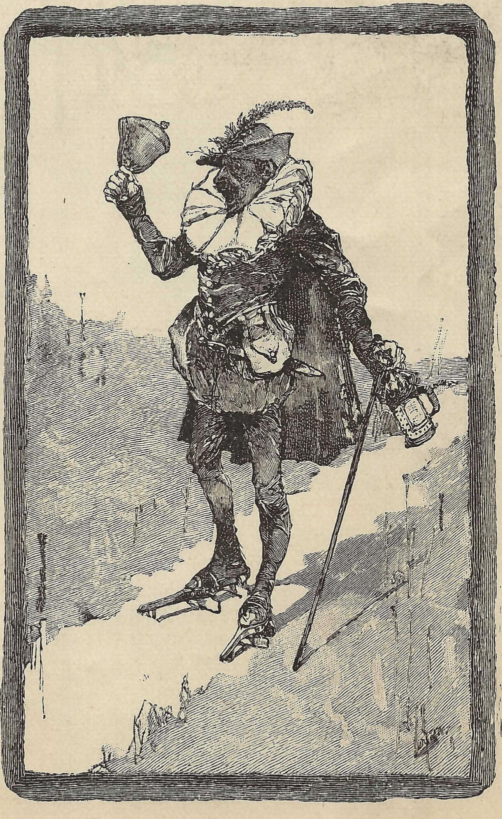
"After the mongoose had satisfied its appetite, we proceeded to examine with a pocket lens the wounds he had received from the cobra; and on cleansing one of these places, the lens disclosed *the broken fang of the cobra deeply imbedded in the head of the mongoose*. . . . We have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days' time), and it is as healthy and lively as ever."

THE RUNAWAY PRINCESS.

By Emily Huntington Miller.

When, on all the wood-paths brown,
Red and gold the leaves dropt down,
Through the warm, sweet sunshine straying,
To my ear the wind came, saying:

"Hearken! can you understand
What 's amiss in Fairyland?"
Ding, dong! the bells are swinging,
Here is the town-crier ringing!



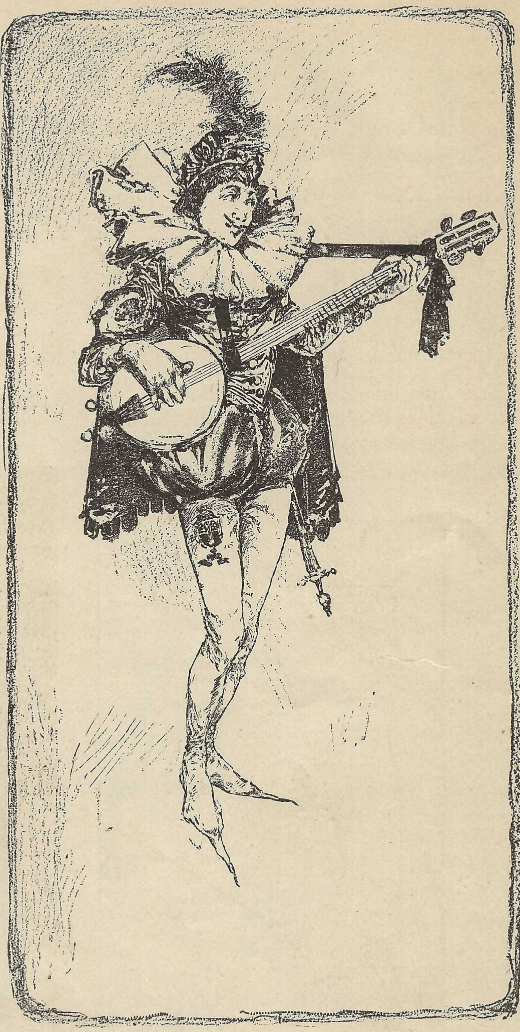
"Lost! lost!" you hear him say—
"Stolen or strayed away!
Strayed away from Buttercup town,
The fair little Princess Thistledown!"

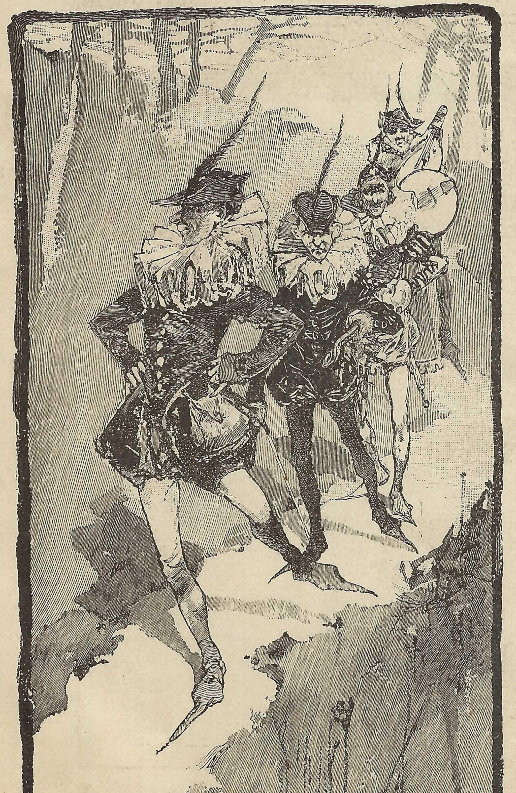
All the court had gone to dine,
Knights and lords and ladies fine.
Through the open gate-way straying,
Came a troop of minstrels playing:

One was a fiddler, shriveled and black;
One had a banjo over his back;
One was a piper, and one did naught
But dance to the tune, as a dancer ought.

First, the fiddler drew his bow,
Struck a chord, so sweet and low,
Lords and ladies held their breath
In a silence deep as death.

Ting-a-ting, the banjo rang,
Up the lords and ladies sprang;





Round about the piper pressed—
"Ho, good piper, pipe your best!"

And they danced to the sound
In a merry-go-round,
For never before had a minstrel band
Chanced to stray into Fairyland.

They filled their pockets with silver money,
They fed them on barley-cakes and honey;
But when they were fairly out of the town,
They missed little Princess Thistledown.

"Call the crier! ring the bells!
Search through all the forest dells;
Here is silver, here is gold,
Here are precious gems untold;

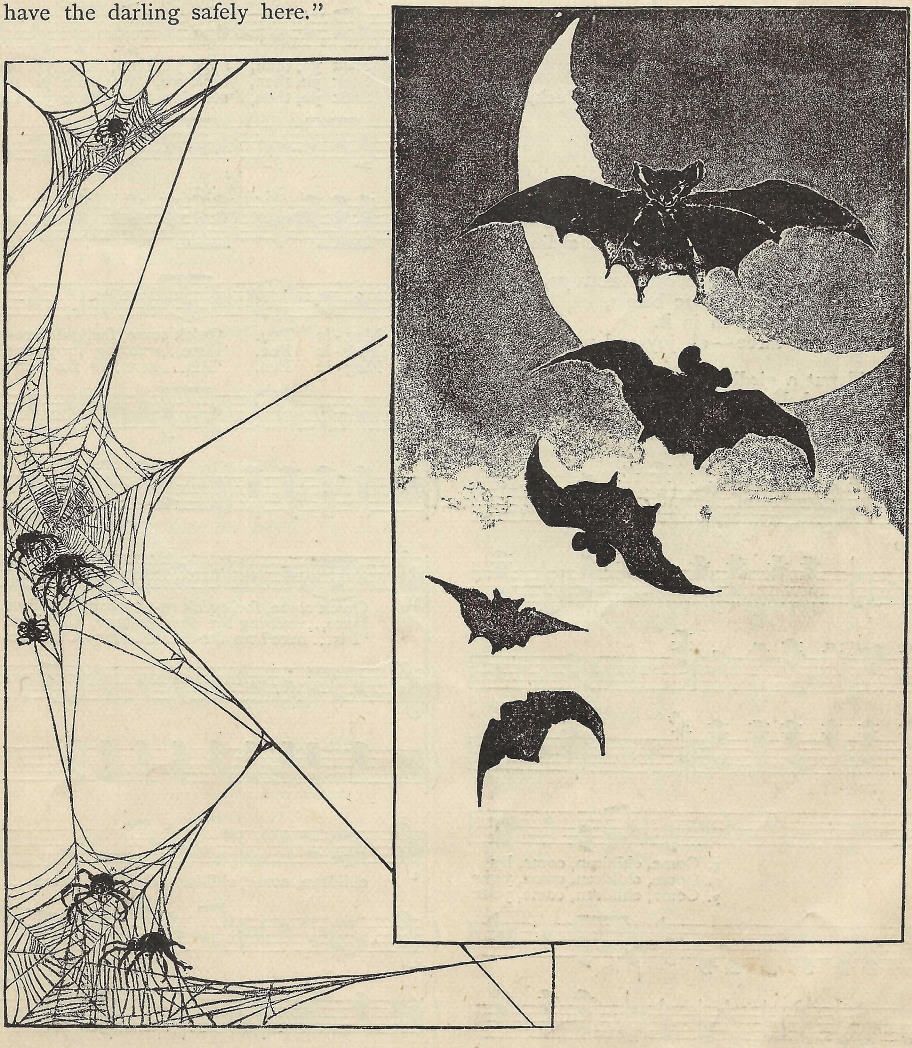
He who finds the child may take
Half the kingdom for her sake!"

Bim! boom! comes a blustering fellow,
Dressed in black velvet, slashed with yellow.
He 's the king's trumpeter, out on the track
Of the wandering minstrels, to bring them back.

But the fiddler is telling his beads by the fire,
In a cap and a gown, like a grizzly old friar.
The man with the banjo is deaf as a post,
The jolly old piper as thin as a ghost,
And the dancer is changed, by some magical touch,
To a one-legged beggar that limps on his crutch.

Then Mistress Gentian bent to look
At her own sweet image in the brook,
And whispered, "Nobody knows it, dear,
But I have the darling safely here."
And, dropping her fringes low, she said:
"I was tucking my babies into bed,
When the poor little Princess chanced to pass,
Sobbing among the tangled grass;
Her silver mantle was rumpled and torn,
Her golden slippers were dusty and worn;
The bats had frightened her half to death,
The spiders chased her quite out of breath.
I fed her with honey, I washed her with dew,
I rocked her to sleep in my cradle of blue;
And I could tell, if I chose to say,
Who it was coaxed her to run away."

The mischievous Wind the cradle swung.
"Sleep, little lady, sleep!" he sung;
"What would they say if they only knew
It was I who ran away with you?"



THE MAGIC PEN.

BY E. S. BROOKS.

(Continued from the November Number.)

After a moment of deep thought, the MASTER continues:

Where all speak well, 't is hard to tell
Just which advice to take.
Come, Fancy Bright! Come, High Desire!
What choice now shall we make?
Come, Fact! come, Fable! Counsel now!
From all these stories gleaming,
Can you not say which way — which way
Your special choice is leaning?
What? Not a word? Why, that 's absurd!
I 'm ready to receive it ——

Pause.

Now, by the Pen, I have it, then—
We 'll to the children leave it!

ALL, eagerly:

Yes — to the children leave it.

MASTER:

What ho! my Puck, my sprightly Puck,
Come hither to thy master.
Now hasten, hasten, merry Puck,
Come — faster, faster, faster!

PUCK, as a messenger-boy, running in breathless:

Hail, Master of the Magic Pen!
What would you now with Puck again?

MASTER:

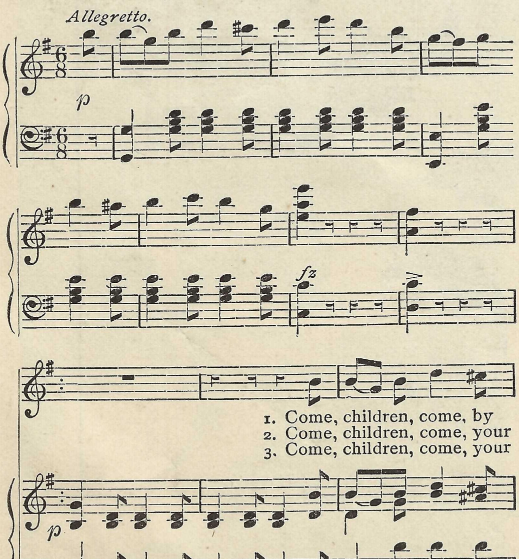
Haste thee, Puck, to earth now go,
To some happy home below,
With children in it.
Bring me three — all joy and mirth,—

PUCK:

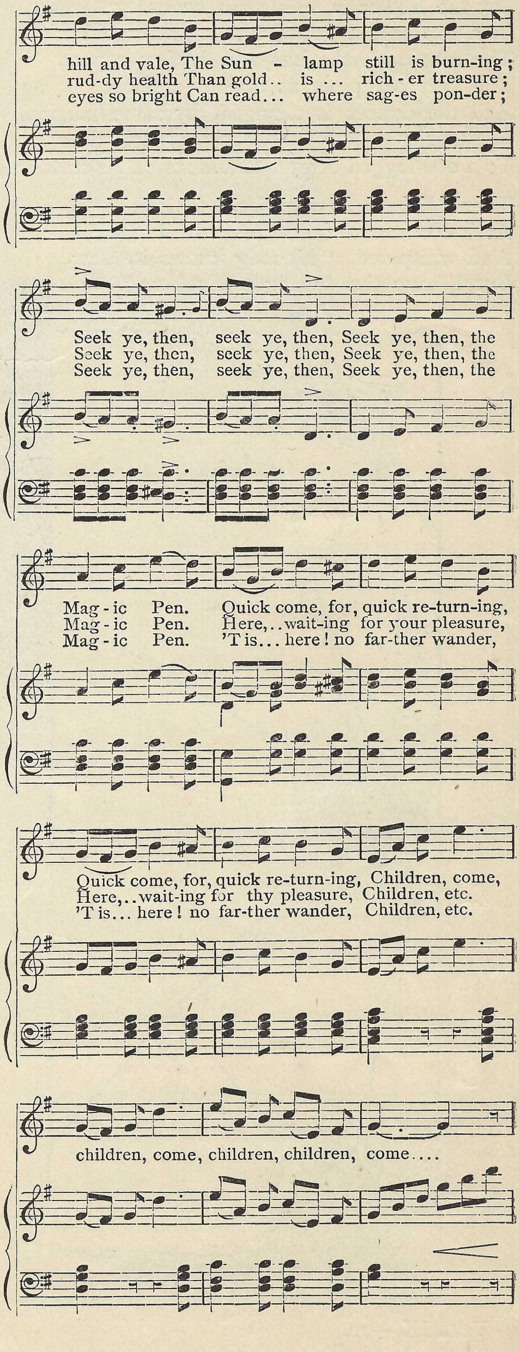
I 'll put a girdle round the earth,
In half a minute.

Exit, running.

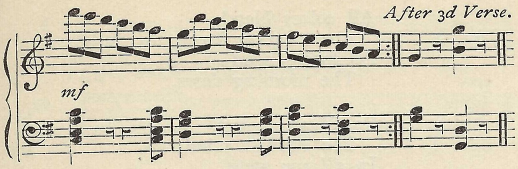
FROLICS, chorus; sing only the first two stanzas:



Allegretto.
p
fz
p
1. Come, children, come, by
2. Come, children, come, your
3. Come, children, come, your



hill and vale, The Sun - lamp still is burn-ing;
rud-dy health Than gold.. is ... rich-er treasure;
eyes so bright Can read... where sag-es pon-der;
Seek ye, then, seek ye, then, Seek ye, then, the
Seek ye, then, seek ye, then, Seek ye, then, the
Seek ye, then, seek ye, then, Seek ye, then, the
Mag-ic Pen. Quick come, for, quick re-turn-ing,
Mag-ic Pen. Here,..wait-ing for your pleasure,
Mag-ic Pen. 'T is... here! no far-ther wander,
Quick come, for, quick re-turn-ing, Children, come,
Here,..wait-ing for thy pleasure, Children, etc.
'T is... here! no far-ther wander, Children, etc.
children, come, children, children, come....



Puck, reëntering in haste:

I came back by the moon,
Not a moment too soon;
The children are coming
By special balloon.

Chorus of Frolics, third stanza:

During this chorus the Children enter, on the Elephant-car, with a toy balloon tied to the waist of each. Driver salams. The Children stand amazed, and jump down from car. Driver leads off elephant.

Children, to Master:

We are Dolly, Dot, and Dick!
What you want us for?
Please to tell us pretty quick,
What you want us for!

They look around in wonder.

Oh! what lots of pretty things!
Little girls with birdies' wings,
Lots of folks — and boys — and kings! —
What you want us for?

Master:

Children dear,
Welcome here,
To our council-hall!
Whence — you know —
Stories flow
For the children all.

Tell me, then —
For the Pen
Some new tale would write —
What shall be
Told by me
Through the Pen to-night?

Stories nice,
In a trice,
Here may be expressed.
Can you find,
In your mind,
Which you like the best?

Children:

We like 'em big — we like 'em small,
But *most* we like — the *best* of all —
The kind our mamma tells.

Master:

And what are they?

Children:

Why, what we *say!*
The kind our mamma tells.

Master:

But what *does* she tell, children dear?

Children, checking them off on their fingers:

Why — fairy, Bible, true, and queer;
That's what our mamma tells.

Fact, quickly:

Then they 're fact!

Fable:

Well, and fable!

Master:

Yes, they 're both!
I 'm unable
To decide what the Pen shall write yet;
For the children, I find,
To *no* merits are blind —
As they like any kind they can get.

Reënter Puck, who says:

O Master, a herald from Gnome Man's Land
Craves leave to present you his sovereigns' command.

Master:

Let the herald appear.

Puck, ushering in the herald:

Master mine — he is here.

Herald:

There are forty kings in the Gnome Man's Land —
Forty kings with their crowns of gold;
And not a king of the kingly band
Is over twelve years old.

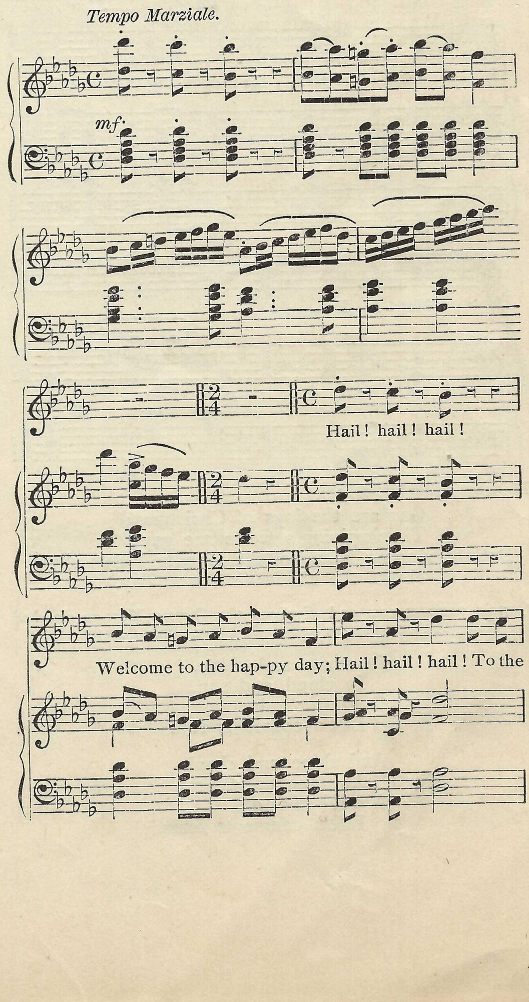
There are forty queens in the Gnome Man's Land —
Forty queens in their jewels fine;
And not a queen of the queenly band
Has passed the age of nine.

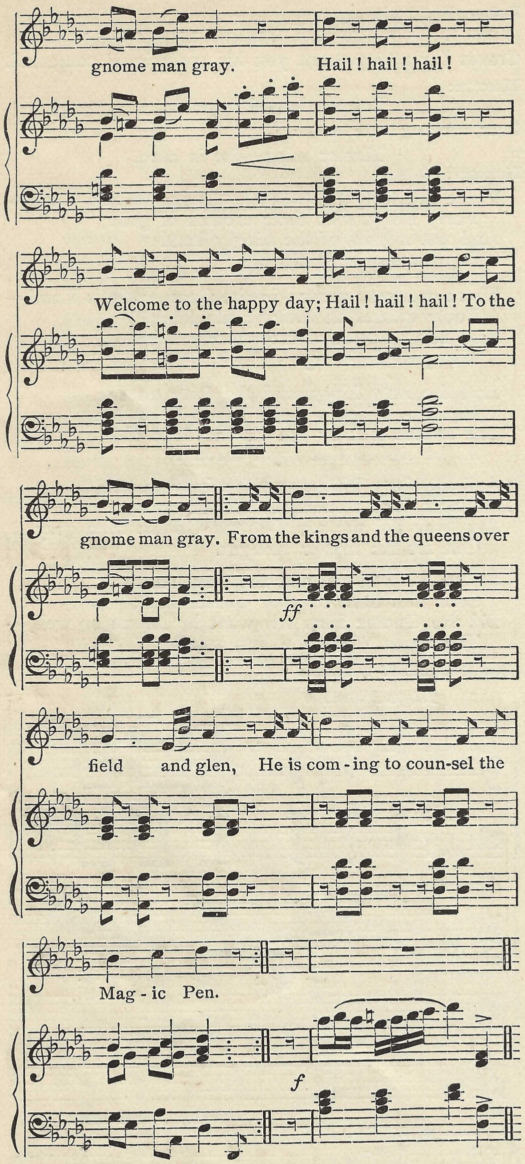
And the forty kings, and the forty queens,
In Gnome Man's Land hear all day long
The stories told by the Gnome Man old,
As he sits in that royal throng.

And the forty kings, and the forty queens,
Know your trouble, O Master great,
And they bid me say that the Gnome Man gray
Can set the matter straight.

So the forty kings, and the forty queens,
Send him here to your council-hall;
Bid the Gnome Man tell what he knows so well, —
The needs of the children small.

General Chorus of Welcome:




gnome man gray.
Hail! hail! hail!
Welcome to the happy day; Hail! hail! hail! To the
gnome man gray. From the kings and the queens over
ff
field and glen, He is com-ing to coun-sel the
Mag-ic Pen.
f

Master, rising joyfully:

Gay are the joys of Christmas;
Thanksgiving's feasts are gay;
But the ringing chime of the Gnome Man's rhyme
Marks the children's fairest day.

Curtain parts at rear and discloses the **Gnome Man** on elevated dais. All form in open half-circle before him. **Gnome Man**:

In storm and shine,
In cloud and sun,
O Master mine,
Life's course is run.

And shine and cloud,
And sun and storm,
Are all allowed
Life's course to form.

All colors blend
For rainbow hues,
All forces send
The morning dews.

So, Master great,
The childish mind,
In *all* you state,
May pleasure find.

Not Fact alone
Can counsel give,
Dry as a bone;
May Fable live.

Fable and Fact
Should mingled be;
Both counteract,
Yet both agree.

Let both be dressed
In colors gay;
Tints mix the best
That varying lay.

All things have worth,
All joys are bright;
Give children mirth —
Good-night — good-night!

Master, to **Gnome Man**:

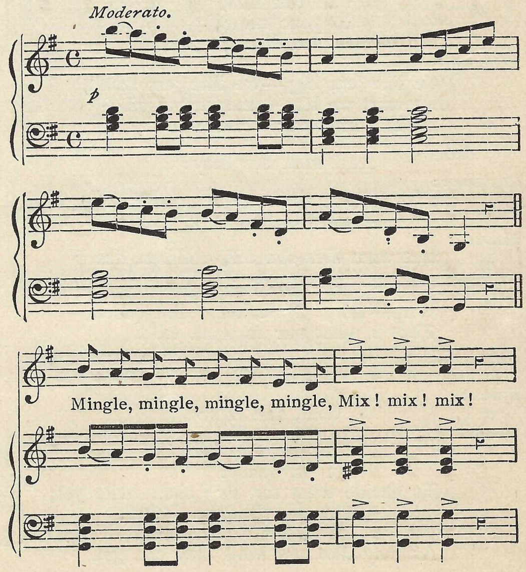
Thanks, Gnome Man gray,
Thy counsel sage
Shall be my gauge,
For tale or lay.

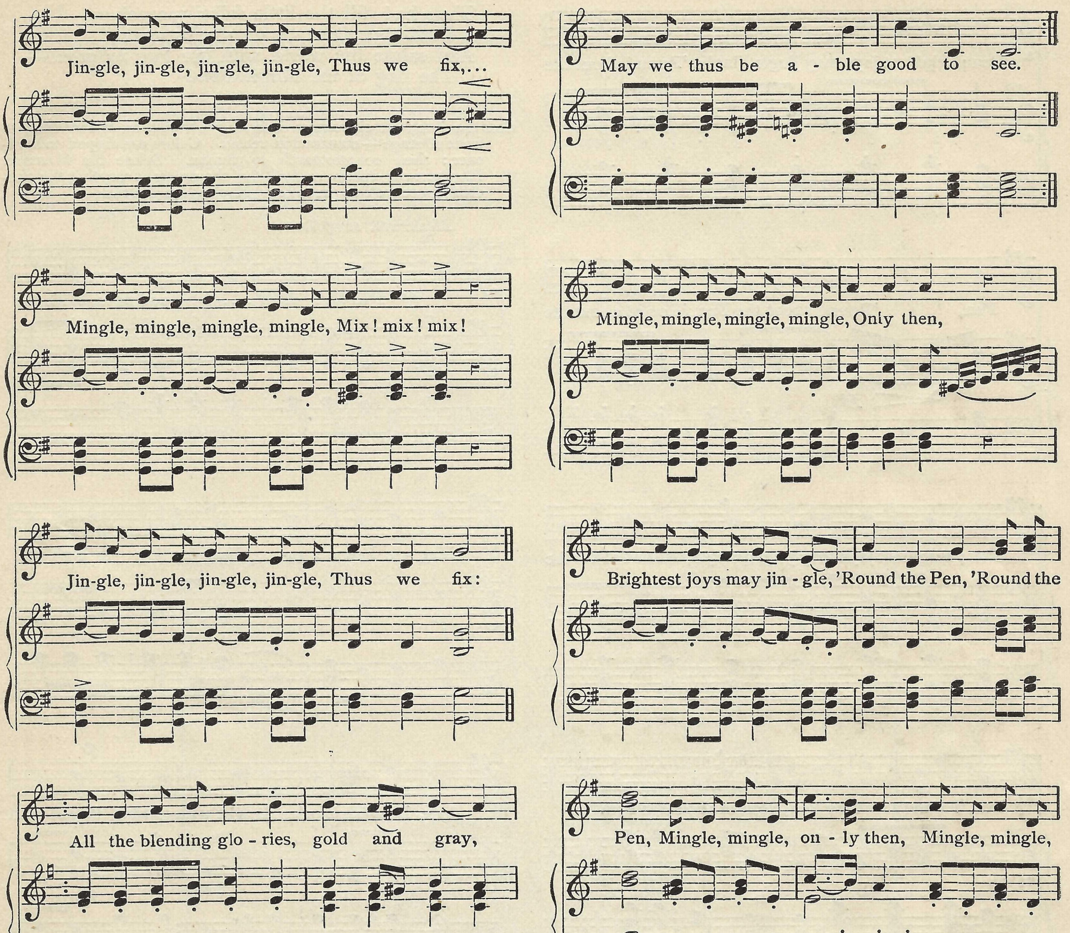
Gnome Man disappears,

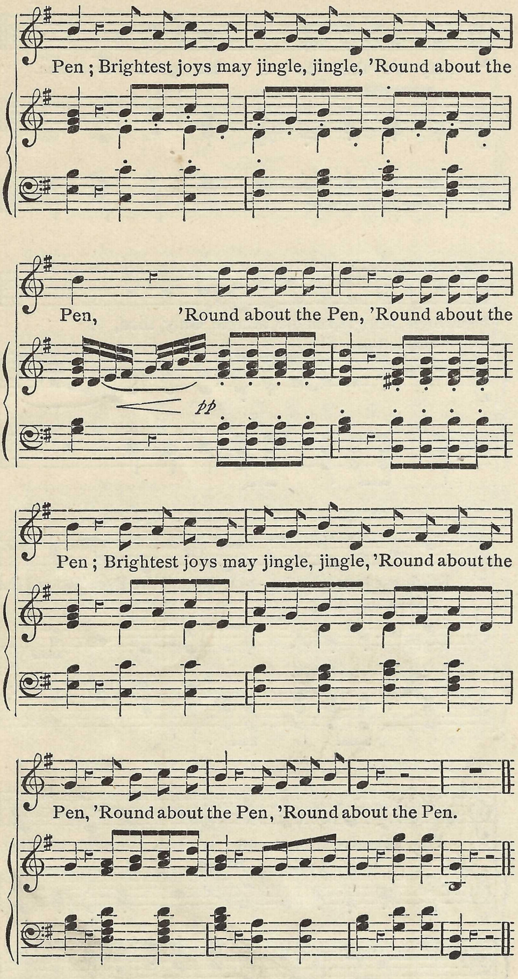
Master continues, to all the others:

"Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

Mingling Chorus. **Frolics**, **Stories**, and all the characters join in this chorus, marching and countermarching in effective figures, the design being to represent the mixing of fact and fable in the children's stories.


Moderato.
p
Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Mix! mix! mix!


Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, Thus we fix,...
Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Mix! mix! mix!
Jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, jin-gle, Thus we fix:
All the blending glo - ries, gold and gray,
Of the children's sto-ries grave and gay,
Mingling fact and fa - ble fast and free,
May we thus be a - ble good to see.
Mingle, mingle, mingle, mingle, Only then,
Brightest joys may jin - gle, 'Round the Pen, 'Round the
Pen, Mingle, mingle, on - ly then, Mingle, mingle,
on - ly then, Brightest joy may jingle, 'Round the
Pen, 'Round a-bout the Pen, 'Round a-bout the


Pen; Brightest joys may jingle, jingle, 'Round about the
Pen, 'Round about the Pen, 'Round about the
pp
Pen; Brightest joys may jingle, jingle, 'Round about the
Pen, 'Round about the Pen, 'Round about the Pen.

Master, rising:

The spirit moves!
From gaze of men
Bear off the Pen;
The spirit moves!

Page of Pen presents cushion, kneeling at throne. The Master deposits the Pen on the cushion, and the Page bears it off.

Master:

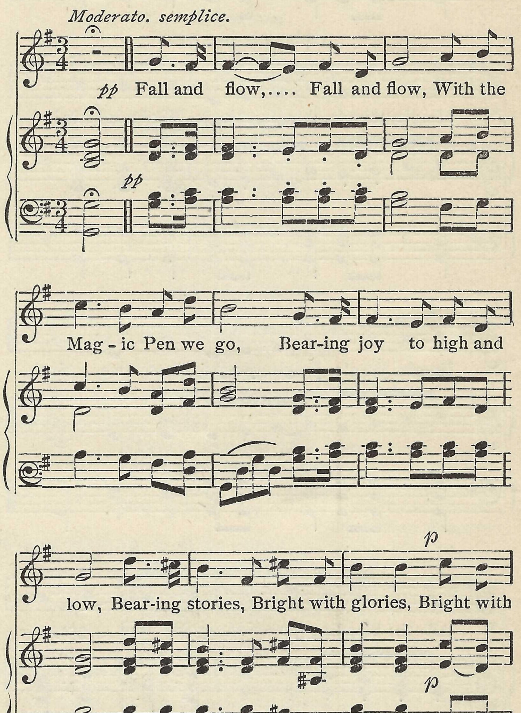
I 'm the lord of the wonderful Magic Pen,
I 'm the master of every tongue,
And my stories old for the children I 've told,
Since the days when the earth was young.

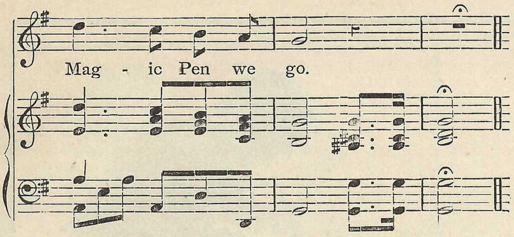
So, while Fact and Fable both agree
To color my stories all,
And my Magic Pen writes the thoughts of men
For the children large and small,

I will rule with my scepter the teeming brain,
No monarch more mighty than I;
And the warm hearts glow as the ages go,
With the thoughts that can never die.

Then ho! fill the little folks' magazines,
Load the presses with stories again,
And salute the world with our flag unfurled —
The flag of the Magic Pen!

Grand salute; all characters marching abreast, or in two files, to front of stage — standard in center. Colors are dipped to audience; then countermarch to throne. Salute the Master. Elephant-car enters, and all the characters (excepting the children) march off in procession, singing the Chorus.


Moderato. semplice.
pp
Fall and flow,.... Fall and flow, With the
Mag-ic Pen we go, Bear-ing joy to high and
low, Bear-ing stories, Bright with glories, Bright with
p
pleasure's inventories, Bright with pleasure's in-ven-
to-ries; Fall and flow,.... Fall and flow, With the



Meantime, the children stand amazed until the procession passes off. Then walking slowly to front of stage, they look at each other and say:

Dolly:

My, my, my!

Dot:

Did you ever!

Dick:

No, I never!

All:

Why, why, why!

Then, suddenly remembering, they start after the retreating procession, saying:

All:

Oh! here! say! you forgot us!

Reënter **Puck.**

Puck:

Come with me;
I 'll agree
Safe at home
You soon shall be.

Children, to **Puck:**

All right!

To audience:

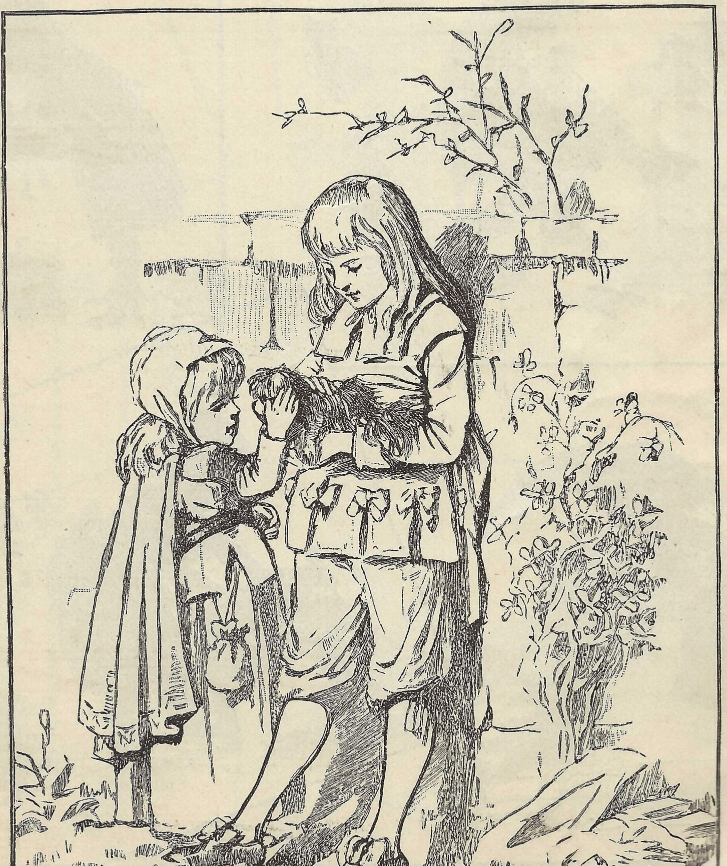
Good-night!

To one another:

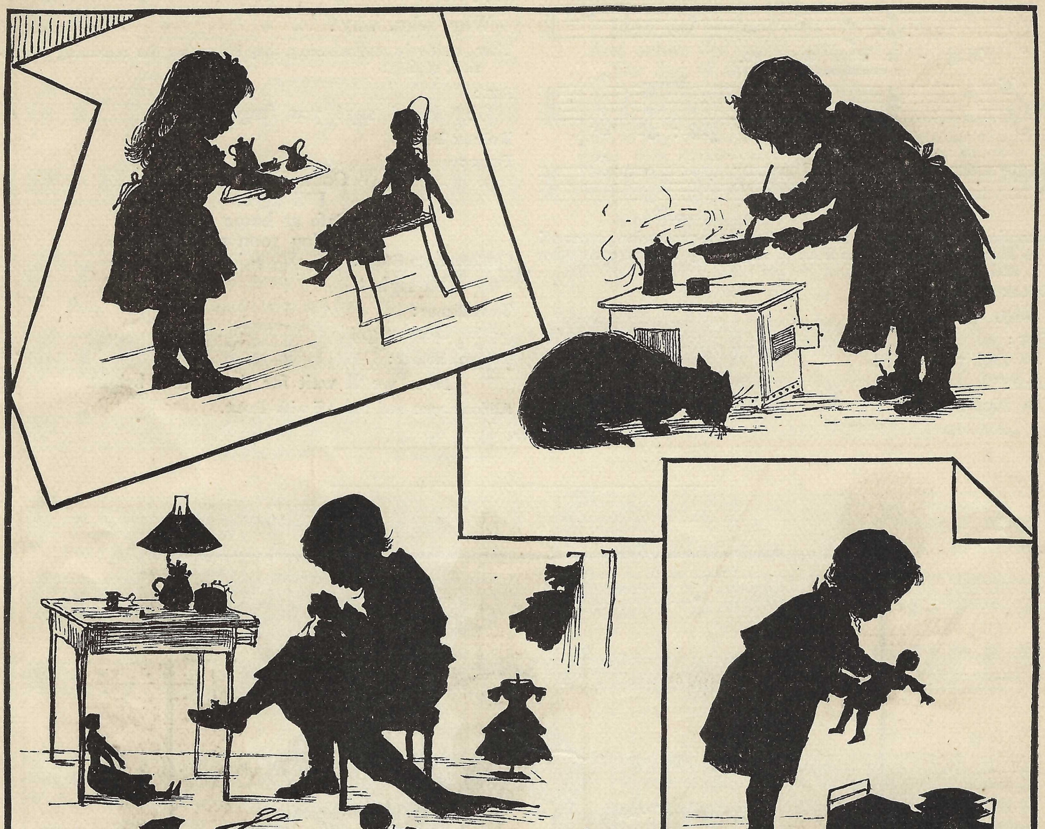
Now we 'll wait for the stories bright.

All lock arms and run off with **Puck.**

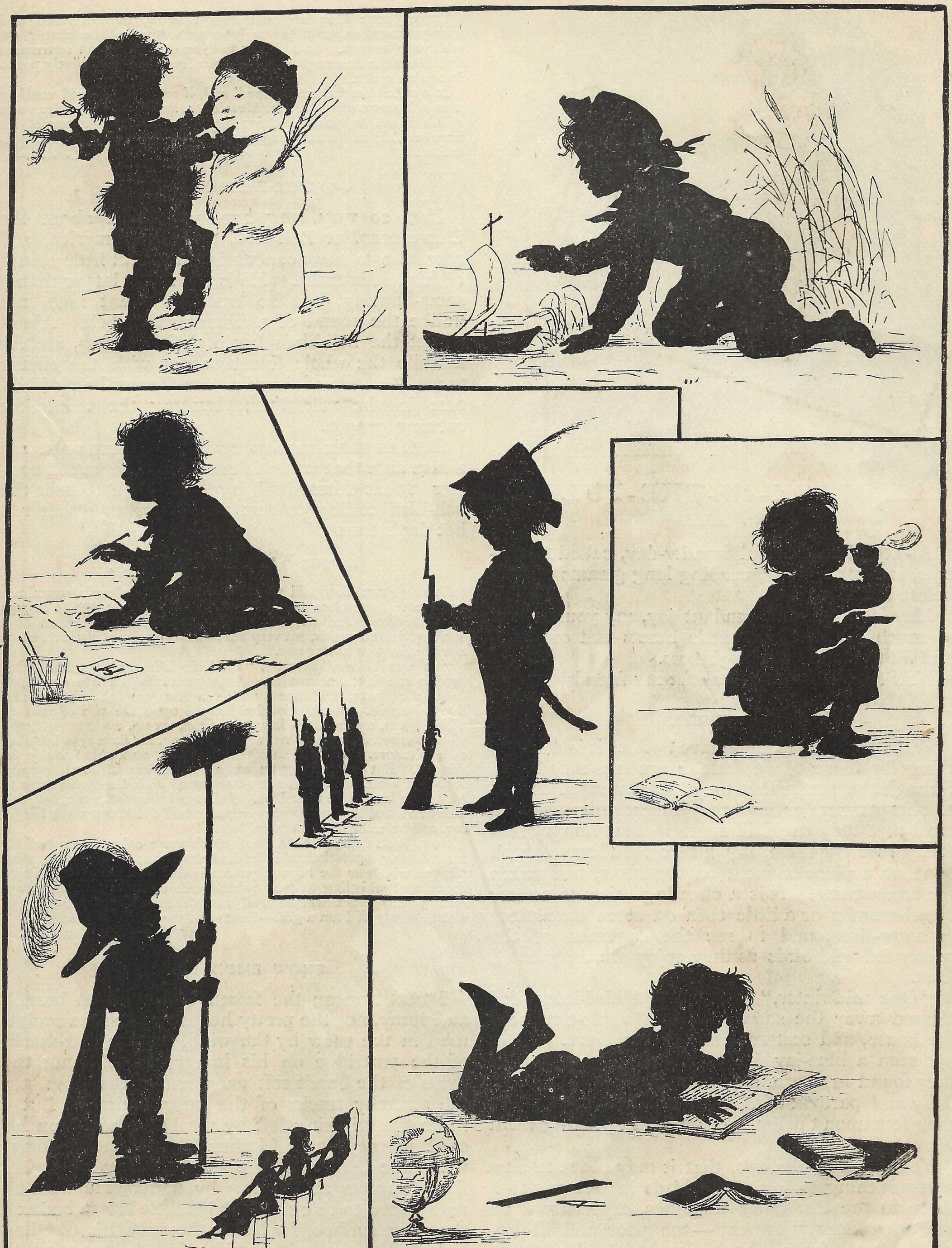
END.



A CHRISTMAS-GIFT IN THE OLDEN TIME.



Which of these little girls lives in your house?



WHICH of these little boys lives in your house?

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

AGAIN the beautiful wonder-day, called Christmas, is drawing near, sending long gleams of light before it like a star.

May it bring you abundant joy, my youngsters; so much joy that your little hearts will overflow, and fill the land with brightness.

Now for a word or two about my friends,

THE BIRDS.

WHAT keen eyes they have! And it is a happy thing for those brave little things who stay North through the winter that they have far sight as well as sharp sight, or else they might miss many a meal that they could ill spare in that hungry season. Just try them, my hearers. Throw a fresh bone or a piece of meat on the snow, and watch the crows come. It is a cheering thing to scatter bread-crumbs or a little corn on some bare place in snow-time, and to see the eagerness of the poorly fed wild birds as they enjoy the unexpected feast.

"One midwinter," writes a real bird-lover, "I cleared away the snow under an apple-tree near the house, and scattered some corn there. I had not seen a blue-jay for weeks, yet that very day they found my corn, and after that the jays came daily and partook of it, holding the kernels under their feet upon the limbs of trees and pecking them vigorously."

Your Jack thinks, too, that it may prove to be a pleasant thing to invite the birds in this way to a share in the Christmas festivities, especially if all the other dear "chicks"—the poor and ill-provided human ones—have also been well remembered, for then the Christmas carolings will be complete. Not one will be overlooked if, as the Little School-ma'am says, "Loving eyes have the sharpest sight of all."

WHAT ABOUT THIS?

DEAR JACK: You are interested, I know, in every new and strange invention, and like to have something odd to chat about with your hearers. So I 'll just tell you of a wonderful instrument that Monsieur Armengaud, a scientific Frenchman, positively promises to bring out.

It is called the "telestroscope," and, if successful, it will enable a man in his own office at, say, New York, not only to hear the voice of his friend in Nankin, China, but also to see an image of his friend exactly as he may happen to be at the moment of communication! Yours very truly, J. A. K.

A VESPER-BELL OF NATURE.

NOT so very long ago, we talked about the Campanero, or Bell-bird, of South America, and now here is news concerning a useful little cousin of his in Australia. He is not much larger than a snow-bunting, but he has a pleasant note, not unlike the sound of a distant sheep-bell. About sunset the bell-birds begin their tinkling, and for a while the whole forest echoes with the silvery tones,—a sort of Angelus, or Vesper-bell of Nature in the wild bush, hushing the woods for evening prayer.

Besides their musical sweetness, these notes are a sure sign that water is near, and the weary traveler in that thirsty land is glad enough to hear the bell-bird calling to rest and refreshment after a hot day's tramp.

A MUSIC-LOVING SQUIRREL.

DEAR JACK: You told us once that hunters of seals sometimes manage to draw close to their game by whistling tunes to engage their attention. And now I have just read about a sportsman who, one day, in the woods, sat very still, and began to whistle an air to a red squirrel on a near tree.

"In a twinkling," says he, "the little fellow sat up, leaned his head to one side, and listened. A moment after, he had scrambled down the trunk, and when within a few yards he sat up and listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up, made an umbrella of his bushy tail, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune, and chut! away he skipped. But before long he came back to his seat on the rails, and, as I watched him, it actually seemed as if he were trying to pucker up his mouth to whistle. I changed the tune again, but this time he looked so funny as he scampered off that I burst out laughing, and he came back no more."

Now, Jack dear, that man had much more enjoyment out of his music-loving squirrel than if he had shot him; and perhaps after this you will hear the boys of your neighborhood piling up rails to sit on, and whistling to the squirrels who come to talk with you. And if they don't whistle well enough, send for me, for I can whistle nicely, if I am a girl.—Yours and the squirrels' friend,

AMY T——D, twelve years.

SNOW EMBROIDERY.

I DON'T mean the frozen lace-work on branch and spray, nor the pretty heaps and furrows sculptured in the snow by the wind, nor the star-marks of the partridge on his hungry rounds, nor the dents of the hare's soft pads among the trees, nor the scratchy tracks of the busy squirrel. But I mean the stitching left by the Deer-mouse on his swift journeys over Mother Earth's snowy coverlid. The lines cross one another like a little girl's first attempts at quilting by hand. He does n't really need to risk showing his little brown body on the white surface, for below the snow his dwelling is joined to the homes of his friends by a maze of little tunnels and winding arch-ways, and along these he can stroll quietly and safely to pay neighborly visits and exchange the compliments of the season. And, if I 'm not mistaken, you will find a portrait of him and his mate in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1877. I may as well tell you, too, that he is commonly called the "white-footed Western mouse."

QUITE A DIFFERENT "REASON."

DEAR JACK: I suppose your more learned youngsters know all about why winter days are short and summer days are long. I wish I did; but I really can not understand the reasons given in the astronomy books, I get so muddled up with the "inclination of the earth's axis," "the eccentricity of the earth's orbit," and "the precession of the equinoxes"—but I am not quite sure this last thing has anything to do with it. Anyhow, I wish to tell you a different reason, which I heard in a song. It is something like this: In summer the weather is warm, and to walk fast would make everybody uncomfortable; so people just stroll along, and the globe is pushed around but slowly, like the barrels that acrobats walk on. But in winter the weather is so chilly that everybody is glad to walk briskly, and even to run, in order to keep warm; and the consequence is that the globe gets kicked around quickly, and night comes sooner than in summer. This is convenient, because it tires one so to walk fast all day.

After making this explanation, the song says: "Oh, it 's wonderful how they do it,—but they do!" and that is just what I say about the causes given in the astronomy book. Perhaps, when I am older, I shall grasp the proper idea; I am sure I hope I shall.—Yours truly, WILLIE HANSON, ten years.

P. S.—I told my papa what to say and he wrote it, because my handwriting is too joggly. W. H.

Yes, Master Willie, and it strikes your Jack that the earth's motion would be joggly, too, if it moved according to the theory of that merry song. Ever since I 've been a Jack-in-the-Pulpit I 've noticed that folks don't *all* move in the same direction.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED CARRIAGES!

NOW and then a fine carriage rolls along the corduroy road by my meadow, drawn by spirited horses that evidently do not relish exploring expeditions. They would much prefer the fine turnpike, and for my part I am quite willing that they should keep to it. No literary Jack-in-the-Pulpit with sensitive nerves craves the company of clattering horses and rumbling carriages; but just think what my noble ancestors on the Prussian side of the family must have endured in the days when the first King Frederick came into power. Why, I 've just had an interesting letter from a little school-ma'am that has made me almost deaf with its racket. Only listen:

"It was on the occasion, dear Jack, of the coronation of Frederick, the first king of Prussia, the grandfather of the famous Frederick the Great. The cavalcade moved from Berlin to Königsberg, five hundred miles, through a wild, uncultivated country. It required eighteen hundred carriages and thirty thousand post-horses to convey the court to the scene of coronation. The carriages moved like an army, in three divisions of six hundred each.

"The streets of the coronation city were tapestried with the richest and most gorgeous colored cloth, and many of them were carpeted. The king's diamond coat-buttons each cost a sum equal to seven and a half thousand dollars.

"Frederick's own hands placed the crown upon his brow. It was in 1700 that thus began the now powerful kingdom of Prussia."

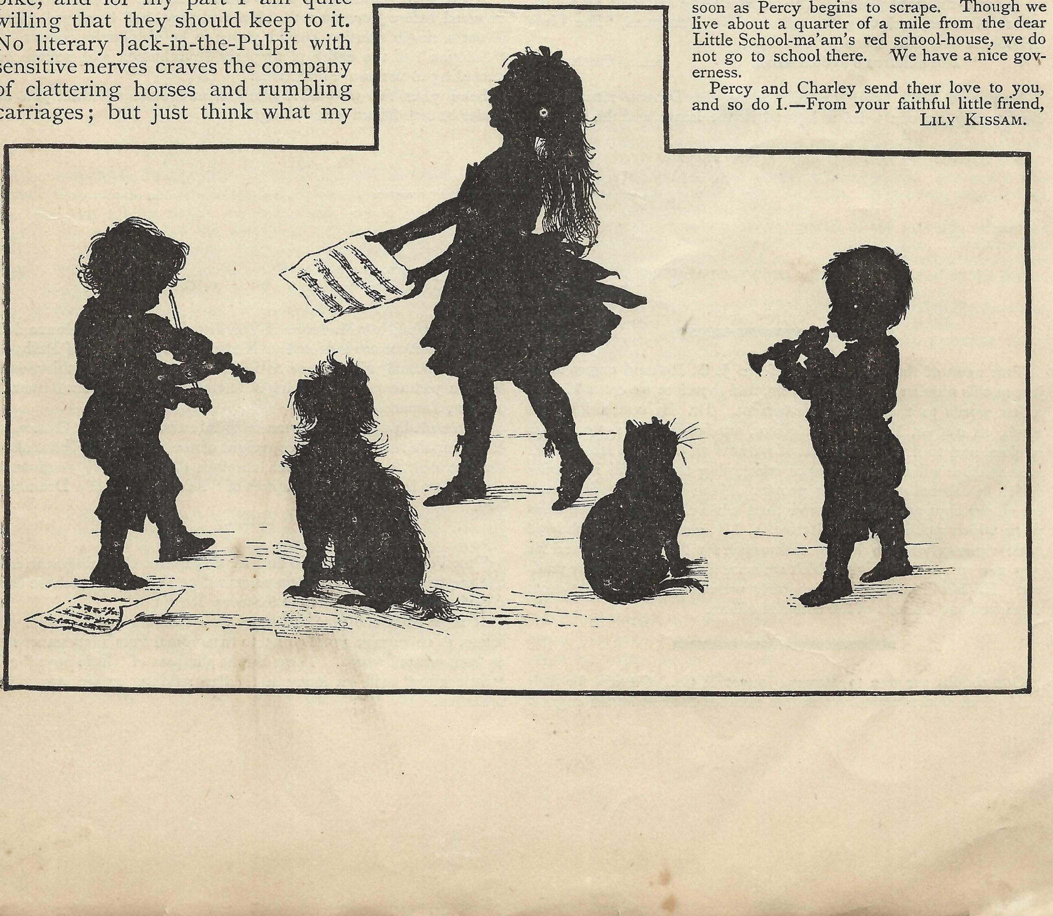
STAND BY THE DEACON.

I 'M told my good friend Deacon Green is coming out with a grand offer of a hundred brand-new dollar-bills, as prizes for my boys and girls. Stand by the deacon, my chicks, and get his money if you can!

A CHRISTMAS SERENADE FOR ME.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Do you ever lie—no, I mean stand awake nights? If you do, listen sharply, as Christmas draws near; for Percy, Charley, and I are going to surprise you with a serenade! We are practicing for it already. Uncle Ben says we need not stand out-of-doors to serenade, as the big serenaders do, for if we sing and play in the house with all our might, you will like it just as well, if not better. That seems queer to me, but I suppose it must be so. I 'll send you in this letter the picture Uncle drew of us three practicing. He made it out of ink, and he put Pompey and Kitty into the picture, because they are so much interested. We have hard work teaching Pompey not to bark as soon as Percy begins to scrape. Though we live about a quarter of a mile from the dear Little School-ma'am's red school-house, we do not go to school there. We have a nice governess.

Percy and Charley send their love to you, and so do I.—From your faithful little friend,
LILY KISSAM.



DEACON GREEN'S OFFER.

ONE HUNDRED NEW ONE-DOLLAR BILLS!

SOMETIMES, in the best-ordered printing-offices, it so happens that a *form* (which is one or more pages of reading-matter, set up in type, and fastened in an iron frame ready for the printing-press) meets with an accident. The man who is carrying it trips and drops it, or he bangs it down in such a way that it is loosened, and out tumble the type, helter-skelter. It is then "in pi," as the printers call it, and some one must pick up the scattered type, and, examining each little bit of metal, restore it to its proper position. The printer who sits in the corner busied with this pi is not in the least like Jack Horner, but is generally for the moment a sad and sorely tried fellow.

Now see what has happened to us! Deacon Green, assisted by his friend Mr. Timothy Plunkett, had prepared some instructive paragraphs concerning certain noted men of history, and no sooner were they put in type than a young compositor tumbled them into pi. He at once, in the excitement of the moment, did his best to restore the paragraphs, but ah! what a mess he made of the work!

When the Deacon heard of it, he wrote, in his hearty way:

"Never mind! The boys and girls of ST. NICHOLAS shall make all straight. Print it just as it is, call it *Historical Pi*, and tell the young folks that I, Deacon Green, happen to have by me exactly one hundred new one-dollar bills, all of which shall be given as prizes for restoring the pi, viz.: one bill for each of the one hundred best solutions received. The conditions are that the paragraphs are to be restored with perfect accuracy as to historical fact and the punctuation of every sentence; that the solution must be written on one side of the paper only, and addressed to Deacon Green, care of THE CENTURY CO., Union Square (north), N.Y.—and that not only accuracy, but neatness and penmanship, are to be considered in deciding upon the best solutions. Every word, every letter, every punctuation point that was in the original paragraphs is also in the pi, and all that is necessary is to make sure that, in the re-arrangement, they all get into the right places. The prizes will be awarded by a committee of seven, including the editor of ST. NICHOLAS, 'The Little School-ma'am,' Mr. Timothy Plunkett, and

"The children's to command,
SILAS GREEN.'

Now, you shall have the Pi, just as the Deacon returned it. Fortunately, no one word is injured in the least; and the opening sentence is unharmed. But look at the rest of the paragraphs! Even the names are divided and mixed up!

HISTORICAL PI.

WE propose to mention here a few of the world's great generals, inventors, discoverers, poets, and men of noted deeds.

George Stephenson was born at Carthage, which city was so hated by Goethe that he rarely made a speech without saying: and "Carthage must be destroyed!" Of other noted generals, Eli Whitney was a Roman; Shakespeare was a Prussian; James Watt was a Corsican; and Hannibal is an American.

It is believed that Charles Darwin invented Man; Newton, the horse; Julius Cæsar, the monitor; Napoleon, the blood; Frederick, the sewing-machine; Cato, the circulation of the earth; that Ericsson invented the satellites of Jupiter; that Bucephalus frequently discovered the law of gravitation and Dante the revolution of the steam-boat; Galileo the Great, the telegraph; William Harvey Bonaparte, the steam-engine; Elias Howe and Blondin, the cotton-gin of the telescope and Dr. Tanner, the fastest, if not the most fiery, naturalist of ancient times, discovered the theory of The Descent.

Among poets, the greatest in all history is Samuel Morse; while Robert Fulton ranks highest in the poetry of Germany, and Ulysses S. Grant in that of Italy. John and Isaac are famous English poets of our day.

Many men have performed special feats. Alexander conquered and rode the locomotive; Tennyson crossed the Niagara River on the tight-rope; and Browning claims to have lived forty days without eating.

Now, young folk, one and all, who of you will belong to the fortunate one hundred who are to receive the Deacon's dollar-bills?

Remember, the hundred prizes are for the *best* hundred solutions received before January 10th, 1882, and they shall be awarded even if not a single solution should prove to be absolutely correct. A "Solution" is the entire pi properly straightened and written out according to the above directions.

Send your full post-office address, and state whether you are under or over fifteen years of age.

THE LETTER-BOX.

THE news of the sudden death of Dr. J. G. Holland comes to us just as this number is going to press, and therefore we can add only a few words to the sad announcement. Dr. Holland's life and work, as author, lecturer, and editor, are familiar to some of our readers, and to many thousands of parents all over the land. Our next number will contain a paper concerning the helpful influences which he exerted upon young people. Meanwhile, it should interest all our boys and girls to know that, while a member of the company which publishes ST. NICHOLAS, his generous spirit showed itself constantly in his hearty enthusiasm for the magazine, and for any new or special delight which we were able to bring to our readers. His kindliness and high courtesy were always among the most cherished associations of the editorial offices.

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. Jouvet & Co., of Paris, for their kind permission to reproduce in this number their beautiful engravings of Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto" and "La Madonna della Sedia"; and we are indebted to Messrs. Goupil & Co., of Paris, for their courteously allowing us to copy, for our frontispiece this month, the fine picture of "The King's Favorite," by the famous Spanish painter, Zamacois.

Acknowledgment is also made to Messrs. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, owners of the copyright of the poem "All Quiet along the Potomac to-night"—which, through their courtesy, is given to our readers in the present chapters of "Recollections of a Drummer-boy."

THE Very Little Folk will find for themselves charming stories in the pretty silhouettes given on pages 176 and 177, and which we have copied from a book printed in far-away Russia.

It is an excellent plan, as many wise mothers and teachers well know, to encourage young folk to read aloud from pictures as well as from printed words. These bright glimpses of "little boys" and "little girls" will set many a toddler talking, or we are much mistaken.

WE had hoped to notice in this month's "Letter-box" the many capital letters that have been received in response to our request for "New Games" and to the September "Invitation to our Readers." But the pressure upon our space in this number has been so great, that we are forced to defer our special acknowledgment of these hearty communications until next month—meanwhile, thanking the generous young writers, each and all, for the promptness and earnest spirit of their replies. We shall be glad if others of our readers, who may have failed to send answers, in fear of being too late, will regard the invitations as still open to them and forward their letters soon.

A CHARMING little book just published by Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., with colored illustrations in the Kate Greenaway style, is entitled "The Glad Year Round." The author, A. G. Plympton, is well known to many of our readers through the capital "Mary Jane" stories contributed to ST. NICHOLAS. "The Glad Year Round" is full of good things both in text and pictures. It will certainly delight the young folk of every household into which it enters, and will make a beautiful holiday gift.

Another pretty volume is "The May Blossom" or "The Princess and Her People," illustrated by H. H. Emmerson, and published in New York by A. C. Armstrong & Son, and in London by F. Warne & Co. The illustrations are in color throughout, all interesting, and some of them unusually fine. Although not announced in the book, it is evident from the pictures that the "Little Princess" is the good Queen Victoria, and the illustrations in which the Princess appears probably represent actual scenes in the child-life of that gracious lady. The book comes in happily at this holiday season for those who are seeking pretty Christmas presents for young folk.

THE editor hopes that not a single reader of ST. NICHOLAS,—whether interested in history and art or not,—will "skip" the admirable articles by Mrs. Clement, which have now reached the era of the great masters of painting. For these papers are anything but dry descriptions and biographies, and, as shown in the article on Raphael in this number, contain many charming stories and legends, full of interest to young readers.

The list of Raphael's works was crowded out of the pages containing the article, and therefore is given here. It must be remembered, however, that, as Mrs. Clement tells you in the article, the great artist left nearly three hundred pictures and more than five hundred studies and sketches, so that the following list mentions, of course, only the most important existing works of Raphael, and where they now are:

The Madonna di Foligno, Vatican, Rome.
The Transfiguration, Vatican, Rome.
The Violin-player, Sciarra Palace, Rome.
St. Cecilia, Pinakothek, Bologna.
Several fine portraits, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
La Madonna della Sedia, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
Holy Family, called "Dell' Impannata," Pitti Gallery, Florence.
The Madonna del Baldacchino, Pitti Gallery, Florence.
The Madonna "del Gran Duca," Pitti Gallery, Florence.
The Madonna of the Goldfinch, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
St. John in the Desert, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Portrait of Pope Julius II., Uffizi Gallery, Florence.
Lo Sposalizio, The Brera, Milan.
Adoration of the Shepherds, Museum, Berlin.
Madonna and Child and John Baptist, Museum, Berlin.
Madonna di San Sisto, Gallery at Dresden.
Seven pictures in the Pinakothek, Munich.
Seven pictures in the Museum, Madrid.
Ten pictures in the Louvre, Paris.
The Vision of a Knight, National Gallery, London.
St. Catherine of Alexandria, National Gallery, London.
The "Garvagh" Madonna, National Gallery, London.
Two fine Madonnas, The Hermitage, St. Petersburg.
St. George and the Dragon, The Hermitage, St. Petersburg.

IN the "Double Acrostic," on page 88 of the November number, the description of the fifth cross-word should have read as follows: An island named by a sailor, credited with wonderful adventures, in describing his sixth voyage.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—NINTH REPORT.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

THE competition for the prize offered for the best six specimens of pressed flowers was not very extended, owing, doubtless, to the fact that the time during which the collections had to be made was limited and came during the extremely hot months of July and August. All that were sent, however, were deserving of much credit. The prize of an *American Plant Book* is awarded to Miss S. E. Arnold, of the Hartford, N. Y., Chapter. The contest for the saw of the saw-fish has been much more exciting; almost every mail has brought one or more essays on the curious *Pristis*, detailing the strange habits of the fish and the deeds of its wonderful saw.

After careful comparison, the saw is awarded to Master T. Mills Clarke, of Southampton. There were others who sent reports more elegantly written, and longer; but his smacked least strongly of the cyclopedia, and is on the whole most satisfactory. His drawing of the fish is reproduced upon the next page, and his report is as follows:

THE SAW-FISH.

The saw-fish *(Pristis)* is a genus of cartilaginous fishes constituting the family *Pristidæ*, which is ranked with the rays, but the elongated form of its body agrees rather with that of the sharks. Still, it differs from the sharks, and agrees with the rays, in several anatomical characters, most conspicuously in that it has the gill openings on the under surface, as in rays, and not on the side, as in sharks. Several of the rays seem to have weapons of offense or defense—indeed, you might say all of them, the sea-eagle being the only kind, as far as I can find, which is not armed in some way, several of them being armed with terrible spines. The torpedo is armed with electricity, and the saw-fish itself is armed by having its snout elongated into a flat, bony sword, sometimes five or six feet long, with from twenty to thirty bony spines or teeth on each side. This terrible instrument seems to be used in killing its prey; and it dashes about among the shoals of fish, slaying them right and left. This saw is indeed a terrible weapon. It is said that even whales are often slain by it, and the hulls of vessels pierced by its fearful power. An East Indian species lives partly in fresh water. The saw-fish is grayish-black above, and lighter beneath. It is a very rapid swimmer, and is often found far out at sea.

There are six or seven known species of the saw-fish, which are found all over the world, from the pole to the tropics. The common saw-fish *(Pristis antiquorum)* is found in the Mediterranean, and was known to the ancients, but no species is included in the list of British fishes.

It is found off the coast of Florida, and is occasionally found all along the eastern coast of the United States and Canada.

The fish are often (including the saw, which is generally about one-third of the entire length) eighteen feet long.

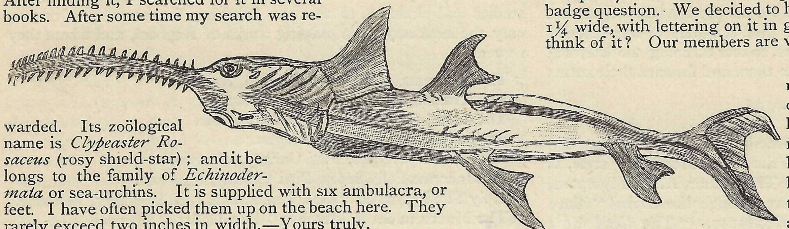
Those of you who have become interested in this fish will be glad to read Hugh Miller's book, "Foot-prints of the Creator." In it he tells how he once discovered part of an ancient skeleton embedded in a rock in Orkney. It proved to be a bone of the *Asterolepis*—so far as is yet known, the most gigantic ganoid of the Old Red Sand-stone, and, judging from the place of this fragment, apparently one of the first. Now the placoid family of fishes, to which our saw-fish belongs, is still older than the ganoid family, and many things of great interest are told about these old monsters in Mr. Miller's book. The meaning of the words *Pristis antiquorum* is the saw-fish of the ancients.

Of course most of our information regarding such creatures must come from books; but when we come to "sand-dollars," and such small specimens as can be obtained along any of our coasts, we are sure to get some information from some member who relies for knowledge mainly on his eyes; as the following letter shows:

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Sept. 9, 1881.

DEAR SIR: I noticed your request to some dweller by the ocean, to write a description of the sand-dollar and its habits. I caught one while I was in bathing in the Gulf of Mexico. It was the first one that I had ever seen alive. It was covered with short spines, and was of a handsome violet red. Here it is called the Texas star-fish. After finding it, I searched for it in several books. After some time my search was rewarded. Its zoölogical name is *Clypeaster Rosaceus* (rosy shield-star); and it belongs to the family of *Echinodermata* or sea-urchins. It is supplied with six ambulacra, or feet. I have often picked them up on the beach here. They rarely exceed two inches in width.—Yours truly,

PHILIP C. TUCKER, Jr.



THE SAW-FISH.

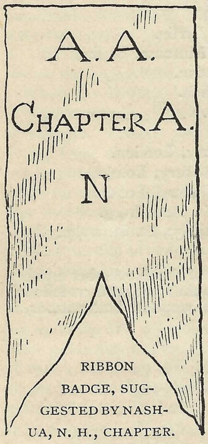
Not long ago I received from a lady of Galveston a specimen of this "Texas star"—which I imagine may, oddly enough, be the identical one that the writer of the above letter found. This letter seems to indicate as much:

GALVESTON, TEXAS.

DEAR SIR: In ST. NICHOLAS for September mention is made of what you call sand-dollar. We call it "Texas star." You ask who has seen one alive. I send you one taken from the Gulf of Mexico, last month (August), by a boy, who, while bathing, dived and brought it up. Though dry, you can yet see the hairy coat it is covered with. When first taken from the water you could see this hairy coat move, which proved it was alive. I was always under the impression that it was peculiar to our coast.—Respectfully,

MRS. M. E. STEELE.

Our Texas friends will have to relinquish their "patent" on this little urchin, for he is found abundantly along the coast of Massachusetts, and probably anywhere along the Atlantic coast between there and the Gulf.



RIBBON BADGE, SUGGESTED BY NASHUA, N. H., CHAPTER.

REPORTS OF CHAPTERS.

THE following new Chapters have been admitted to the "A. A.":

No.	*Name.*	*No. of Members.*	*Secretary's Address.*
96.	Lansing, Mich. (A)	10	Mrs. N. B. Jones.
97.	St. Croix, Wis. (A)	8	Ray L. Baker.
98.	Chicago (C)	5	Nelson Bennett, 65 Cicero st.
99.	Leonidas, Mich. (A)	—	Adelbert S. Covey.
100.	Hartford, Ct. (B)	12	F. Parsons, 55 Prospect st.
101.	Middletown, Ct. (A)	12	Philip P. Wells.
102.	Oakland, Cal. (B)	5	Geo. S. Meredith.
103.	La Porte, Ind. (A)	7	Frank Eliel.
104.	Osage City, Kan. (B)	—	John T. Nixon (Pres).
105.	Limerick, Ill. (A)	13	John W. Jordan.
106.	Lebanon Springs, N. Y. (A)	15	Robert M. Royce.
107.	Newburyport, Mass. (A)	16	Nannie G. Poore.
108.	Chicago, (D)		
109.	Washington, D. C. (C)	6	Emily K. Newcomb, 1336 11th st., N. W.
110.	Frankford, Pa. (A)	18	R. T. Taylor, 131 Adams st.

Will the secretaries of Chapters 99 and 104 kindly forward names of all members for our register?

In July ST. NICHOLAS, an error of the printer made Chapter 96 hail from Stanton, instead of Taunton, Mass., and the secretary of said chapter is now F. H. Lothrop.

The secretary of Chicago (D) writes:

There are four of us boys who would like to join the "A. A." We have been waiting with longing hopes for the 15th of September. We have quite a collection of geological specimens, and also insects, and have made a cabinet to hold them all, but it is hard work to find specimens in the city, and we have to make trips into the woods after our butterflies and moths.

The secretary of No. 107 says:

If any of the members have mothers who are of the same opinion as mine, that inexperienced girls and boys should not handle poisons, I would advise them to put any butterflies, etc., which they wish to kill, under a goblet, or in an odorous cigar-box with camphor.

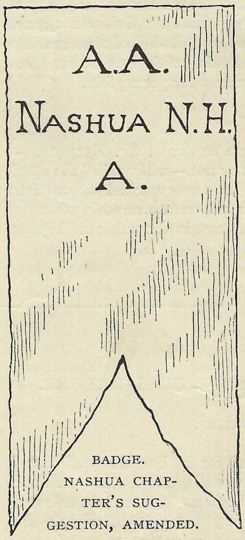
Mr. Crucknell writes: We think it would be best for all the members to have the same kind of badge, the only thing different being the name of the chapter.

Apropos of the badge, here is the manner in which the Nashua, N. H., Chapter has cut the knot:

Sept. 17. We held a meeting in our club-room, and decided the badge question. We decided to have a blue ribbon 2¼ inches long by 1¼ wide, with lettering on it in gilt [see first column]. What do you think of it? Our members are very much pleased with it.

It seems to us pretty, and perhaps nothing more generally acceptable could be devised. We would suggest, however, that the inscription would be more satisfactory if it ran as in the cut below; it is easier to infer that the last "A." stands for "Chapter A." than that the "N." stands for "Nashau, N. H." If the corresponding members of the Lenox Chapter like this idea, let us know at once, and badges will be provided which can be ordered directly from us, as desired. Each Chapter will, of course, provide its own badges.

Chapter 110 sends a very neat little book, containing the constitution and by-laws of the Frankford Chapter. It is the best yet.



BADGE. NASHUA CHAPTER'S SUGGESTION, AMENDED.

REQUESTS FOR EXCHANGES.

Eggs, minerals, and shells, for gold or silver ore—Whitney Kirke, 1518 N. 18th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mounted Sea-weed—R. S. Tarr, Gloucester, Mass., Box 729.

Prepared woods, pressed flowers, or mounted sea-weed, for mounted birds, or labeled eggs—Frank N. Barrows, Lenox, Mass.

QUESTIONS.

Where can I get entomological supplies, such as pins, nets, etc.?

FRANK E. AUSTIN,
Northampton, Mass.

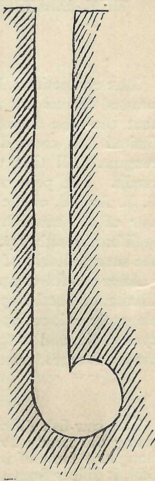
We wish to know how many eyes a fly has. We suppose the red spots on each side of the head are the compound eyes, but has he any others? If so, how many? We have observed a horn protruding from the mouth of a locust. What is it?

WASHINGTON, D. C., CHAPTER C.

NOTES BY MEMBERS.

In the August report it says: "The kingfisher lays two white eggs on a nest of fishbones." I have often found the eggs deposited on the floor of the room at the end of the hole, and never found a nest containing less than six eggs, and often eight or nine. The following is a ground plan of a hole that I dug out this spring. It was about five feet deep.

HARRY G. WHITE, Taunton, Mass.



KINGFISHER'S NEST-HOLE.

I send drawings and descriptions of three birds. These descriptions are made from my own observations of the living birds. The drawings are copied by myself from "Wilson's Birds," and I am twelve years old.

Respectfully yours, D. M. PERINE.

The drawings were excellently made, the descriptions fine, and the methods of study worthy the imitation of members who are puzzled as to what they can do "in a city." We will give one of these descriptions next month, but must now bid our members (numbering nearly 1300) a temporary adieu.

HARLAN H. BALLARD, Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE OCTOBER PUZZLES were received, before October 20, from "Skipper"— Frederica and Andrew Davis— "Marna and Ba"— Two Subscribers— F. Thwaits— H. C. Brown— M. and E. De la Guerra— Guesser— F. L. Kyte— E. Vultee.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 20, from Etta Hawxhurst, 1— Robert Van K. Harris, 3— "Kid," 5— Edith Sinclair, 1— Anna B. Ely, 1—Waldo S. Reed, 1— Alcibiades, 7— Lottie and Milton Lacey, 10— Milan Goodrich, 1— "Dorothy," 14— Florence P. Jones, 1— May I. Jones, 1— Jennie Callmeyer, 9— "Crocus," 2— Clara, 14— "Professor & Co.," 10— Effie K. Talboys, 9— Alice S. Rhoads, 6— Rose O. Raritan, 2— Tommy and Jack, 5— Louis B. Frankel, 3— "Two Dromios," 13— Algie Tassin, 5— Nanna D. Stewart, 2— Nannie Duff, 1— B. and F. families, 12— Mollie Weiss, 4— "Bassanio," 2— Bessie Taylor, 6— P. S. Clarkson, 14— Clarence Reeves, 1— Edward Dana Sabine, 1— "Puss-in-Boots," 3— Ellen Louise Carman, 3— Mattie E. Jansen, 4— Geo. W. Barnes, 3— "X. Y. Z.," 1— M. A. Snow, 4— C. Power, 8— M. Chesebrough, 2— T. Minot, 1— L. P. Bostwick, 8— G. R. Ingraham, 13— Engineer, 12— A. Ward, 4— Roderick, 3— J. S. Tennant, 13— Cornie and May, 7— F. C. McDonald, 14— E. M. Parker, 4— "Puck," 1— Daisy May, 13— Queen Bess, 14— H. L. Pruyn, 3— L. Clarke and N. Caldwell, 5— Henry and John, 7— A. Peterkin, 1— Partners, 12— L. McKinney, 11— Shoo-fly, 11— Sallie Viles, 10— Peterkin Family, 1— Willie V. Draper, 1.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES were received, too late for acknowledgment in the November number, from May B. and Alfred B. Creighton, Nova Scotia, 7— Edmund Walter Winiperis, London, England, 4— "Dycie," Havre, France, 11— Fanny J. Dennis, Cecil S. Hand, and William H. Buckler, London, England, all—George S. Hayter, Jr., Highgate, England, 2— L. and W. McKinney, 7.

The names of solvers are printed in the second number after that in which the puzzles appear.

A "SCOTT" DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FOR OLDER PUZZLERS.

ALL the characters referred to are to be found in Sir Walter Scott's novels; and the titles of two of his works are named by the Primals and Finals.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The hero of an early novel, who was stolen in his infancy. 2. A commander of the Covenanters, mentioned in the "Legend of Montrose," who took part in the engagement at Tippemuir. 3. The rejected suitor of Amy Robsart. 4. The name of a beautiful Jewess. 5. The discoverer of the pretended Popish plot in "Peveril of the Peak." 6. An English colonel who obtains the pardon of Edward Waverly, when guilty of treason. 7. The name of a noble lady, the ward of George Heriot, occurring in the "Fortunes of Nigel." 8. The name of the owner of "Wolf's Crag," who perished in a quicksand. 9. A nobleman who was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and husband of Amy Robsart. I. S.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

IN some parts of Germany there is observed the following custom: On a certain day, a quaintly dressed man visits the homes of the children, and on such as have been dutiful, he bestows various gifts. The first letter of the name given to the person who distributes the presents, and the first letter of the day on which the presents are distributed, are to be found "in crack, but not in hole"; the second letters, "in panther, not in mole," and so on, till the name of the person and day have been rightly spelled:

In crack, but not in hole;
In panther, not in mole;
In cinder, not in soot;
In inch, but not in foot;
In short, but not in long;
In twitter, not in song;
In rhyme, but not in lay;
In auburn, not in grey;
In spring, but not in fall;
In slender, not in small;
In rats, but not in mice;
In pretty, not in nice. PARTHENIA.

HOLIDAY ANAGRAMS.

THE lines of each couplet rhyme, and the omitted words may all be formed from the thirteen letters omitted in the last line.

A fair little maid, with the kindest *****,
Flitted about to bazar and to ****.

Purchasing gifts, if rightly I guess;
First, 't was a doll, then a board to play *****.

Then, dear Mamma! — 't was surely no ****
To buy for her watch-chain a tiny gold *****.

Hours seemed just little inches of **** ; —
They flew till she found she had spent her last ****.

Then, turning homeward, this fair little ****
Saw one whom she pitied and gladly would ***.

"Are you not cold, little girl, with that *****,
And what is your name?" She replied, "It is Bess.

"Yes, I am cold, but,"—her eyes they grew ***,—
"But I 'm only thinking of sick brother *** ;

"He 's home, and he 's lame, and he never was ***** ;
I wish I could buy him just one little ****."

Her sorrow our fair little maid could not ****.
"My purse is quite empty," she whispered *****.

"But here 's my gold dollar —; 't is precious! no ****** !
Her face is so blue, and her teeth — how they *******."

Then, speaking aloud,— "Little girl, come with **,
For first you need clothing,— that plainly I see.

"A part of my wardrobe and supper I 'll spare,
And poor little Tim, too, shall have his full *****."

Very happy that night were those three little ****** ;
One happy from giving,— two happy with *****.

And our dear little maiden's sweet joy will abide,
And she long will remember that glad ********* **** .

LILIAN PAYSON.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS.

EACH of the words described contains five letters, and the syncopated letters, placed in the order here given, spell the name of a famous English philosopher, who was born on Christmas Day, 1642.

1. Syncopate to besiege, and leave a vegetable. 2. Syncopate to balance, and leave a formal attitude. 3. Syncopate to sharpen, and leave a check. 4. Syncopate a river in France, and leave learning. 5. Syncopate dispatch, and leave to detest. 6. Syncopate a minute particle, and leave a smirk. 7. Syncopate a country in Europe, and leave to whirl. 8. Syncopate worldly pelf, and leave a snare. 9. Syncopate to chop in small pieces, and leave rodent animals. 10. Syncopate to delude, and leave small talk. 11. Syncopate an under-ground canal, and leave a soothsayer. 12. Syncopate rhythm, and leave a small lake. 13. Syncopate to be buoyed up, and leave insipid. 14. Syncopate a weapon, and leave to fasten with a cord.

DYCIE.

RIDDLE.

CUT off my head,— a title you will see;
Cut off my tail,—you 'll find me on a tree;
Cut both off, and it truly may be said
I still remain a portion of the head.
Curtail me twice, and then there will appear
A dainty edible, for spring-time cheer.
Though deep in tropic seas my whole is found,
It often glimmers in the dance's round.

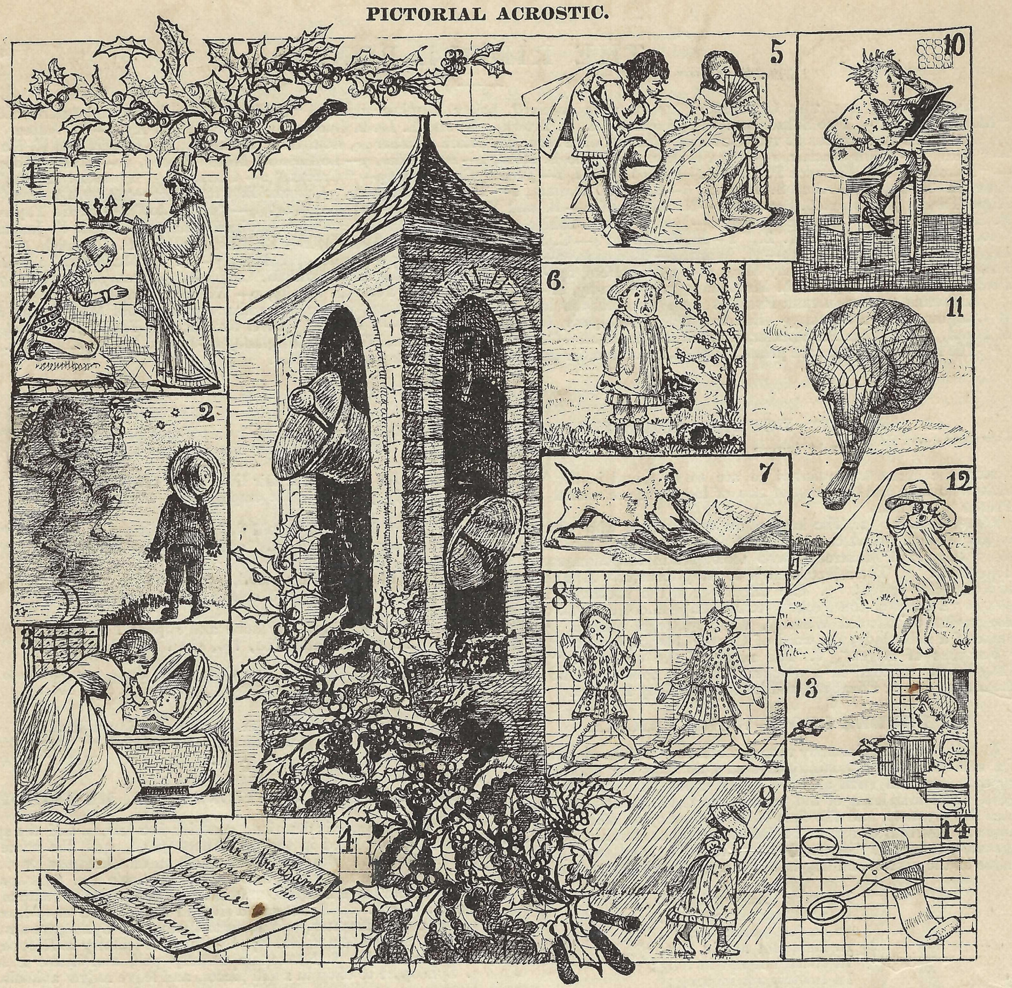
GEORGE D.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-seven letters, and am a well-known saying by a famous man.

My 25-36-33-44-7-14-27 is this evening. My 43-26-28 is a fixed regulation. My 3-40-37 is an uproar. My 41-36-35 is land. My 18-32-38-15 is an instrument for grasping things closely. My 22-19-24 are "children of a larger growth." My 39-2-24-46 is general character. My 10-22-5-19-20 is an Arabian ruler. My 42-17-1 is a bulky piece of timber. My 4-2-29-47-13 is to prepare for food by exposure to heat. My 28-6-11-12-2-28-47 are casements. My 9-6-8 is a transgression. My 31-40-45-46 is the home of certain insects. My 16-17-2-30-15 is a tailor's smoothing-iron. My 21-23-34-4-17 is an African. A. H. AND G. H.

PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.


1
2
3
4
5
6.
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
Mr & Mrs Banks request the pleasure of your company

EACH of the small pictures may be described by a word which rhymes with "celebration." The initial letters of the words to be supplied spell two words which fitly describe one of the above illustrations. The following lines hint at the meaning of each picture:

My first is kingly ——;
My second, vague ——;
My third, an intimate ——;
My fourth, a formal ——;
My fifth, a courtly ——;
My sixth, a trying ——;
My seventh, decided ——;

My eighth, a heated ——;
My ninth, a thorough ——;
My tenth is saying "——";
My eleventh is lofty ——;
My twelfth is tearful ——;
My thirteenth, welcome ——;
My fourteenth, final ——.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA: "The wisdom of many, and the wit of one."

ZIG-ZAG. Nutcrack night. Cross-words: 1. Near. 2. BUrn. 3. MaTe. 4. ChiC. 5. TaRe. 6. SAte. 7. Core. 8. SKin. 9. PaNe. 10. LodI. 11. PaGe. 12. SHed. 13. Tell.

COMBINATION PUZZLE. Thanksgiving. 1. Stage—gaTes. 2. Throe—otHer. 3. Regal—glAre. 4. Roman—maNor. 5. Spike—piKes. 6. Saves—vaSes. 7. Rouge—roGue. 8. Tints—stInt. 9. Drove—roVed. 10. Withe—whIte. 11. Noted—toNed. 12. Gapes—paGes.

TWO WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Paris. 2. Aside. 3. Risen. 4. Ideas. 5. Sense. II. 1. Larch. 2. Azure. 3. Rural. 4. Crane. 5. Helen.

CHARADE. Fox-glove.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Odin—Thor. CROSS-WORDS: 1. COaTs. 2. IDaHo. 3. BIgOt. 4. ANgRy. II. Edda—Saga. CROSS-WORDS: 1. FEaSt. 2. IDeAl. 3. ADaGe. 4. PApAl.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Car. 3. Caper. 4. Captain. 5. Realm. 6. Rim. 7. N.

REBUS: "A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man 's above his might."
ROBERT BURNS, *in "Honest Poverty."*

DOUBLE DECAPITATIONS. 1. S-t-ray. 2. S-t-rap. 3. S-t-ale.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC. Reading across: 1. BinD. 2. RoaR. 3. AriA. 4. GliB.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Agassiz—Audubon. CROSS-WORDS: 1. AgricolA. 2. GnU. 3. AmenD. 4. SoU. 5. SeneriB. 6. IndigO. 7. ZitherN.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. Purse. 1. Se-P-al. 2. Fo-U-nd. 3. Ho-R-se. 4. Ba-S-il. 5. St-E-ep.

CHANGED HEADS. 1. Bat. 2. Cat. 3. Mat. 4. Hat. 5. Nat. 6. Pat. 7. Rat. 8. Sat. 9. Fat. 10. Vat.

RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL

REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S Steel Pens.

THE FAVORITE NOS. 303-404-332-170-351—WITH HIS OTHER STYLES SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION 1878

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE INTERNATIONALE DE 1878

PARIS

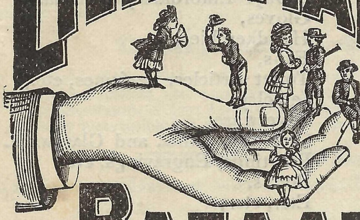
BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

It Prevents the Hair from Falling.
It Promotes its Healthy Growth.
It is not Greasy nor Sticky.
It Softens the Hair when Dry.
It Soothes the irritated Scalp.
It Cures Dandruff.

THE WAY TO CLOTHE THE CHILDREN

Economically, and the most satisfactorily every way, is to make use of the facilities afforded by the

LILIPUTIAN



BAZAAR

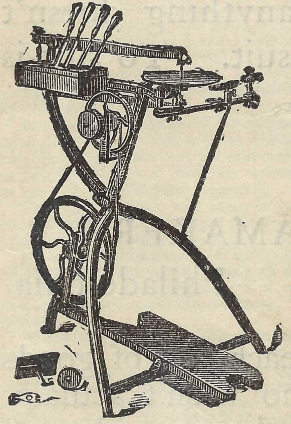
Boys' Clothing,
Misses and Children's Suits and Cloaks,
Babies' Outfits,

EVERYTHING FOR CHILDREN'S WEAR.

All the latest and best styles, at the lowest prices possible. Particular attention to orders by mail. Catalogues sent on application.

BEST & CO.

315 Sixth Ave. bet. 19th & 20th Sts. New-York.



The demand for **Lester and Rogers Saws** has been so great that we have not advertised them for a long time. But the readers of St. Nicholas ought to know where the good saws are to be had, when poorer ones are being so industriously pushed upon the market. **The Lester Saw, at $10.00,** has taken the place of all higher priced machines, as it is good enough for any use. It has a Scroll Saw, Lathe, Circular Saw, Drilling Attachment, Emery Wheel, Nickel-plated Tilting Table, Blower, Turning Tools, Drill Points, Sheets of Designs, Wrench, Screw Driver, and every improvement to this date.

The Rogers Saw, at $3.50,

Has a Scroll Saw, Drilling Attachment, Blower, Tilting Table for inlaid work, Extra Saw Blades, Drill Points, Designs, Wrench, &c.

Both Saws have Iron Frames and Steel running parts, with Japan finish, striped with red and gold. These Saws are warranted to give entire satisfaction to all purchasers. Boxed and delivered to Transportation Companies here without charge. We are headquarters in New-York for Wood Designs and all Scroll Sawing goods.

MILLERS FALLS CO.

74 Chambers Street, N. Y.

Huyler's

863 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, BETWEEN **17th and 18th Streets.**

Will give special attention to OUT-OF-TOWN orders for their FRESH, PURE, DELICIOUS

CONFECTIONS.

Patrons may specify preference from the following:

FINE CHOCOLATES.

Chocolate White Nougat,
Chocolate Burnt Almonds,
Chocolate Orange and Lemon Pralines,
Chocolate Quince or Pine-apple.

BONBONS of Orange, Lemon, Marron, Raspberry, Pine-apple, Chocolate, Hickory Nut.

DELICIOUS FRUIT FLAVORS MADE BY OURSELVES.

Old-fashioned Molasses Candy.

Vanilla, Coffee, Maple WALNUTS, Dipped in Cream.

Butter, Hickorynut, Cocoanut CUPS.

Vanilla, Raspberry, Chocolate, or Orange CREAM ALMONDS, MARSH-MALLOWS, BURNT ALMONDS, FRENCH FRUITS.

Our Fresh Every Hour Confections are unexcelled.

Send $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, or $5.00

To the above address, and receive in return, by mail or express (prepaid), package of our candy.

☞ **HOLIDAY ORDERS should be sent us by December 18th**

MANY LADIES do not know how ready a city merchant is to send them samples of goods, and to answer questions about goods. He wants to extend his trade over the whole country; and such inquiries are the chief means by which he can become known and be dealt with. How he answers them, of course, depends on the merchant and his people. We sell:

Silks,
Dress Goods,
Dress Trimmings,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
Ladies' and Children's Underwear
Corsets,
Baby Clothing,
Shawls,
Hosiery,
Haberdashery,
Laces,
Embroideries,
White Goods,
Linens,
Muslins,
Flannels,
Cloths,
Upholstery,
Piano Covers,
Carpets, Rugs, etc.,
Fine Furniture,
Antique Furniture,
Kitchen Furnishing,
Millinery,
Hats for Men and Boys,
Shoes of all sorts,
Trunks, Valises, and Bags,
Clothing for Men and Boys,
Furs,
Stationery,
Toys,
Zephyr Embroidery Materials,
Gloves,
Handkerchiefs,
Fans,
Toilet Articles, Perfumes, etc.,
Jewelry,
Silverware,
Crockery, China, and Glassware.
Paintings, Engravings, etc.,
Books,
Etc., etc.;

and almost everything we take back, if it doesn't suit. This is a distinguishing mark of our trade. If anything doesn't suit, we *want* it back, for we want to suit. To suit is worth more than any one profit.

Write us about any of the above goods.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
Philadelphia.

Chestnut, Thirteenth, and Market streets,
and City-hall square.

P. S.—The amount and variety we keep of each sort of goods are beyond what anybody can understand who hasn't actually been in the store. Take the single items of dress goods and shoes, for examples. There are no other stocks in the whole country at once so varied and comprehensive. The same may be said of several other sorts of goods; and nothing that we touch at all are we willing to do half-well.

Our trade is only five years old (except in clothing), and already amounts to more than five millions a year. It would be strange, indeed, if we could build up such a trade on any other foundation than the very best of service. It is that, and nothing else, that is bringing us the trade of a continent.

"AN INDISPENSABLE VISITOR."—*New-York Observer.*

THE GREATEST LIVING AUTHORS, such as

PROF. MAX MÜLLER,
RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE,
JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE,
PROF. HUXLEY,
RICHARD A. PROCTOR,
PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH,
EDWARD A. FREEMAN,
PROF. TYNDALL,
DR. W. B. CARPENTER,
FRANCES POWER COBBE,
THE DUKE OF ARGYLL,
WILLIAM BLACK,
MISS THACKERAY,
MRS. MULOCK-CRAIK,
GEORGE MACDONALD,
MRS. OLIPHANT,
MRS. ALEXANDER,
JEAN INGELOW,
THOMAS HARDY,
W. H. MALLOCK,
MATTHEW ARNOLD,
J. NORMAN LOCKYER,
FRANCIS W. NEWMAN,
ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE,
FRANCIS GALTON,
W. W. STORY,
IVAN TOURGENIEFF,
RUSKIN,
TENNYSON,
BROWNING,

and many others, are represented in the pages of

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

THE LIVING AGE has been published for nearly forty years. Commended in the outset by President Adams, Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, historians Sparks, Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, and many others, it has never failed to receive the warm support of the best men and journals of the country, and has met with uninterrupted success. A WEEKLY MAGAZINE, of sixty-four pages, it gives more than

Three and a Quarter Thousand

double-column octavo pages of reading matter yearly, forming four large volumes. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a *satisfactory completeness* attempted by no other publication, the best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms. Tales, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature.

During the coming year, Serial and Short Stories by the **Most Eminent Foreign Authors** will be given, together with an amount

Unapproached by any other Periodical

in the world, of the most valuable Literary and Scientific matter of the day from the pens of the foremost Essayists, Scientists, Critics, Discoverers, and Editors, above-named and many others, representing every department of Knowledge and Progress.

The importance of THE LIVING AGE to every American reader, as the only **satisfactorily fresh and complete** compilation of a generally inaccessible but indispensable current literature—*indispensable* because it embraces the productions of

THE ABLEST LIVING WRITERS

in all branches of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics—is sufficiently indicated by the following recent

Opinions.

"No other periodical can compare with THE LIVING AGE in interest and value. * * * A veritable thesaurus of the best work of the most celebrated writers in literature, science, politics, and art."—*Boston Traveller.*

"It supplies a better compendium of current discussion, information, and investigation, and gives a greater amount and variety of reading-matter, which it is well worth while to read, than any other publication."—*Boston Journal.*

"Since its first appearance, nearly forty years ago, it has been far ahead of all competition in English-speaking lands."—*Philadelphia Evening News.*

"It is in itself a library of contemporary literature. Through its pages alone it is possible to be as well informed in current literature as by the perusal of a long list of monthlies. * * * In it we find the best productions of the best writers upon all subjects ready to our hand."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"There is no other and more economical way of obtaining the choicest literature and thought of the day than through the columns of this standard weekly magazine."—*New-York Independent.*

"Its value increases every year."—*The Churchman, New-York.*

"The ablest essays and reviews of the day are to be found here. * * * We know of no investment of eight dollars in the world of literature that will yield equal returns."—*The Presbyterian, Philadelphia.*

"There is no instance in literature where the uniform excellence of a magazine has been so long and so successfully maintained. * * * It contains not only the best solid literature, but also the best serial stories of the day. * * * Its pages are sufficient to keep any reader abreast with the best printed thoughts of the best of our contemporary writers."—*Episcopal Register, Philadelphia.*

"We do not know where to look for its equal in its own line."—*The Congregationalist, Boston.*

"To praise it is a work of supererogation."—*New-York Christian Advocate.*

"It furnishes a complete compilation of an indispensable literature."—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

"It is for readers of limited leisure or purse the most convenient and available means of possessing themselves of the very best results of current criticism, philosophy, science, and literature."—*Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh.*

"It is indispensable in every household where any attempt is made to keep up with the current thought of the day. * * * It is a thorough compilation of what is best in the literature of the day, whether relating to history, biography, fiction, poetry, wit, science, politics, theology, criticism, or art."—*Hartford Courant.*

"It being a weekly publication, is, comparatively speaking, the cheapest magazine published. Its contents are of the finest literature in our language."—*Commercial Advertiser, Detroit.*

"The great eclectic of the world."—*Morning Star, Wilmington, N. C.*

"In no other form can so much thoroughly good reading be got for so little money; in no other form can so much instruction and entertainment be got in so small a space."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"No reader who makes himself familiar with its contents can lack the means of a sound literary culture."—*New-York Tribune.*

"It has no rival in its chosen field."—*New-York Evening Post.*

"It gives in one magazine the best that is published in all, and enables its readers to keep fully abreast of the best thought and literature of civilization."—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

"The regular reader of THE LIVING AGE will lose but little if he fails of seeing its contemporaries."—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"It is without a rival in the value, variety, and quantity of its matter."—*Am. Journal of Education, St. Louis.*

"The indispensable among magazines."—*Pacific Churchman, San Francisco.*

"As much a necessity as ever."—*The Advance, Chicago.*

"It is still, in our opinion, the best of magazines to subscribe to."—*Montreal Gazette.*

"The best and cheapest periodical in America."—*Evangelical Churchman, Toronto.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, at $8.00 a year, *free of postage.*

☞ **TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS for the year 1882,** remitting before January 1, the weekly numbers of 1881 issued after the reception of their subscriptions will be sent *gratis.*

CLUB PRICES FOR THE BEST HOME AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

"Possessed of 'LITTELL'S LIVING AGE,' and of one or other of our vivacious American monthlies, a subscriber will find himself *in command of the whole situation.*"—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

For $10.50, THE LIVING AGE and any one of the *four dollar* monthly magazines (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*) will be sent for a year, *with postage prepaid on both;* or, for $9.50, THE LIVING AGE and the *St. Nicholas*, or *Appletons' Journal*, or *Lippincott's Monthly, post-paid.* Address,

LITTELL & CO. 17 Bromfield St. Boston.

[Copyrighted 1881, by L. Lum Smith. All rights reserved.]

LEXICONIC ORTHOGRAPHY.

The Great Literary Prize Contest

Now Agitating the Minds of the Most Refined and Cultured People of America.

Appropriately Dedicated, with Mrs. James A. Garfield's Express Permission, to the Memory of our Most Illustrious President,

Hon. B. H. Brewster, Adjudicator.	**GARFIELD**	Grandest Feature of the Age.

WHO WAS EVER IDENTIFIED WITH PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION.

But what is of still greater interest, this Lexiconic Orthographic contest offers **Cash** for every hour's work. It is a paid pleasure, and if the competitor so chooses, "A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS."

CASH PRIZES, ranging from **$500** to **$1.00,** will be paid in gold the day the contest is decided.

Contests are very often disappointing, vexatious affairs, that leave the bitter leaven of disgust in the contestant's mind rather than a host of happy memories. This arises from a want of proper precaution and pre-arrangement. We have taken such pains with our plan as shall make this an impossibility. To edit the Lexiconic contest with all due care, we have engaged Mr. Emerson Bennett, the distinguished author, and Mr. W. R. Balch, compiler of "Garfield's Words" and late managing editor of the *American*, who will be assisted by a sufficient corps of aids. To adjudicate upon any questions arising that might in any way affect the rights or interests of the competitors, we have, with his consent, after submitting to him the details of the Lexiconic contest, retained the services of the best talent of the Pennsylvania bar, the Hon. Benjamin H. Brewster, the distinguished Philadelphia lawyer. In the hands of these gentlemen Lexiconic Orthography will become an affair of national moment, arousing the liveliest interest wherever the English language is spoken, and calling into active play the best talents and the most commendable abilities of our people.

These are so self-evident and true that MRS. JAMES A. GARFIELD has kindly and freely permitted us to dedicate it to the memory of our late most illustrious President.

It is the latest novelty in the world of letters, and for originality, fascination, merit, and value as a factor in the vital, active, educational forces of the country has no equal. It is as simple as A B C, and presents no new difficulties whatever.

Any boy or girl can compete as readily and successfully as the most illustrious professor of English letters. It is equally fascinating for both. It is at once a pastime, a study, and a splendid source of acquiring education, of broadening the mind, of inciting to habits of improvement, and it is as useful as any branch of training ever introduced into the educational institutions of any country. In your research and competition you will be amazed, and you will find that many an otherwise dull hour will pass away like a flash, leaving you mentally refreshed and eager for other literary honors, and if you are yourself just coming upon the stage of action, how much may you not owe in the future to the first incentive to rise in the world of literature, art, and science! For it is a well-known axiom that the mind grows by what it feeds upon. Think of this, parents, and start your children upon a pleasant contest, which will require all their mentality, excite their ambition, and lead them to the golden gates of literary renown. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, and novelists will agitate this question throughout the country, and contest for the premiums and honors of the *Lexiconic Orthography*.

In addition to these inducements to enter the *Lexiconic Orthography* contest, I will state here that, after the awards are made, the results of the contests will be printed upon a card, woven into an artistic wreath, in the center of which will be elegantly engraved a portrait of our lamented **President Garfield;** below the wreath a poem commemorative of him, together with the names and addresses of the several successful competitors. Millions of these (patent applied for) souvenirs will be sold by book, news, and card dealers, agents and peddlers on the trains, steam-boats, and streets all over the country. Think of your name appearing on millions of these souvenirs, and the honor and fame that will follow!

The price will be 25c., 35c., 50c., 75c., $1.00, $2.50, and $5.00. The larger sizes will be in color, and will be beautiful works of art. Orders may be sent in now, to be filled at the earliest moment in the order received.

A prize of $50 is hereby offered for the best eight-line poem or acrostic, or the two combined, on the name Garfield, to be inserted on the *(patent applied for)* Garfield Family Acrostic Lexiconic Souvenir cards.

For full particulars, all the rules of both contests, date of closing, a sample copy of the paper, circulars, and instructions, *inclose ten cents* to L. Lum Smith, who is also proprietor of the Smithograph Manufacturing Company and Imitation Stained Glass, and soon to be announced two of the greatest enterprises ever placed before the American people. Don't forget to send the ten cents.

L. LUM SMITH, 6434 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.

(Write for particulars; mention this publication.)

An Age in Advance of All Other Inventions.

From a single spool, makes a seam stronger and more beautiful than by any combination of two threads.

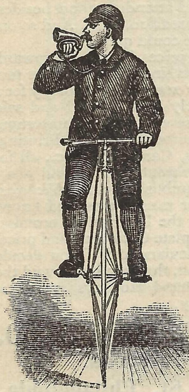
THE AUTOMATIC

Or "NO TENSION" SEWING MACHINE.

Ladies careful of Health and appreciating the Best will now have no other.

ADAPTED FOR HAND OR TREADLE.

WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO.
658 Broadway, New-York.

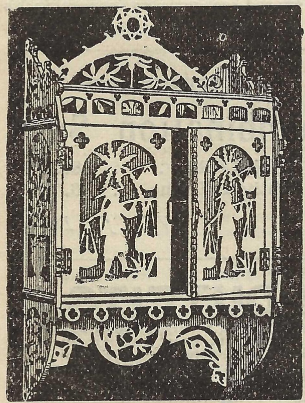


We have in stock less than 150 of our well-known Cone-Bearing

"STANDARD COLUMBIA"

Bicycles, in 46 and 48 inch, half bright and painted, which we offer at the reduced price of $75.00 until they are sold. The thousands which are in use have earned a good reputation. This offer affords an opportunity to purchase good, serviceable, new Bicycles at a bargain, while the lot lasts.

THE POPE MFG. CO.
597 Washington St.
Boston, Mass.



SCROLL SAWYER.

On receipt of 20 cents, this "Wall Cabinet Design," size 12 x 20, will be sent to any address. Or send six cents for miniature designs for scroll sawing, and new illustrated catalogue of scroll-saw material, mechanics' tools, rifles, etc., with special offers for season of 1881 and '82.

New Designs, Sharp Saws, Low Prices. Read my offer in November number of this magazine.

A. H. POMEROY,
Hartford, Conn.

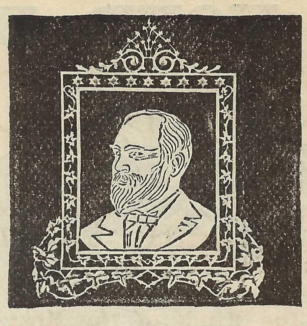
THURBERS' BIRD SEED

Properly Mixed in 1-lb. Cartoons.

Our Seeds are selected with great care, thoroughly cleaned, combined by an expert, and neatly packed in one-pound cartoons, with a piece of cuttle-fish bone in each cartoon. If you wish your birds to thrive, ask your Grocer for THURBERS' Bird Seed; also for our Bird Gravel in packages to go with the seed.

---

135 Writing Letters, Type, Figures
IMPROVED SELF-INKER. BEST PRESS.
Ink, Reglets, Gold, Nippers, Case, Rack, 100 Cards, outside case; **ALL for $6.00.**
W. C. EVANS, 50 N. Ninth St. Philada., Pa.



Garfield. No. 45. Size, 10 x 12 in. Price, 10c.

Fret Sawyers

THE
FINEST
Line of Designs
IN THE
WORLD.

Hundreds of splendid designs in sheet form, and ten books of designs, averaging 100 designs to each book. *Send for circulars, with illustrations.*

About Part X.—MESSRS. ADAMS & BISHOP, of 46 Beekman Street, New-York, publish a line of FRET-WORK DESIGNS, in book form, of which PART TEN is the latest and by far the best in every respect. ALL of these patterns can be sawed with the ordinary cheap Fret Saw if necessary, or with the hand Fret Saw, as the pieces have been made with this object in view. On each plate is a full description of the pattern, with the necessary instructions to enable any boy to put the pieces together with no difficulty whatever. Each piece is numbered, and the place where it is to go mentioned. Suggestions as to quality and quantity of wood are also given with each pattern. There are over 500 patterns in this elegant book, making up into over 150 of the richest, most beautiful, and, at the same time, useful designs ever published. Size of book, 19 x 24—136 pages. Any one of the designs in this book may be had for the sum of 25 cents.

The Price of the Book is only Two Dollars.

There are many elegant patterns in the collection worth alone the price of the book. The articles designed in this work, when well made up, should sell for $600.

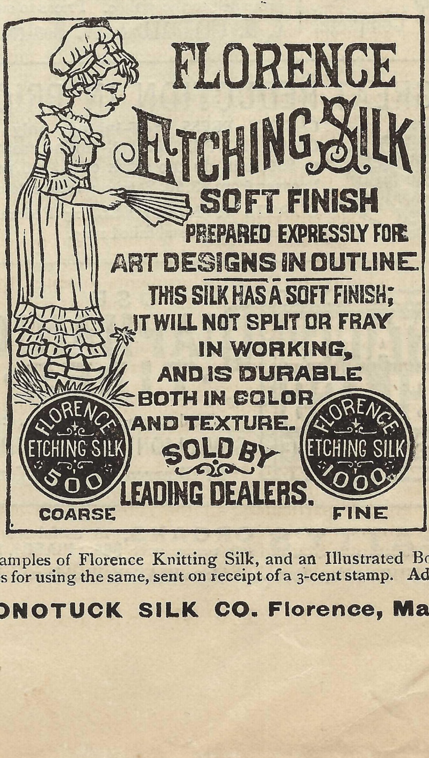
The patterns of these designs are not intricate and laborious, but are simple and elegant. They can be quickly sawed, and the work does not become monotonous through any sameness of design.

Send to **ADAMS & BISHOP, Publishers,**
Box 2456. **46 Beekman Street, N. Y.**

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

CORTICELLI Spool Silk and Twist.

Sold by Leading Dealers.



FLORENCE ETCHING SILK

SOFT FINISH

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR ART DESIGNS IN OUTLINE.

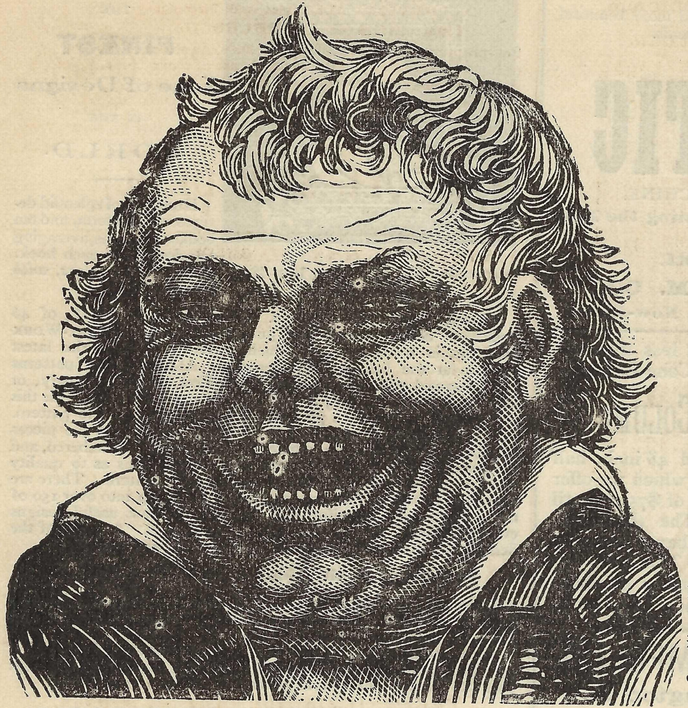
THIS SILK HAS A SOFT FINISH; IT WILL NOT SPLIT OR FRAY IN WORKING, AND IS DURABLE BOTH IN COLOR AND TEXTURE.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS.

Samples of Florence Knitting Silk, and an Illustrated Book of Rules for using the same, sent on receipt of a 3-cent stamp. Address,

NONOTUCK SILK CO. Florence, Mass.

FOR YOUR BOY.



The Jolly Little Man who has a "hope."

This jolly-faced little fellow has a "hope" that he is to get a MODEL PRINTING-PRESS on Christmas. We trust he wont be disappointed, nor the thousands of other boys who, like him, expect the same thing. People do say that there is nothing in the way of a Holiday Present for a boy, like a MODEL PRESS. Skates and watches are nowhere. If you doubt it, ask him. It is the desire of every boy's heart to print, and there is no ambition more laudable. It teaches the form and use of words; it exercises the taste; it forms a habit of correct expression; it instils neatness and order; it cultivates industry and self-reliance, whilst it can be made, if need be, a means of considerable income. See what boys are doing: "I have earned $20.00 with my Model Press out of school-hours." "With my Model Press I now make all the spending-money I want." "I can print 1000 cards an hour on my Model Press." "My little brother printed 2000 cards and tags in one day on my Model Press, and set the type himself." "I now print a little monthly paper on my Model Press." "My Model Press has paid for itself over and over again." "I did $15.00 worth of work last month on my Model Press, and attended school besides. Out of this $15.00 I cleared $10.00." And so on, in hundreds of cases we could quote.

We have presses at all prices, from $3.00 upward. Complete printing outfits, including a PRESS (not a cheap hand-stamp, or some such apology for a press, such as has lately been offered and sold upon unwarranted representations by unscrupulous dealers), but a thoroughly made Printing-press, Type, Ink, Cases, Cards, etc., etc., all for $5.00. Everything warranted fully and absolutely. We refer to the publishers of *St. Nicholas*, who have known us for many years, and know, also, that we perform to the letter all we promise.

Send stamp for a complete Catalogue and price-list, giving all the particulars, and if you decide to get a Press, order soon, that you may avoid the "rush" of the near-at-hand Holidays, and get it in time. Address plainly,

J. W. DAUGHADAY & CO.
MANUFACTURERS.
No. 721 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

☞ NOTICE.—If you cannot possibly see your way clear to get a Model Press this season, try and keep your boy from seeing this advertisement, as it might raise a false hope in his heart.

Only $1.50 Complete.

WANTED Every one who reads this to send us their address for a free illustrated catalogue of **Crandall's BLOCKS, TOYS, & GAMES, BILLIARDETTE, SCROLL SAWS, and SCROLL-SAW DESIGNS.** Most complete list ever before presented to the public. Prices to suit all. Agents wanted.
C. M. CRANDALL & CO. Montrose, Susquehanna Co. Penn.

AMERICAN
Combination Saw.
With Lathe, . . . $8.00
Without Lathe, . 6.00
Write for Details.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.
CAXTON PRESS, Self-Inking, only $13.
COLUMBIAN PRESSES, Self-Inking, from $25 to $56, will do the work of a $250 press.
Presses from $3.50. Send stamp for catalogue.
CURTIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

VIOLIN-OUTFITS.
Consisting of Violin, Box, Bow and Teacher, Sent to any part of the United States on 1 to 3 days trial before buying.

Violin Outfits
at $3.50, $7., $12. & $22. each. Send Stamp for Beautifully Illustrated 32 page Catalogue of Violins Guitars, Banjos, Cornets, Flutes, Strings all kinds, Harmonicas, Organ Accordeons, Music Boxes, &c. Lowest Prices. Mail Orders a Specialty. C. W. Story, 26 Central St. Boston, Mass.

STAINED GLASS IS EXPENSIVE
USE
DIAPHANIC TILES.
Send stamp for catalogue, &c.
SAVILLION VAN CAMPEN,
27 Warren St. New-York.

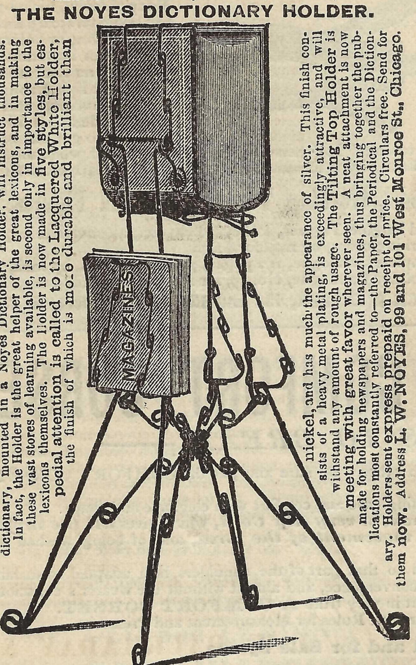
THE EXCELSIOR.
$3 Press Prints envelopes, cards, &c. [Self-inker, $4.00] Press for circulars, etc. $8. Twelve other sizes. Do your own printing and advertising. Pleasure or money-making for old or young. Everything easy; printed instructions. Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., for 2 stamps.
Address Manufacturers, *Kelsey & Co. Meriden, Conn.*

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 18 useful stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. PIANOS, $125 up. ☞ Ill. catalog. FREE. Address BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

A PLACE FOR YOUR DICTIONARY,
A PLACE FOR YOUR NEWSPAPERS,
A PLACE FOR YOUR PERIODICALS,

And an ornament for your house, all in one,

THE NOYES DICTIONARY HOLDER.



A thousand dictionaries in out-of-the-way-places will not instruct, while a single dictionary, mounted in a Noyes Dictionary Holder, will instruct thousands. In fact, the Holder is the great helper of the great lexicons, and in making these vast stores of learning available, is second only in importance to the lexicons themselves. The Holder is now made in five styles, but especial attention is called to the Lacquered White Holder, the finish of which is more durable and brilliant than nickel, and has much the appearance of silver. This finish consists of a heavy metal plating, is exceedingly attractive, and will withstand any amount of rough usage. The **Tilting Top Holder** is **meeting with great favor** wherever seen. A neat attachment is now made for holding newspapers and magazines, thus bringing together the publications most constantly referred to—the Paper, the Periodical and the Dictionary. Holders sent **express prepaid** on receipt of price. Circulars free. Send for them **now**. Address **L. W. NOYES, 99 and 101 West Monroe St., Chicago.**

CHEAPEST AND BEST!

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE!

Costly Premiums for Clubs!

FULL-SIZE PAPER PATTERNS!!

☞ A SUPPLEMENT *will be given in every number for 1882, containing a full-size pattern for a lady's or child's dress. These patterns are worth more, alone, than the subscription price.* ☜

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is the *best and cheapest* of the Ladies' books. It gives more for the money and combines greater merits than any other. In short, it has the *Best Steel Engravings, Best Colored Fashions, Best Dress Patterns, Best Original Stories, Best Work-table Patterns, Best Music, etc., etc.*

Its immense circulation and long-established reputation enable its proprietor to distance all competition. In 1882, it will contain a brilliant succession of

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

The stories, novelettes, etc., in "Peterson" are admitted to be the best published. *All the most popular female writers* contribute to it. In 1882 about 100 original stories will be given, and in addition SIX COPYRIGHT NOVELETTES, by Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Jane G. Austin, etc., etc. The

COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATES

In "Peterson" are ahead of all others. These plates are engraved on steel, TWICE THE USUAL SIZE, and are unequaled for beauty. They will be superbly colored. Also, Household, Cookery, and other receipts; articles on Art Embroidery, Flower Culture, House Decoration—in short, everything interesting to the ladies.

TERMS (always in advance), **$2.00 A YEAR.**

☞ UNPARALLELED OFFERS TO CLUBS. ☜

2 Copies for $3.50 3 " " 4.50	With a *costly steel engraving*, "HUSH! DON'T WAKE THEM," or a handsome PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM for getting up the Club.
4 Copies for $6.50 6 " " 9.00	With an extra copy of the Magazine for 1882, as a premium, to the person getting up the Club.
5 Copies for $8.00 7 " " 10.50	With both an extra copy of the Magazine for 1882, and the large steel engraving, or PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM, to the person getting up the Club.

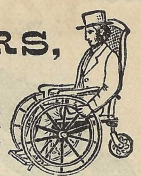
FOR LARGER CLUBS STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.

Address, post-paid, **CHARLES J. PETERSON,**
306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ Specimens sent gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

World's ONLY Manufacturer of

WHEEL CHAIRS,



EXCLUSIVELY.—ALL Styles and Sizes for
INVALIDS & CRIPPLES.

Self-propulsion, by use of hands only, in street or house. Comfort, durability, and ease of movement *unequaled.* Patentee and Maker of the "Rolling Chairs," pushed about at the Centennial. For Illustrated Catalogue, send stamp and mention *St. Nicholas.* **HERBERT S. SMITH, 32 Platt St. New-York.**

SCROLL SAW DESIGNS.

Send for New Catalogue. L. H. RUSSELL, Stratford, Conn.

BRIGGS & CO.'S

PATENT
TRANSFER
PAPERS.

A *warm* iron passed over the back of these PAPERS TRANSFERS the Pattern to any Fabric. Designs in ***Crewels, Embroidery, Braiding, Outline, and Initial Letters.***

Three Books of running Patterns sent, post free, on receipt of Ten Cents.

392 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Retail by the leading Zephyr Wool Stores.

Rocky Mountain Gems.

Moss Agate, Wood Opal, Agate, Onyx, Jasper, polished, $1.00 to $5.00 a slice. Sent, prepaid, in registered letter. Or, 40 kinds in the rough, with ores, etc., labeled, $5.00 by express.

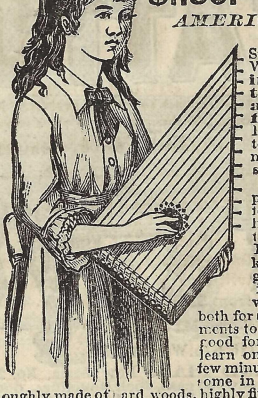
J. TELFORD, 418 HUMBOLDT ST. DENVER, COL.

"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."

THE HARP-ETTE,

$1.50.—OR—$2.50.

AMERICAN ZITHER.



The Best Low Priced String Instruments in the World. **The easiest instrument to learn to play and as sweet and melodious as a fine harp or violin.** By means of the instructor, anyone with an ear for music can learn to play several tunes in a few hours.

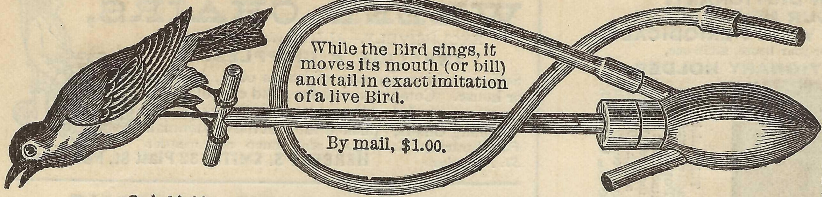
The Harp-ette is played with the thumb and forefinger, same as a regular harp. You can learn HOW to play it in FIVE MINUTES. It is tuned by pegs and a key, same as a piano, (a key goes free with each one) and it is adjustable to any pitch; will play any tune splendid, both for solo music and accompaniments to voice, organ or flute. Also good for dance music. You can learn one of the easy waltzes in a few minutes. They are very handsome in appearance, being thoroughly made of hard woods, highly finished, and is an ornament to any room. It is a great favorite with the ladies, and thousands are learning to play it. **Price, 12 strings and key, only $1.50. 16 strings, only $2.50.** Instructor and 14 popular airs, set to music for the Zither, **free** with each.

N. B.—Do not confound this superior instrument with a cheap imitation, advertised at same, or less price. Address **THE MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO.,** sole manufacturers, 57 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Sent to any address on receipt of price.

Barlow's Indigo Blue.

Its merits as a WASH BLUE have been fully tested and indorsed by thousands of housekeepers. Your Grocer ought to have it on sale. Ask him for it.

D. S. WILTBERGER, Proprietor,
No. 233 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

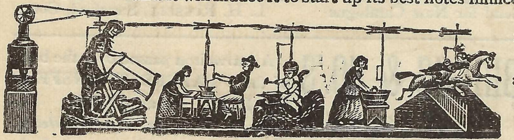

While the Bird sings, it moves its mouth (or bill) and tail in exact imitation of a live Bird.
By mail, $1.00.

THE AMERICAN SONGSTER.

The greatest novelty and wonder of the day.

Made of metal, nickel-plated. The Songsters are painted in a variety of bright colors in almost perfect imitation of life. They sing as clear and liquid as the best living song birds. Are substantially and handsomely made and finished, and not liable to get out of order.

It is highly appreciated by ladies, who use it to teach birds to sing. It supersedes the bird-organ, and when used near a bird it will induce it to start up its best notes immediately. Each bird is life size. PECK & SNYDER, 124 Nassau St. N. Y.

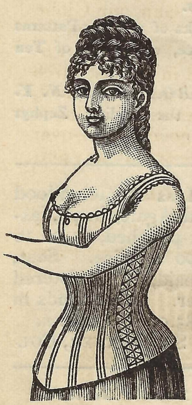


1880 **Model Working Toy Engines and Figures.** 1880

We send Engine, Figures, Pulleys, Belt, &c., all complete as per cut, and in working order, by mail for $1.50.

Our complete Catalogue, 192 pages, 700 illustrations, by mail, 10c.
New Holiday Catalogue, No. 15, for 1880-81, by mail, 5 c.

PECK & SNYDER, 124 and 126 Nassau Street, N. Y.



THE IMPROVED COMFORT CORSET.

—NO BONES TO BREAK.—

Ladies once fitted with this Corset will wear no other. Be sure and get the COMFORT CORSET. Do not be put off with another kind of Corset.

Stylish and tasty as a French Corset, yet combining ease and comfort with elegance and shape.

In the place of bones are inserted continuous rows of ***very stiff Cord,*** which gives ***all the support*** of bones, with the advantage of ***yielding to every movement of the form,*** and of being washed without changing the fitness of the garment.

The whole burden of the clothes is transferred to that part of the shoulders best adapted to sustain their weight: supporting everything without the least inconvenience, and almost without the wearer's consciousness, realizing the name we give to the garment—making it in very truth **A COMFORT CORSET.**

Two measurements required. Send for Circular with Rules for Measurement and Price List.

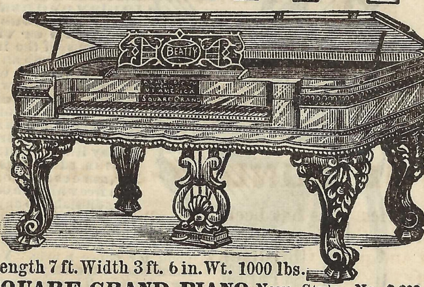
Manufactured and for Sale by the

BOSTON COMFORT CORSET COMPANY,

76 CHAUNCEY STREET, Boston, Mass.

Also for Sale by the Leading Dry-Goods Houses throughout the Country.

BEATTY



Length 7 ft. Width 3 ft. 6 in. Wt. 1000 lbs.

SQUARE GRAND PIANO New Style, No. 2,200 7⅓ Oct. Elegant Rosewood case, Rich Mouldings, double extra wrest plank, Carved Legs and Lyre, **All Round Corners**, French Grand Action, Best Iron Frame, all improvements complete, with stool, book and cover, only................**$222.75**

ORGANS AND PIANOS.

ORDER NOW for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, Church, Chapel & Parlor, $30 to $1000, 2 to 32 stops Have you seen "BEATTY'S BEST" Parlor Organ? Price only $107.75, CHAPEL ORGANS, $97.75. The LONDON 18 Stops, 5 full sets of Reeds, only **$65**, THE PARIS now offered for **$85**, The **BEETHOVEN**. New Style-No. 9,000, 27 Stops, 14 full Octaves of the Celebrated Golden Tongue Reeds. It is the Finest Organ ever made. Write or call at once for full particulars. Other desirable New Styles now ready.

BEATTY'S PIANOS. GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT $125 to $1600. WARRANTED. If you cannot visit me be sure to send for **Latest Catalogue before Buying**

Always be sure to Remit by Money Order, Bank Draft, Express prepaid or Registered Letter. Money refunded after one years use if not just as represented,

TO WASHINGTON 5 MILES.
BEATTY PIANOS

Visitors Welcome

FREE COACH Meets TRAINS.

Write for Catalogue.

☞ **Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

Parker's Hair Balsam

Everybody whose hair is falling or fading has felt the need of a dressing that is restorative, cleanly, and harmless. PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM, while satisfying the most fastidious in these respects, removes dandruff and restores the youthful and natural color to gray hair **HISCOX & CO., N. Y. Price 50 cents and one dollar.**

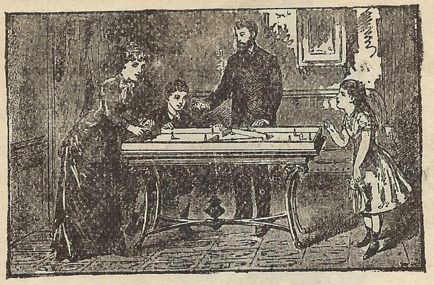
Floreston Cologne.

The exceeding fragrance, strength, and novelty of this delicate perfume are highly appreciated, as is abundantly shown by the great popularity it has already attained. In buying FLORESTON of druggists and dealers in perfumery, purchasers should look for signature of **HISCOX & CO., N. Y.**, on the label. **25 and 75 cent sizes.**

DE SOTO.

The New Game.

HOME AMUSEMENT FOR YOUNG AND OLD.



The best and most interesting game ever introduced. It has been especially prepared for, and adapted to, the *Family Circle*, by Mr. C. M. CRANDALL (of Montrose), the inventor and manufacturer of "Crandall's Building Blocks for Children," "Crandall's Acrobats," etc. The whole family, from the baby up, become interested at once. The smallest child can understand it. The game is simple, absorbing, and durable. Quickly brought out, quickly put away It requires gentle exercise, and no skill. Its cheapness recommends it, and places it within the reach of all. Please give it a trial. Rules accompany each game. **Price,** boxed for shipment, **$2.25.**

C. M. CRANDALL & CO.

Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania.

THE OLD and LEADING
SCROLL SAW WAREHOUSE.

The largest and most complete stock of Scroll Saws, Designs, Fancy Hinges, Locks, Knobs, **SORRENTO WOODS,** CARVING AND ENGRAVING TOOLS, Etc.

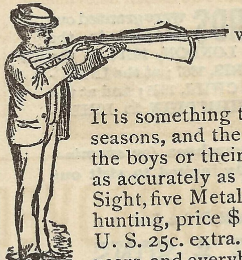
Head-quarters for Barney & Berry's and American Club Skates, Western Agent for the *Columbia Bicycle* Sole Manufacturer of the WILKINSON BICYCLE—Steel Wire Spokes and Rubber Tires.

Every one wanting Christmas Goods, Games, Fishing Tackle, Roller Skates, Sporting Goods, &c. will SAVE MONEY by sending for my catalogue of such goods.

JOHN WILKINSON,
77 State St. Chicago, Ill.

Book containing all the scroll saw designs (in miniature) published in the United States sent on receipt of 10 cents. Catalogues free.

PENSIONS For **SOLDIERS,** widows, fathers, mothers or children. Thousands yet entitled. Pensions given for loss of finger, toe, eye or rupture, varicose veins or any **Disease.** Thousands of pensioners and soldiers entitled to **INCREASE** and **BOUNTY. PATENTS** procured for Inventors. Soldiers land warrants *procured,* bought and sold. Soldiers and heirs apply for your rights at once. Send 2 stamps for "The Citizen-Soldier," and Pension and Bounty laws, blanks and instructions. We can refer to thousands of Pensioners and Clients. Address **N. W. Fitzgerald & Co.** PENSION & PATENT Att'ys, Lock Box 588, Washington, D. C.



BOYS

would like no better Christmas or Birthday Present than a

BOW GUN.

It is something that will last for half a dozen seasons, and the fun is never over, either for the boys or their parents. They shoot almost as accurately as a rifle. One Gun, one Globe Sight, five Metal-pointed Arrows, complete for hunting, price $1.00; delivered to any part of U. S. 25c. extra. 21,000 sold in the last three years, and everybody is pleased and astonished, the principle is so entirely new. A beautiful catalogue of fishing-tackle, scroll-saws, sporting goods, etc.—over one hundred articles for profit and fun—sent to any person that writes for it.

EDW. M. WRIGHT,
Box 31, Bremen, Marshall Co., Indiana.

WANAMAKER & BROWN
PHILADELPHIA
OAK HALL

If you want to buy Clothing for Men or Boys either ready-made or made to order, do not fail to send for our Catalogue

THE LARGEST RETAIL CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA

"We call it the best book of the sort within our knowledge."—CONGREGATIONALIST.

SPIRITUAL SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

This volume is the latest addition to the Spiritual Songs Series. As has been well said, "It is *the* book long desired to furnish a more devotional and spiritual worship for the Sunday-school. Its use must result in a truer idea of religion, a more rational religious fervor, and a deeper and purer Christianity."

The Providence *Press* declares, "It marks the opening of

A New Era in Sunday-school Song."

The chorister of a Sunday-school where it has been in use for some months, writes: "We date our life musically from the time this book was introduced."

Ninety music-composers, including Mozart, Handel, Spohr, Oberthur, Sullivan, Flotow, Rossini, and Mendelssohn, are represented in its pages, which include

273 Hymns, 221 Tunes and Chants.

The book is richly and strongly bound in red cloth, with illuminated cover-linings; printed on tinted paper; square in shape, and most pleasing to the eye. It is gotten up in a style heretofore unknown to works of its class.

Wholesale Price:

In red cloth, elegantly bound	$ .40
Edition containing THE HYMNS ONLY, bound in flexible cloth	.20

Either or both editions supplied to schools, by the dozen or more, at these prices, upon introduction or later. The retail price is 50 and 25 cents, respectively.

Sample Copies

sent, for examination, prepaid, for 25 and 15 cents.

THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE, NEW-YORK.

THE

CHICKERING PIANO.

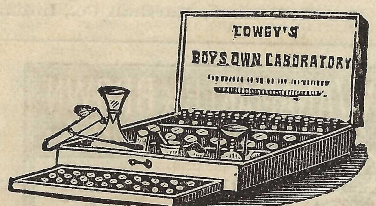
THE HIGHEST AWARDS were granted our PIANOS in the GREAT WORLD'S FAIR in LONDON, 1851; at the GREAT EXPOSITION in PARIS, 1867; at the INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION in CHILI, 1875; and at the grand **CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION** in PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

All persons wishing to purchase (*or examine*) instruments are respectfully invited to visit our Warerooms.

Send for Circular and Price List.

CHICKERING & SONS,

130 Fifth Ave., N. Y. | 156 Tremont-st., Boston.



FIRST STEPS IN CHEMISTRY

A 96-page illustrated book, containing a series of 150 brilliant experiments, sent free for two stamps. Chemical Cabinets, with 27 and 37 pieces of apparatus and chemicals for performing 50 to 100 beautiful experiments, sent free for 30 and 60 cents. All kinds of chemicals and apparatus on hand.

FREDERICK LOWEY, 90 Eleventh St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

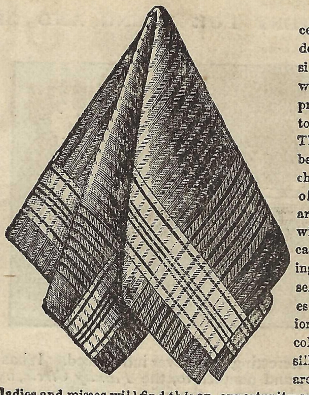
WHITE GLYCERINE

Gives a Permanently BEAUTIFUL Complexion.

PEARL's WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all Spots, Impurities and Discolorations, either within or upon the Skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. 3 cakes by mail 60c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop's Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

Imported Silk Handkerchiefs.

IMMENSE REDUCTION IN PRICES.



We have just received one thousand dozen fine imported silk handkerchiefs, which we offer at prices that will astonish our patrons. The centres of these beautiful handkerchiefs are composed of narrow stripes around which are wide borders brocaded in harmonizing colors. We have selected the prettiest and most fashionable shades of color, and now that silk handkerchiefs are so fashionable, ladies and misses will find this an opportunity seldom offered to secure useful and beautiful goods at unusually low prices. Ladies can wear them at the belt, or in the side pocket, with one corner exposed, producing a very pretty effect. They are also quite recherché for young gentlemen. They make very appropriate Christmas or birthday presents, and almost any one would value them (judging from their appearance) at from 50 cents to 75 cents each. Price only 24 cents, or eight 3-cent stamps. 3 handkerchiefs, assorted colors, 60 cents. 1 doz., $2—by mail, postpaid. Postage stamps accepted the same as cash. Address

EUREKA TRICK & NOVELTY CO.,
87 Warren Street, New York.

SHORTHAND Writing *thoroughly taught* **by mail** or personally. **Situations procured** for pupils when competent. Send for circular. **W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N.Y.**

47,000 Boys and Girls, while you are young, learn to write well. For 25 cents you can buy a book that will be one of the best investments you ever made. A book containing Rules for Capital Letters, Spelling, Punctuation, Polite Forms for Letter-writing. Easy Spelling-book of 25,000 Words, 20,000 Synonyms, 2,000 Similar Words, Latin and French Phrases, all arranged with a handy reference Index. Sent by mail. Price, paper covers, 25 cents. Cloth, 50 cents. Size, 9 x 11. Agents wanted everywhere. **L. H. ROGERS, 75 Maiden Lane, P. O. Box 4,360, New-York.** Every lady, gentleman, home, and office should have a copy. Over three thousand testimonials from teachers and writers. **Postage stamps received in payment.** Refer to any bank in New-York City.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF

Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums

PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the **Natural Drum.** Always in position, **but invisible to others.** All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular with testimonials. Address, H. P. K. PECK & CO., 853 Broadway, New York.

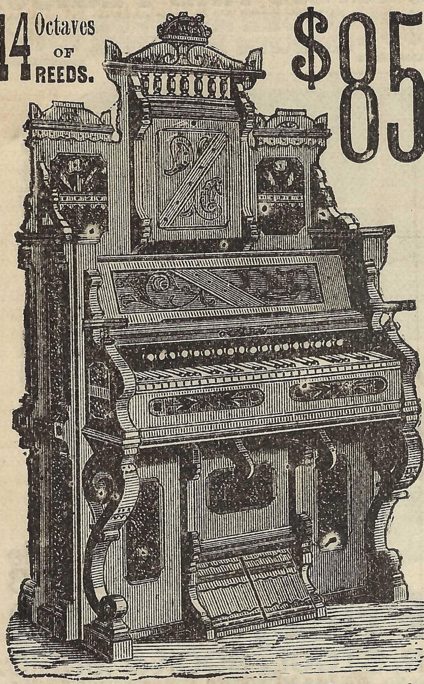
The MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO.

Whose Cabinet Organs have commanded HIGHEST AWARDS at EVERY ONE of the GREAT WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS for thirteen years, have effected MORE and GREATER VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS in the LAST YEAR than in any similar period since the introduction of this instrument by them, twenty years since, and are now offering Organs of HIGHER EXCELLENCE and ENLARGED CAPACITY, also POPULAR, MEDIUM and SMALLER STYLES of improved quality, at LOWER PRICES: $22, $30, $54, $60 and upwards. **A NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,** 36 pp., 4to., is now ready, (October, 1881,) fully describing and illustrating more than 100 styles. This, with *net prices* and circulars containing much information about Organs generally, will be sent free and post-paid. Address them at 154 Tremont St., **BOSTON**; 46 East 14th St., **NEW YORK**; or 149 Wabash Ave., **CHICAGO.**

A Remarkable New Organ for Fall of 1881,

BY

14 Octaves OF REEDS.



$85 MARCHAL & SMITH

THE PIONEERS OF DIRECT TRADE.

Established 1859.

Our Beautiful MARSEILLAISE, No. 10,379.

WITH THE

LARGEST FACTORIES in the WORLD

ever combined under one management, after twenty-two years of continued success, we have, with this organ, won a **Triumphant Victory** over all competitors. By our discoveries and inventions we have secured and combined every excellence that has been attained by years of unparalleled activity in organ building. All that is **Grand in Power**—all that is **Charming in Sweetness**—all that is **Pleasing in Variety**, is here combined.

LOOK AT ITS

CHARMING COMBINATION:

Celeste, Flute, Viola, Clarionet, Echo, **Keraulophon**, Æoline, Dulciana, **Vox Argentine**, Celestina, Piano, Melodia, **Diapason**, Dulcet, **Sub Bass**, Bourdon, Diapason Forte, Coupler, Vox Humana, Grand Organ.

Its striking effects at once command the attention of the listener. It opens new fields for grand and beautiful combinations. Bold, free, firm and rich, the tone commands attention by its rounded fulness, and challenges inquiry by its fresh and brilliant novelty.

The Case is of Beautifully Carved Solid Walnut, with artistic designs in Arabesque, Polished Panels, Ornamental Lamp Stands, Carved Brackets, Turned Handles, Sliding Fall, Artistic Fret-work, Pocket for Music, large extension top, making an Elegant and Artistic Parlor Ornament. It is the most remarkable organ ever made. **We challenge the World** to equal it.

REMEMBER—No other manufacturer can produce this organ. Some makers use 27 and even 30 stops, in a vain endeavor to imitate its wonderful effects. **With 40 Stops they could not secure the Power, Variety and Sweetness of this inimitable Organ.**

IMITATORS BEWARE! WE SHALL VIGOROUSLY PROSECUTE EVERY INFRINGEMENT.

We will box and deliver this organ on board cars here, with handsome Stool, Instruction Book and Music, for only **$85.** Take a pleasant excursion to our city, see its objects of interest, and select one of these elegant instruments, or send your order, and we will ship at once for fifteen days' trial. **Guaranteed for six years.** In ordering, send the certificate of your bank, or some responsible business man, that the organ will be promptly paid for or returned to us. Freight will be paid by us both ways, if in any way unsatisfactory. **You take no responsibility** till you receive and approve the organ after **fifteen days' trial in your own home. Send in your order at once.** Remit by Post Office Money Orders, Express (prepaid), or by draft on New York. **Money refunded and freight charges paid** both ways if in any way unsatisfactory.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY. We will not continue the price at $85 beyond the holidays; order at once, and avoid delay. Our immense sales (the largest of any house in the world selling direct) will tax our capacities to the utmost. **Remember,** you have **one year's trial,** and take no responsibility till you receive and approve the organ. Other styles, in great variety, from **$45 to $500.** Illustrated catalogue free. It gives information which protects the purchaser and makes deceit impossible.

MARCHAL & SMITH, 8 West Eleventh Street, Three Doors from Broadway, **NEW YORK.**

---

12 ELEGANT CHROMO CARDS FOR NOTHING

Send one three-cent stamp to pay postage and packing, and I will send you 12 assorted elegant chromo cards, or a set of 5 gilt "Marguerite" cards. I am giving you these elegant cards for nothing, and in return I shall expect you to read the document enclosed with them. Send the 3-cent stamp to

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 17 East 14th St., New York.

☞ State which set you wish, or if you require both sets enclose two three-cent stamps.

STAMPS! 500 mixed foreign, 25c.; 115, all different, worth from 1 to 5c. each, 28c.; 50 various U. S., 25c.; 60 U. S. revenues, 25c.; 35 foreign revenues, 25c.; 12 post cards, 28c.; 2 Mexico, 5c.; 6 Russia, 5c.; 3 Egypt, 5c.; 2 Prince Edward's Isle, 9c.; 5 Greek, 9c.; 3 Turkey, 5c.; 3 Confederate, 6c.; 4 Queensland, 5c.; 2 Bulgaria, 9c.; 3 Servia, 5c.; 3 Japan, 6c.; 3 Venezuela, 10c.; 3 Jamaica, 5c.; 2 E. Roumelia, 9c.; 16 Roumania, 25c.; 4 India, 5c.; 3 Newfoundland, 10c.; 15 Italy, 10c.; 2 Liberia, 12c.; 4 Sardinia, 5c.; 3 Sweden Official, 4c. Illustrated price-lists, 3 cents.

EDWARDS, PEEKE & CO. 2823 Calumet Ave. Chicago, Ill.

WOOD FLOORS,

Wood Carpeting.

DESIGNS BY PARIS, LONDON AND VIENNA ARTISTS.

INLAID Wood Borders for Rugs.

National Wood Man'f'g Co.

No. 16 Eighteenth St.

Next to Herter Bros. NEW-YORK.

¼, ⅜, ⅝ and ⅞ inches THICK.

SENT FREE!

Elegant lithograph portrait, Premium list, Musical news, &c. Send 3-cent stamp for return postage.

White, Smith & Co. Boston, Mass.

---

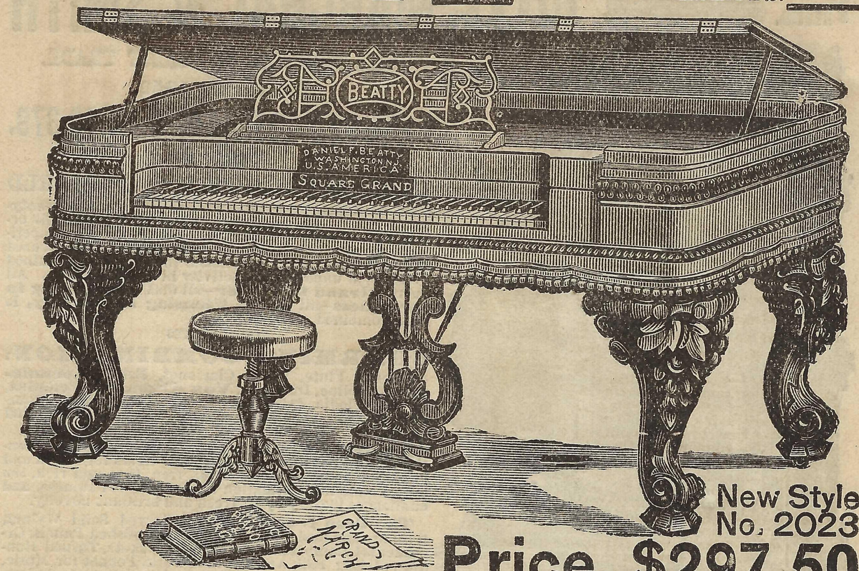
18 Pages of NEW MUSIC.

FOLIO.

ORGANS 14 Stops, 4 Sets Reeds, **Only $65. Pianos, $125** up. Paper **Free.** Address **Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N.J.**

BEATTY ORGANS AND PIANOS.

1881. ORDER NOW FOR Christmas PRESENTS. 1882.


BEATTY
DANIEL F. BEATTY WASHINGTON, N.J. U.S. AMERICA
SQUARE GRAND
GRAND MARCH

New Style
No. 2023

Price, $297.50

INCLUDING ELEGANT COVER, STOOL, BOOK & MUSIC.

THIS SQUARE GRAND PIANO New Style No. 2023 has all modern improvements. Magnificent *Rosewood Case, 3 Unisons in Treble, 7⅓ Octaves, All round Corners,* Carved Legs and Lyre; Heavy Serpentine Moulding, back and front finished alike. *Beatty's Best Iron Frame, Improved Soft Pedal, Overstrung Bass, Agraffes, French Grand Action, Double Capped Hammers.*

Length, 7 ft. Width, 3 ft. 6 Ins; Weight about 1000 lbs.

BEATTY'S ARE THE BEST

HOLIDAY OFFERS, Now is your time to order PIANOS and ORGANS. Having largely increased my facilities for manufacturing, my Holiday Offers for 1881-2 are decidedly the lowest I have ever made. Send for full particulars. Special Low Prices given on one hundred different instruments. ORGANS, $30 to $1000, 2 to 32 Stops. Have you seen "BEATTY'S BEST" PARLOR ORGAN ? It is a magnificent Instrument, price, only **$107,75;** "BEATTY'S BEST CHAPEL ORGANS, **$97,75;** The "LONDON," 18 Stops, 5 full sets Reeds, only **$65**; THE "PARIS" now offered for **$85.** Other desirable new styles Now Ready. PIANOS, Grand, Square and Upright, **$125 to $1,600.** Every instrument is fully warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money refunded, after the instrument has been in use a year. Nothing can be fairer than this.

How to Order.

REMIT by POST OFFICE MONEY ORDER, Bank Draft, Registered Letter or by Express Prepaid. Money refunded and freight charges paid both ways by me, if not as represented. ☞**"Beatty's are the BEST."**☜

VISITORS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME, a free Coach with polite attendant meets all trains. If you cannot call, be sure to write for **Catalogue** before buying elsewhere.

Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

1860. A MARVEL OF INGENUITY! A MODEL OF PERFECTION!! 1881.

THE ACME PRINTING PRESS AND COMPLETE OUTFIT.

☞ **Delivered free anywhere in the United States on receipt of $2.00.** ☜

In introducing our new Holiday Printing-Press for 1881, we unhesitatingly proclaim the **ACME PRESS** the most perfect **LITTLE WONDER** ever yet brought before the public under the name of a Printing Press. We have been engaged in the manufacture of Printing Presses since 1860, and we will forfeit our 21 years' reputation if we do not prove that the work done on the **ACME PRESS** is equal in every respect to the same done by an experienced printer upon any high-priced printing-press. **DESCRIPTION**—The Press is made entirely of Malleable Iron, Japanned in Black with Gold Stripes, ornamented in red and blue. The **Type Chase** is also of ornamented metal, silver-plated, and surmounted by a polished maple-wood **Handle.** The Press is mounted on a **Solid Black-Walnut Stand,** *to which it is firmly riveted,* and upon which is also arranged an ingeniously constructed **Inking Disc** by which device the Press is rendered absolutely SELF-INKING in its operation. **ONE THOUSAND IMPRESSIONS PER HOUR** can easily be made after a little practice. **THE OUTFIT** accompanying each Press consists of **1 Font of Fancy Card Type** (this is a full, regular font of ornamented card-text type); **1 Box Fine Black Card Ink; 1 Lye Brush; 1 Adjustable Inking Disc; 1 Kid Centre Impression Pad; 1 Type Case** with a separate compartment for each letter. The whole put up in a neat **Wooden Cabinet with Drawer.** Full illustrated directions how to set type, how to print, etc., accompany each press. ☞ **Every Press Warranted.** ☜ **REMEMBER**—We box and ship the Press and outfit, as above described, *free of expense,* on receipt of **$2.00.** In ordering, it is best to send Post-office Money Order or Registered Letter. Give your Post-office address, and state nearest Express office. Address **ACME M'F'G CO. 53 Ann St., New-York. Printing-Press Manufacturers, Type Founders, Dealers in Printers' Materials, Chromo Goods, and Cards of all kinds.**

Printing Presses

75 cents to $175. Circulars free. Book of Type, 10 cents. 40 kinds of cards, 10 cts. Printers' Instruction Book, 15 cts.

JOSEPH WATSON, 19 Murray Street, New York.

Hurlburt's Universal Homœopathic Medicine Case.

With full directions. Globules, **$2.25;** Liquids and Powders, **$3.25.** Sent to any address on receipt of price.

C. T. HURLBURT, 3 East 19th Street, New-York.